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MEMOIRS

OF

ANNA MARIA WILHELMINA PICKERING.

EDITED BY HER SON,

SPENCER PICKERING.

TOGETHER WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS
OF HER FATHER,

JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE,

DESCRIBING HIS TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT,
AND
HIS IMPRISONMENT UNDER NAPOLEON.

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MEMOIRS

OF

A. M. W. PICKERING.

CHAPTER XVII.

The season (1842) was at its height, one engagement following another, when we received the news that my grandfather (Lord Leicester) had been taken ill at Longford; and, after a few days of great anxiety, we heard of his death.

His loss was a great blow to me, and brought a reaction, saving me from becoming engrossed in a thoughtless whirl of enjoyment, and leading me to look for more substantial happiness. Truly could I say,

> "Go, search the land of living men,
> Where will you find his like again?"

It was arranged that my sister Eliza, and the younger members of the family, should at once return to Cannon Hall, and that we

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should receive Lady Leicester and her children in Harley Street, as soon as they were able to come. They came in course of time, and stayed several days—Lady Leicester, the present Lord Leicester, Edward Coke, Margaret and her governess. They were all going abroad, and remained with us till they started.

As soon as they were gone, we left London, and went down to Cannon Hall by rail. The first thing I did when I got there, was to mount my horse, Medora, and go for a ride. Medora was a bright chestnut, very hot-tempered, and she had, owing to our absence, not been properly exercised. As we passed a little wood, a pheasant got up, and so terrified her, that she nearly came down on her knees, threw me off, and then ran away. The groom went after her, leaving me lying in the ditch. I was in great pain, the horse having, I suppose, trodden upon, or kicked my foot. It was some time before the horse was caught, and then came the difficulty of how I was to mount, with my foot in that state, for it was my stirrup foot. Medora, also, had broken her bridle, which added to the difficulty. As my foot was not then stiff,

I thought the best plan would be for me to walk on, till I found some means of mounting; so I started, and had to walk fully a mile, before I came to a low wall, from which I managed somehow to scramble into the saddle. It was found that no bones had been broken, but I was kept six weeks in bed, and, after that, I was three months on crutches.

When I was able to move, we went into Northumberland, and stayed at my uncle's at Dissington. While there, I was taken into Newcastle to see Sir John Fife, the great surgeon. He said that my foot had been bandaged too long, and that it had affected the circulation, and the action of the muscles. He put the foot into almost boiling water, with strong brandy and mustard, and, when he had brought some life into it, he made me walk, in spite of the pain caused thereby. He said it had been a very serious thing, far worse than a broken leg, and if the blow had been on the ankle, this would have been completely smashed.

The Tyne-side is very pretty, and there are some beautiful drives by the river. One day my cousins and I went in the carriage to the railway-station, to get a portmanteau

which my uncle had left there. We had to drive along the river at a part where it ran through a deep ravine, with very steep, high banks on either side. They had just put up a long wooden bridge across the water, and the sound of the wood under the feet of our horses, which were quite young, frightened them considerably. However, we got over, crossed the railroad, which ran parallel to the river, and drove up to the small station a little further on. Having got the portmanteau, we started to return; but the horses, remembering their fright, refused to face the bridge; they got half-way across the railway-line, on to a turn-table which there was, and there they stuck, banging their feet upon it. At that very moment, to our horror, we saw the train appearing round the corner, coming along the same line of rails on which we were so hopelessly fixed. Behind us was the cliff, and before us was the river, with its very steep bank; the narrow bridge across it was our only hope. The coachman turned the horses' heads towards it, and, standing up, lashed them with all his might; terrified, they bolted across the bridge, and before we had reached the other end, the

train thundered over the very spot where we had been standing.

On our return, my uncle sent a complaint to the railway company, and they took immediate steps to prevent the occurrence of accidents at this dangerous place.

It was not very long after my grandfather's death that his widow, Lady Leicester, married Mr. Ellice.

Mr. Ellice was a very well-known person in those days, and many books of that date contain some mention of him. He was universally called "Bear Ellice," or "The Bear." I do not think that his origin was known; but he was supposed to have made his fortune in Canada, in the fur trade. He had married Lady Hannah, a daughter of Lord Grey, who was not very young at the time, and was now dead. This marriage had introduced him to politics, and to all the leaders of the Liberal party. According to his own opinion, nothing could be done anywhere without him. He professed to adjust all disputes; he dictated to the ministers themselves what they ought to do; he had a finger in every pie, and thought that the country could not possibly get on

without him. This love of putting things to rights gained for him the name of "Mr. Harmony." My father told me that, one morning at Holkham he was sitting by Mr. Creevey at breakfast, when some one asked the latter if he would have some cold meat; he raised some objection, when, in a moment, Mr. Ellice was at the sideboard, carving it for him. Mr. Creevey nudged my father, and said, "I knew my man! I didn't want to get up myself."

Bear Ellice had one son, who was called "Calf Ellice": the Calf was a very straightforward, good-natured man, but not particularly clever. He was married to a most charming little person, Janie Balfour: dressed in a black velvet bodice and silk tartan, she would dance Scotch reels, or the Highland Fling, to perfection; or she would sit spinning, and singing the Highland border-songs. Her drawings and sketches were, also, very clever. She was most popular, and very good natured, and, in consequence of some story of her having made her escape with her sisters in an open boat, when pursued by Indians, she had the reputation of being a woman of great spirit and resource.

Bear Ellice had a lovely place in the

Highlands, called Glenaquoich, where he entertained considerably, and where Janie did the honours. When, in after days, Mr. Ellice married Lady Leicester, and stepped into possession of Longford, he gave up Glenaquoich to the Calf and Janie.

My grandfather, evidently, had some idea as to Mr. Ellice's future intentions towards Lady Leicester, and I remember my father saying to me, "I do not think Lord Leicester minds it; rather the other way: with his great unselfishness, it is a comfort to him to think that she should have some one to take care of her, when he is gone, and *that*, too, a friend of his own. I was standing at the door the other day, while he was waiting there in the carriage, when they both came in from their ride, and he said to them, 'I hope you will have many happy rides together.' It was easy to see what he was thinking of."

My father, however, little approved of the prospect: he said to me, "I never see those two (Lord Leicester and Mr. Ellice), without thinking of Shakespeare's 'Look on this picture, and on that.' All I can say is, if Lady Leicester marries him, she will rue it. But how can she!"

Mr. Ellice had a delightful house in Arlington Street, overlooking the Green Park, and we used often to dine there, after he had married Lady Leicester: we used to call it "Elysium." She was not then in good health, as there had been some threatenings of consumption, and, after giving birth to a stillborn child, she died at Longford.

Soon after my grandfather's death, the subject came under discussion as to what was to become of Margaret Coke. She was between sixteen and seventeen, and the time for her having a governess was drawing to a close. The alternatives were for her to live either at Holkham, at Cannon Hall, or with her aunt by marriage, Lady Maria Keppel. Mr. Keppel, Lady Leicester's brother, was a clergyman, and Margaret's money would have been a grateful addition to their means; but Margaret objected, having already had experience of living with her aunt—"Old Ria," as she called her. Holkham was her proper home, but Julia (the reigning Lady Leicester) did not like her living there. On the other hand, Margaret was fond of my mother,

and, I believe, Cannon Hall was the place to which she really wished to go. The unexpected often happens; but nothing was ever more unexpected than what happened now. Sir Archibald Macdonald, knowing the difficulty in which Margaret was placed, and moved, perhaps, by generosity, as much as by love, asked her to marry him, and to make Woolmer her home. After some demur on account of her lameness, she accepted him, and they were duly married.

After staying a day or two in London, they went down to Woolmer. Shortly afterwards they went out one day together, Margaret riding on a pony, and Archie walking by her side: he got a fly into his eye, and, in trying to get it out for him, Margaret let go of the reins, and the pony bolted. A boy on the road, seeing it coming, extended his arms to stop it, which made the pony stop short, and Margaret was thrown over its head. She was picked up quite insensible, and carried back to the house. Guthrie was sent for, and he found that she had severe concussion of the brain, her life being in danger. After a time she recovered consciousness, and, with careful

nursing, she got over the accident, though it very nearly cost her her life.

I well recollect the many pleasant expeditions we took one year, when Sir Archie Macdonald and a merry party were staying at Cannon Hall. One fine Sunday afternoon we all walked up to Hoyland Church: there, our seat was immediately below the gallery, whence the musicians and choir had edified many successive generations. We trembled at the knowledge that we were in for a special anthem in our honour. The big fiddles, after much tuning and squeaking, struck up a horrible discord, and then a few cracked voices began, "Canaan's prom . . . . Canaan's prom . . . . Canaan's prom . . . . ist land." This was too much for Archie: he snatched up his hat, bolted out of the Church, and never stopped running, as he told us, till he got into the park at Cannon Hall.

There was the most remarkable dearth of aitches in Leeds. The wife of the clergyman of High Hoyland was a Leeds lady of the most genteel description, and I remember her telling me, when speaking of Mr. Beaumont, "'E 'as 'alf the 'ouses in 'Igh

'Oyland." They used to have pupils, and one of them left his diary about, which Mrs. S. read, and found in it some derogatory remarks on her spelling. She was furious, and insisted on his being sent back to his parents at Leeds, exclaiming, "To think we should have such a wiper in the 'ouse!" My mother walked off to Hoyland in the snow, to persuade them not to banish the poor culprit, pointing out to them, that Mrs. S. had committed a still worse offence than the "wiper," in reading the "wiper's" diary.

The Bishop of Rochester told me he was in a great state about a governess they had, who did not pronounce her aitches, and, when he spoke to her about it, she said, "Indeed, my Lord, I will huse my hutmost hendeavour to hasperate my haitches."

A very remarkable man was appointed to the living of High Hoyland—the missionary Joseph Wolff. He had written an interesting book giving an account of his early life, and describing all the people whom he had met, and the dangerous adventures he had experienced. He went twice to Bokhara: his second journey being to ascertain whether Stodart and Conolly, who had been

made prisoners there, were still alive, and if so, to try and negotiate for their release. He found they had both been murdered, and that his own life was in considerable danger: he was plundered by a band of robbers, deprived of everything he possessed, left without food or clothes, and was almost unable to move, having been cruelly bastinadoed.

In the year 1811, Wolff, who was then a student, went to Saxe-Weimar, where he studied under Director Ling, of the Lyceum, son-in-law of the famous Saltzmann, who had a celebrated college near Gastein, for young men from England and other foreign countries. Here, Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, who afterwards became a great benefactor of the poor, got to know Wolff, and took much interest in him. When Wolff told him of his desire of becoming a Christian, he said to him, "Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice: remain what you are; for, if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew; but, as a Christian, you will never be noted, because there are so many other clever Christians in the world."

One day when he was walking with Falk, a gentleman with a commanding counte-

nance came towards them: Wolff said to Falk, "I am sure this is Goethe." Falk exclaimed, "How do you know that?" Wolff replied, "I have read his 'Egmont,' and I feel convinced that only a man with such a countenance could have written it." Goethe (for it was he) came towards Falk, and embraced him in a cordial German manner. Then Falk said to Goethe, "Now imagine, this boy knew you from having read your 'Egmont.'" Goethe seemed flattered, and patted Wolff on the head. Falk went on, "He wants to become a Christian, but I advise him to remain a Jew, in which case he will become a celebrated Jew." Goethe turned to Wolff, and said, "Young man, follow the bent of your own mind, and don't listen to what Falk says."

Hoyland was not ready to receive the Wolffs when they came to Yorkshire, so they were asked to stay at Cannon Hall. Wolff arrived with his wife, who was Lady Georgiana Walpole, and their little boy, Henry, in whose bright, chubby face we failed to see the future ambassador, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Dr. Wolff was a very clever man; his knowledge of the Bible was extraordinary; he could repeat from

memory every passage, and tell where each occurred; and his power of argumentation was remarkable. He had a low musical voice, and often used to sing us the songs of the captive Jews under the walls of Jerusalem. My mother says in a letter,

"Lady Georgiana Wolff stayed to dinner the day the Pulleins arrived, and was very pleasant, as I must say she always is. To me she is a most agreeable neighbour, with all her old Norfolk reminiscences; and, instead of the odd person I expected, she is particularly sensible, and a perfect woman of the world. On Saturday you would all have been amused, could you have looked in upon us, as our dinner was a most singular one. Dr. and Lady Georgiana Wolff, with Athanasius, Bishop of Mesopotamia, and his Dragoman or Secretary, in their turbans and black robes, to the great amusement of the servants and children. Loui talked French to the Dragoman, and they admired her very much. The Bishop, one of the finest and most intellectual and benevolent-looking men I ever saw, stroked his beard, and shook hands with her; but as, un-

luckily, he neither spoke nor understood anything but Arabic, I could do nothing but ply him with iced lemonade. However, they had no objection to wine or ale, which latter they liked especially. They were very much astonished at seeing grapes growing in a hothouse.

"On Sunday he preached at Hoyland in Arabic, and Dr. Wolff translated his sermon into English; they said there were three thousand people present on the occasion.

"The Bishop was most graceful and dignified in his manners, and the Dragoman, who spoke both French and Italian, devoted himself to Anna Maria, Eliza, and Miss Deynes (the governess); Dr. Wolff, as usual, trying to convert Philip to the millennium by the most *demonstrative* arguments, thumping him, as he would have done his pulpit (which Philip tried to transfer to William), and calling him 'My dear child;' Lady Georgiana exclaiming, 'Wolff, my dear; Wolff, my dear; paws off, Pompey, if you please.'"

My father came to me one day and said, "Anna Maria, there is that old clothes-man

being shaved in the sitting room by Lady Georgiana's maid." On another occasion we were sitting in the drawing-room, when we saw Dr. Wolff wandering round and round the house: Lady Georgiana said, "Oh! its only Dr. Wolff, trying to find his way back to Hoyland." I could not help wondering how such a man had ever found his way to Bokhara.

When Dr. Wolff talked of his marriage with Lady Georgiana, he used to say, by way of teasing her, "When I, a Rabbi, and the son of a Rabbi, demeaned myself by marrying the little shentile woman!"

He told us a story about himself, when he was in a Swiss convent, and had resolved to submit to all the discipline thereof, flagellation included: "It was in the dark that I gave myself the first lash, and, not liking it at all, I turned round to see how my fellow monks got on; when I saw, by the light of the moon, one of the monks flogging, not his own back, but the *wall*. 'The hypocrite!' said I to myself, 'I will give you something!' on which I applied my own whip to his shoulders." He was, of course, turned out of the convent, and this led to his becoming a protestant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My brother, Walter, was a great friend of Frank Buckland, who was at Christ Church with him. He has given me the following anecdote:—

"There was a certain Dr. Dowdeswell, a canon of Christ Church, who had rooms on the north side of Tom Quad, near the Cathedral, but had not occupied them, nor resided in college, for many years. Dean Buckland, Frank's father, had made use of them for storing some of his geological specimens, of which there were small heaps all over the floors. I think it was in 1850, that Frank Buckland, who was then living in London, after having taken his degree, used to put up in these rooms, when he paid his frequent visits to Oxford. One winter's evening I met him there, with Finch Hatton (the late Lord Winchelsea): we had some refreshments in the drawing-room, a large room in a very dilapidated condition, the geological specimens littering the floor, and the

paper hanging in strips from the walls, on which were fastened some old specimens of swords and armour, foils, boxing gloves, and such like sundries.

"Some of the party had a turn at fencing after supper, and then tried the gloves. A blow sent Finch Hatton against a part of the wall which sounded hollow: we began investigating, and found a small closet, concealed by the wall-paper: we forced it open, and found in it, amongst other things, a skeleton. This caused much excitement, Frank declaring it to be the bones of a young man about sixteen years old. After much talk, and many conjectures, Finch Hatton shouted out, 'Let's go and look for the ghost!' and armed himself with a rusty sword from the wall. Frank took a candle, and thus equipped, the two went to seek for the ghost. They examined two rooms, without finding anything; the third room was a large bed-room, containing a four-post bed, with its once white curtains hanging in rags round it. 'Here he is, I'm sure,' exclaimed the valiant Finch Hatton; when, to their amazement, a white figure, with a tall white night-cap on, rose up in

the bed. Frank dropped the candle, which went out; and, when a light was again procured, Finch Hatton was found flourishing his sword, and exclaiming, 'You ghost, I'll cut your head off!' 'Please, sir, spare me,' cried the ghost, in great alarm, 'I've a wife and six children.' It turned out that the old man who kept the college grass-plots in order, had found a convenient retreat in these uninhabited rooms."

One day Frank Buckland was dining with us in Harley Street, when a hearse ran away past the house, causing a great commotion: it was only stopped by the gates at the end of the street. This tickled Frank Buckland's risible faculties, and he went from one peal into another, till we were all nearly ill with laughing. His laugh was second only to Lord Houghton's. Whether the driver of the hearse found as much cause of merriment as we did, is a question; but I dare say that there are jovial moments even in what a driver once described to me as "the black trade."

Mrs. Buckland, Frank's mother, was a very clever woman, and was quite as much

absorbed in geological pursuits as the Dean himself. There was an elder son, who was so extraordinarily ugly, that he always went by the name of Caliban; so much so, that, I believe, some people thought it was his christian name.

We used sometimes to go to the Deanery. It was the most untidy, dirty place I ever saw; all things, both living and dead, lying about in every direction. There were two special pets, a large tame eagle, and a most wicked little monkey, Jacko. I once laughed at the latter: this was an offence never to be forgotten or forgiven; and, whenever he saw me afterwards, he used to run up the chain of the chandelier, and, pointing his finger at me, utter a series of shrill screams. I was very much afraid of him. There was, also, a young pet bear, of whom many stories were told: after his academic education, he went to end his days in the Zoological Gardens.

One day we were asked to breakfast at the Deanery, to see some gold-fish being chloroformed. Chloroform had only just been discovered as an anæsthetic, and there was considerable excitement about it: its properties were not much known, and it

was a question whether it would act in the water, and whether cold-blooded animals, like fish, could be chloroformed at all. After the breakfast (at which, I remember, Captain Gaisford, Dean Gaisford's son, while showing a lady the merits of the new syphons for soda-water, sent nearly the whole contents over me, deluging me completely), a large bowl of gold-fish was brought in, and the chloroform put into the water. The experiment seemed to be highly successful, and Dean Buckland took out one of the fish, which to all appearance was lifeless, holding it in his hand for us to examine it: at that moment Jacko, the monkey, suddenly jumped on to the Dean's shoulder, and, snatching the fish out of his hand, threw it back into the bowl of water, or rather, I believe, into another bowl, full of clean water: whether it survived this rough treatment or not, I forget. Then my brother and Frank Buckland chloroformed the eagle, and did it so effectually, that they had some difficulty in bringing him to. It was altogether a very interesting entertainment.

Frank Buckland used to tell us some amusing stories of Jacko. He was the most mischievous of monkeys, never so

happy as when he had done something he knew to be wrong, and they always felt sure that some mischief was going on, when they heard Jacko give a peculiar chuckle of delight. One day the cook was out, and there was a fall of soot in the kitchen. This just suited Mr. Jacko. He had watched them black-leading the grates and other things, and, by way of imitation, he helped himself to the tallow candles, stuck them in a row in front of the fire, and, when they were well melted, he mixed the soot up with the tallow, and smeared this pleasing compound over everything in the kitchen.

Another time Dr. and Mrs. Buckland were travelling, and had Jacko with them: they were going for a walk; so they shut him up in an empty room, which had just been papered, thinking that he could not possibly do any harm there. When they got back, they heard Jacko's wicked chuckle, and, in trepidation, opened the door: to their horror they found the paper hanging in strips from the walls: it had been still wet, and Jacko had amused himself by stripping the greater part of it off. Dr. and Mrs. Buckland, finding they could get the same paper in the village, determined to say nothing about

what had happened: they bought the paper, had some paste made, and, mounting on chairs, they busied themselves in repairing the dilapidations caused by their pet.

In the early season, before Easter, there were generally one or two balls: we had been to one of these one year, and had come home rather late. I was startled by the maid, who called me the next morning, telling me that my mother had gone off to Lady Anson, who was dying. My aunt Andover had a house at the lower end of Harley Street, and my aunt Anson lived with her. She had had an influenza cold, but it had not been bad enough to prevent her from going for the whole morning on her favorite expedition—that of hunting for bargains in the east end. On her return, she stopped at her great friend's, Mrs. Egerton of Tatton, who pressed her to have some luncheon, and, above all, to have some champagne for her cold; but she refused, and said she would go home to bed. This she did, and my mother went and sat with her, and found her in excellent spirits, talking all about the marriage which had just been settled between her granddaughter, Lady Anne Anson, and

Frank Charteris, now Lord Wemyss. The next morning she died from simple exhaustion. Mrs. Egerton always declared that, if she had stayed with her, and had had a good luncheon, it would have saved her life.

Mr. Charteris went to call upon her, and was, of course, dreadfully shocked, when the servant said she was dead.

Poor Aunt Anson was so popular, through her kindness to everyone, that her funeral *cortége* reached from one end of Harley Street to the other.

Her granddaughter and Frank Charteris were married that spring, and, I think, they were the handsomest couple I ever saw.

The next marriage in the family was that of Leicester with Julia Whitbread. Mrs. Whitbread, being aware that he had shown some admiration for her daughter when they were at Holkham, asked him to Cardington, their place in Bedfordshire, immediately on his landing in England after their return from the Continent: and thus she secured him.

The daughter was a friend of mine, an acknowledged beauty of the Roman type, and immensely admired. We saw a great deal of her and of Leicester at that time,

as the Whitbreads came to live in Eaton Place, and Lady Leicester, also, took a small house in town, that her son might be near them. There were the usual meetings, dinners, present-giving, seeing the trousseau, etc.; after which the marriage took place very quietly at Cardington, not even Lady Leicester being present. The happy pair went down to Holkham.

I remember an amusing incident which occurred shortly before Lord Leicester was married. He was coming to Cannon Hall for the twelfth of August, and met the other members of the expected party at Barnsley: being rather numerous, there was some difficulty in getting conveyances to carry them on. At last they found a very good omnibus at the inn, capable of holding them all: so they engaged it, and the gentlemen all went outside, putting the servants inside. But when they got to the lodge at Cawthorne, no gate was opened to them! The gate there was guarded by a regular dragon, old Sally Burgon: she had spent all her life at the lodge, and always kept the gate locked, refusing to open it to anyone of whom she did not approve. The omnibus was most decidedly objectionable;

and no key should be put into the lock to let *it* through. Vainly did Leicester plead that they were going to the Hall—she did not believe him: he next said he was Lady Elizabeth's brother; but, shaking the key at them, she said, "Yo are a set of nasty good-fa'-naughts! That's what yo are! They want none such as yo at t' Hall. If Mester Stanhope met that thing going through t' park, he'd make yo jump for't."

How they eventually got through, whether with the help of a *silver key*, or not, I forget; but they all arrived in fits of laughter, having enjoyed the adventure. The next morning a paragraph appeared in the *Yorkshire Post*, headed, "The Earl of Leicester and the park gate-keeper."

It was, I think, in this year that the Queen's fancy ball was given, and it was, of course, the great excitement of the season. We were not invited, and, if I remember rightly, did not wish to go; for, besides the expense, it involved no end of trouble, all the tradespeople being so fully employed, that there was hardly a chance of securing the services of any of them. Dressmakers, hairdressers, and even shoemakers, were all

too busy to attend to any orders; and, up to the last moment, all was fuss and worry.

Madame Carson (Laure), the *grande modiste*, was an old acquaintance of my aunt's. She went one day to Langham Place, very full of the Queen's dress, which she was to make. The Queen was to be Philippa of Hainault, Prince Albert being Edward III. Laure was telling my aunts all about her difficulties, and particularly about the hoop for the Queen, as she had never seen one; when, to her delight, my aunts produced their mother's wedding-dress, a beautiful old brocade, and the identical hoop in which she had been married. Laure was very much excited, as she said she had made the hoop quite wrong, having made it round, whereas the old hoop appeared to be oblong in shape, with a flat part on the hips, on which the arms rested: and then she found that she had cut the gown quite wrong, and it would not go over the hoop. It ended in her begging them to lend her both the dress and the hoop; and the dress eventually worn by the Queen was an exact copy, even as to the size, of my grandmother's wedding-dress.

Then came the question of the shoes, for, in the days of hoops, no high-heeled shoes or boots were ever worn. When my aunts were young, the favourite work of ladies was making their own white satin boots and shoes, and we remembered that we had found in the window-seat in our school-room, some of their handiwork, in the shape of a pair of white boots, still unfinished, with the lasts, shapes for the heels, and all the implements used in making them.* We sent for the boots, and these Laure took to the Queen's shoemaker as a pattern. So, altogether, we had a great deal to do with dressing her gracious Majesty correctly.

It was very amusing on the night of the ball, to drive round from house to house, seeing all the dresses. Edward and Lady Theresa Digby looked very well, dressed as his ancestors, Sir Kenelm and Lady Venetia Digby, her dress being copied from an old picture, which they had at Mintern. It was

* With the boots, there were a number of cards, which had been printed at one time, by way of a joke :

M. A. S. Stanhope,
Shoemaker,
CANNON HALL
and
Grosvenor Square.

particularly becoming to her; blue satin, black velvet and pearls; with her hair all done in little curls on her forehead. Lady Braybrooke was "*La grande Mademoiselle*"; but what the other characters were, I do not now remember.

The ball was voted a great success, but, I think, many were very glad when it was over.

I remember another ball, which was given by Lord Londonderry, and to which such a number of *dead* people were asked, that some verses were written upon it, and sung about the streets, the refrain of each verse being,

"At the ball at Holderness House,
Park Lane."

In those early days, Prince Albert was not at all popular, he was looked upon as the "German Prince," and there was an idea amongst the lower orders, that he was making a purse for himself. His was a character that Englishmen were very slow in understanding or appreciating. One of his doings which was most unpopular, was that, when he was out shooting, and the sport, perhaps, at its best, he used to say regularly every day, regardless of the arrangements of his host, or the wishes of the guests,

"Gentlemen, it is time to go in to luncheon, the Queen will be expecting us." Then another thing recorded against him was, that, when he had fired off his own gun, he used to turn round to George Edward Anson, his Lord-in-waiting, and say, "Ansonn, di gonne," and used to take Anson's gun from him, before he had had time to fire it himself: this was considered very selfish. But that which did him most harm in the general opinion, was this: that his regiment of Scots Guards was to be reviewed by him early in August, so as to allow the officers to get out of town on furlough during that month; but Prince Albert was not a good rider, and found a difficulty in getting a horse that suited him, and would stand fire; so all the officers were kept grilling in town during a very hot summer, while a horse was being trained for the Prince. The officers, who were pining for the moors, were not backward in saying what they thought, and their remarks were not altogether so loyal as they might have been.

Leicester and Julia had been married about three weeks. From his mother, Lady Leicester, as well as from Mrs. Whitbread,

we heard that they were supremely happy at Holkham, enjoying themselves like boy and girl, as, indeed, they were, either riding together about the park, or he teaching her to drive her ponies in a pretty little pony-carriage, which he had bought for her before they married: both rejoicing that they had turned their backs on the London season and its frivolities.

We went to some afternoon party, where my mother found a knot of ladies, sitting with their heads together, whispering, and evidently describing some exceptionally piquant scandal. As soon as they saw her, they exclaimed, "Oh! here is Lady Elizabeth! Now *she* will tell us all about it!" They then informed her, that they knew for certain, that Lady Leicester had run away from her husband, that she had come up to town, and was now *en cachette* with her mother. It was said to be a case of jealousy on *her* part, he having shown attentions to a beautiful lady's maid of hers. All denial on my mother's part was useless: the family, of course, were supposed to be ignoring it, and trying to hush it up.

The real facts were these:—They had engaged my maid, Bougin, who was a most

excellent, conscientious creature, but middle-aged, and peculiarly ugly. She had sprained her ankle, and was walking with difficulty to Church, when Leicester stopped the carriage, and, taking her in, gave her a lift.

It seemed an extraordinary thing, that an act of kindness to one of his own servants, in his own park in the country, should have led to this most wicked outburst of ill-nature all over London. It was suggested to them, as the most effectual way of putting a stop to it, that they should come up to town, and show themselves there together for a short time. But they treated the whole thing as a most absurd joke, and would not hear of leaving the country, on account of such nonsense. Edward Coke told me that he very much regretted their decision; that he thought it was of the utmost importance for them to show themselves, and put a stop to the scandal, at once and for ever; that all London was ringing with the story, and that it was the talk of every club. He said that, if he endeavoured to contradict it, people only laughed in his face, and said that it was well known the family were hushing it up. So it remained uncontradicted by those who alone could have effec-

tually done so, and I do not believe that Leicester and Julia *ever* realized how great the scandal had been.

I think it was in that year that the Prince of Lucca stayed in London. He was a little, dark, dirty-looking man, and was nicknamed "Filthy Lucre." He was, they said, very amusing, and seemed to divert the Queen very much; but Prince Albert looked rather disgusted with him.

The mention of the Prince of Lucca recalls to my mind another distinguished foreigner, whom we used to see in London at this time: Prince Louis Napoleon.

Sir John and Lady Shelley had a villa with a small garden at Putney, over-looking a somewhat unsavoury part of the Thames, where they gave a garden-party regularly every Saturday, to which *all London* went. The little garden was crowded on these occasions, but strict economy prevailed: little entertainments, such as "Punch and Judy," were provided, and there was a good deal of music; but of an inexpensive, amateur character. All the refreshments were up in a cock-loft, to which some very narrow stairs outside the house led, the object of

this being to make the very stale buns and cakes more difficult of access. Gooseberry-fool was given, as a cheap substitute for strawberries and cream. One day, I remember, I was up in the cock-loft with some friends, and was approaching the desire of all hearts, the bowl of gooseberry-fool, when a gentleman, who was just about to help himself, drew back, and made way for me. My chaperon said, "Did you know who that was? That was Prince Louis Napoleon."

CHAPTER XIX.

We used often to go to see Lady De Clifford, Lady Leicester's aunt. She was a very great lady, and had been a person of some consideration, having occupied the post of state-governess to Princess Charlotte. Lady Leicester told us that formerly, when they went to see their aunt, Princess Charlotte's great amusement used to be rolling her and the little Keppels down a certain mound in the park, into a bed of nettles at the bottom; which, no doubt, was greater fun for the Princess than for them.

My mother told me that, when the question arose as to the Princess Charlotte marrying Prince Leopold, and it was found that she objected, the Lord Chancellor asked her *what* her objection to the marriage was? Her answer was, "I hate him." When she afterwards ran away from Carlton Palace, and was brought back by Lord Eldon, who lectured her severely, she was furious, and

exclaimed, "To think that my grandfather's granddaughter should be spoken to like that by the son of a collier!"

She was, however, very happy with her husband at Claremont, after they were married, and they used to talk of themselves as Captain and Mrs. Cobourg. My mother's first cousin, then Lady John Thynne, afterwards Lady Carteret, was lady-in-waiting to one of the Princesses, Princess Sophia, I think; and she said that she sat up with Prince Leopold the whole night when Princess Charlotte died, and she never saw anything like his grief: he was perfectly stunned.

My father told me that Prince Leopold, whom, as King of the Belgians, he knew very well, was very handsome and gentlemanlike, and always perfectly friendly; but he did not at all endorse Lord Albemarle's account of his behaviour at Holkham—that he threw off all etiquette, and was perfectly free and easy—for, though he was a frequent guest there, he never unbent, and was always cold and formal. One never seemed to get any further with him.

But, to return to Lady de Clifford. She lived in a large and beautiful house in

Carlton House Terrace: it was almost like a country house. One day we were calling upon her, when, as we were sitting talking, the door opened, and a figure walked in, which I should certainly not have expected to see there. It was that of a short, fat woman, with a vulgar, red face, bedizened in all possible and impossible finery. She had, however, a pleasant voice, and talked well. She was Mrs. Laurence, the wife of Dr. Laurence, the great surgeon.

The sympathy and anxiety of all London had just then been aroused for Brunel, the eminent engineer, who had had an accident: he had swallowed a half-sovereign, which had stuck in his throat, and nothing would move it. He had seen one surgeon after another, and special instruments had been made to extract it, but all to no purpose. At last they sent for Dr. Laurence, whose efforts proved successful. Mrs. Laurence gave us an account of what he did; and it sounded most simple, *after* it had been done: he first examined carefully the position of the half-sovereign, and then sent for a reclining-board, upon which he placed Brunel, with his head down and his feet raised; when, in a few moments, out rolled

the half-sovereign, and his life was saved! This had, I think, taken place only two days before we met her.

Mrs. Laurence, who was a very ambitious, and, also, a very clever woman, had money of her own; and Dr. Laurence told her that she should spend it just as she liked, as he would not touch a farthing of it: she answered, "Very well, then I will spend it on flowers." There was a great marriage that season, I forget whose it was, but I think it was that of some Duke's daughter, at all events, Mrs. Laurence knew nothing about them, and they, certainly, did not know Mrs. Laurence. But, on the morning of the wedding, just as the bride was dressed, there arrived a box, and on it was written, "From Mrs. Laurence, Ealing." It contained a bouquet for the bride, but a bouquet such as no money would have purchased: flowers which were then very seldom to be seen: the most splendid exotics, and the rarest stove plants. This bouquet, of course, was the great feature of the bride's dress. But, such a present must be properly acknowledged! and Mrs. Laurence was. consequently, asked to the wedding-party in the evening. She was graciously received, and

thanked by the Duchess, her flowers being the talk of the evening. So the first bouquet had not done badly!

Several other weddings took place, but there were no flowers from Mrs. Laurence. At last, there was another grand wedding, and a second bouquet made its appearance. It met with the same result as the first, and Mrs. Laurence was asked to the house. Other people then invited her to their entertainments, in the hope of getting some flowers; and soon it came to be considered quite a distinction to appear with one of Mrs. Laurence's bouquets. Gradually she began to extend her presents, till everbody became indebted to her, and she was asked everywhere: no one was surprised at meeting her, and all knew what it meant: there was not a fashionable party at which Mrs. Laurence was not present, nor one where she was not made much of.

The next thing was for her to give a breakfast, as garden-parties were then called, at Ealing, to show her hot-houses. The extent of the houses, and the magnificence of the flowers and fruit, surprised everyone, and there were gardeners innumerable to show the people about. Her breakfasts at

Ealing became all the fashion, and she was soon familiarly known as "Laurentia Floribunda Grandifolia."

One day* Mrs. Fawlkes, of Farnley, dined with us in Harley Street, and, as she was going on to the opera, she asked me to go with her. It was the Queen's birthday, and the opera selected was Lucrezia Borgia, with a few scenes from Masaniello as a prelude.

We were rather late in getting there, and, on arriving, came in for a most extraordinary scene. The house was packed from floor to ceiling, and everyone was standing up, waving handkerchiefs and fans, forming a perfect sea of white. The opera had been stopped, and a most tremendous cheering was going on, mingled with cries of "God save the Queen." We were told that the Queen had been fired at, but was untouched. It was, I believe, on that occasion that she showed the courage of her race, and, dismissing her attendants, drove round the park alone with Prince Albert. As we ar-

* I put down circumstances just as they happen to recur to my memory, without regard to chronological order.—A. M. W. P.

rived at the opera, she had just entered her box with the Prince. The cries of "God save the Queen" were perfectly deafening, till the orchestra struck up the air, and played it standing; then all the actors in Masaniello came to the front of the stage, and, in their picturesque dresses, sang the National Hymn, while the whole house joined in one mighty chorus. It was the most exciting thing that could be imagined.

The Queen did not stay long. On her rising to go, the opera was again stopped, and the orchestra struck up

> "Send her victorious,
> Happy and glorious,
> Long to reign over us,"

the whole house again joining in. The Queen came to the front of her box, and bowed her thanks. She appeared to be much affected, but still retained her calm dignity.

When the opera was over, cries were heard of "Grisi, Grisi; God save the Queen." Almost before you could have thought it possible, Grisi, whom we had so lately seen in all her stage magnificence and dignity—*Sono La Borgia!*—came before the curtain, in her dressing-gown and slippers, with

her hair all tumbled about her shoulders. Her voice rang through the house in a solo: she paused as she sang each verse, and the whole house sang it after her; and again her solo thrilled and vibrated through the theatre, her foreign accent seeming to add to the effect, particularly in the verse,

> "Frustrate their *knavish* tricks,
> And make them fall."

Whilst writing about these dastardly attacks on royalty, I may mention a curious thing. After that dreadful attempt of Fieschi with his infernal machine, my aunts went to Madame Tussaud's to see his image, and they were perfectly startled when, in the wax figure, they recognised my grandmother's *frotteur*, who used to come every morning to rub her floors, while they were living at Versailles: they then called to mind that his name was indeed Fieschi.

One day we had been for a drive in the country, as we often did: we had gone to Hampstead, and had rambled about the heath, filling the carriage with the flowers, gorse and may, that we had gathered. The road down from the heath was then nothing more than an extremely steep lane, with

hedges on both sides, and so narrow, that there was hardly room for two carriages to pass. We were going down the hill at the very steepest point, when, suddenly, to our horror, who should appear but the scarlet outriders! The Queen was just upon us! There was only one thing to be done; we drove right into the hedge, on to the very steep incline, and there we waited. There was so little room, that when the Queen passed, the wheels of her carriage almost touched ours, and she actually stood up, looking to see if they could get by: but Prince Albert, with his greater sense of the proprieties, put out his hand, and pulled her down. We did what we could, but it only made the thing more ridiculous; we all stood up in the carriage, with our rural bouquets in our hands; and, to make it perfect, the Queen, who knew my mother, turned round, after she had safely passed us, and gave us the bow, which she had forgotten in the moment of excitement.

The Queen was always wonderfully graceful, and could throw more meaning into a bow, than could any woman in Europe. One of the prettiest things I ever saw was

an unexpected meeting between her and Prince Albert. I was walking with my husband in Hyde Park, and, seeing the scarlet outriders just turning the corner by the Serpentine, we went up to the railings to watch the Queen pass. On the other side of the railings was a gentleman on horseback, and we saw that it was Prince Albert. We waited to see the meeting, expecting that he would ride up to her carriage, and speak to her. But he took off his hat, and held it, in the most deferential manner, to the very bow of his saddle, and sat thus, bare-headed, and quite immovable, waiting for his Sovereign to pass. His two grooms were also bare-headed. The Queen's carriage came on: as it passed, she did *not* acknowledge him with a smile, or a kiss of the hand, as I had expected, but bowed in a perfectly grave and dignified manner—the Queen receiving the homage of the first of her subjects: then her head went lower, and she threw into her bow all the deference of a wife for the husband whom she honoured above all the world. Were I writing of any one else, this might be set down to imagination, but where the Queen was concerned,

there was no fancy: she knew exactly what she meant to express, and she expressed it exactly.

Most of the property about Hampstead belonged to old Sir Richard Neave. He and his two daughters lived in Albemarle Street, and we had to go to a large dinner there every year. He was an old family friend; indeed, the Neaves were connections of my aunt Andover, being relations of the Digbys. Every summer they migrated to Hampstead, and we used to drive out there, to spend the afternoon with them. Their house was Oak Hill Lodge, a low rambling cottage, on the top of the hill, commanding, at the back, the most glorious view that could be conceived. There was not another house to be seen from it then, and the prospect was so perfectly rural, and the timber so fine, that you could not realise that you were within a mile or two of London.

His eldest son, Sir Digby Neave, was to inherit the family property in Norfolk, and the Hampstead estate, as a younger son's portion, was to go to Sheffield Neave. It turned out to be "Benjamin's mess." The spirit of money-grubbing came over the

land; the lovely view which I remember in my youth, was blotted out for ever, and, in its place, there sprang up a town, almost (now quite) connecting Hampstead with London.

We used to go regularly every year to Court. Things change so, that it may not be unamusing to hear what a birthday drawing-room was like, at the time of which I am writing. It was always held at St. James's, and the staircase there looked very handsome, when lined all the way up with the gigantic beefeaters, dressed in their old-world dress, with their halberds in their hands. At the top of the stairs was an ante-room, leading into a very large, handsome saloon, with some full-length pictures of the Kings of England in their robes, let into the walls on one side; the other side being occupied by windows. A brass rod, extending the whole length of the room, shut off a very narrow space, to which access could only be obtained through a small, awkward opening at one end: the "pen," as we always called this enclosure, led to the presence-chamber, through a door at the other end, which was kept shut until

the Court was in readiness for the reception. But for a carpet, there was not a single piece of furniture in this first room; not even a chair for any one who might feel faint or ill.

All who were going to be presented, were anxious to get into the "pen" as soon as possible, for fear that they might not get in at all in time: but doing so, was a perfect service of danger; for the opening was unnecessarily narrow, and the crush was very great. Once, I remember, I was standing at this opening, vainly trying to get through, when some ill-natured people, who had been guarding the entrance, made a rush, and got through before me, carrying my train with them, and nearly tearing it from my shoulders. I called out, "You *must* let me follow my train:" and, luckily, some gentlemen came to the rescue, and recovered it for me: but my feathers were gone, and my torn lappets were found, fixed on the epaulettes of two officers on either side of me. Fortunately, some kind person recovered my plumes, and kept them until she was able to fasten them on my head again, otherwise, if they had been trampled under foot, I must have given up all attempts

of passing before the Queen: as it was, I was in a somewhat plucked and dilapidated condition to appear before royalty.

In those days many more gentlemen attended the drawing-rooms than now, and the danger of spurs, swords and epaulettes in the general crush, was very considerable. I heard of one lady who had her ear torn completely open, by getting her ear-ring caught in an officer's epaulette. Many people, also, were hurt, by being crushed against the bar, in getting into the "pen." Once inside it, we had to stand a long time in the very narrow space available, getting more and more crushed, as fresh people crowded in. It was most tiring. At last the door was unlocked, the entrée was over, and we all passed through another large room, which led into the presence-chamber. This latter was, I think, much better arranged, and was more imposing, than it is at Buckingham Pálace, where you come suddenly upon the Queen, close to the door. All the centre of the room was closely packed with the Court, who stood facing the Queen, in a semicircle, the Queen standing at the far end of the room, with only a few of her Court behind her. Those who were presented came in at

one door, and backed out of the other. I remember that when my sister Eliza was presented, as she passed out before me, and I saw the Queen immediately in front of me, I lost my presence of mind, stopped short, and made her a courtesy at a distance: she bowed to me, and then, of course, I had to go up to her, and make a second courtesy, which she acknowledged with a second bow, and a smile of amusement. I had erred on the side of excess of loyalty.

The Queen was always rather amused when anything out of the ordinary happened: that was so in the case of Lord Petre's daughter, whom we knew. She was a very tall, awkward girl, and had a funny habit of giving little jumps: after she had been presented, she was so glad at its being over, that, on recovering her balance from her courtesy, she gave one of her jumps. The Queen was so much amused, that, when the cards were sent out for her ball, she had one card sent for Lord and Lady Petre, and a separate one for Miss Petre.

This reminds me of what Mr. Borroughes told me as to his performance, when he had to go down on one knee to kiss the Queen's hand; he got entangled in his sword, and

could not manage to get up again, so he kept hold of the Queen's hand, and helped himself up by it.*

One evening, when we were at the play, and the Queen and Prince Albert were in the royal box, a Maid-of-honour dropped her bouquet amongst the orchestra; on which, one of the musicians stuck it on the end of his fiddlestick, and handed it up to the owner. The transaction seemed to amuse the Queen, and she laughed a good deal at it.

I had a nurse once, who had been nurse for some months to the Queen-dowager, and was with her when she died. She told me that Queen Adelaide had the most extraordinary mania for *pins:* she was always wondering what became of the millions of pins that disappeared, and she could not bear that a single one should be lost: it was a case of searching for hours for a pin which had been dropped. One day the nurse took a pin out of the Queen's pincushion: the Queen, who had recognised its disappearance, asked whence she had got the pin, proceeding, at once, to impress upon her

* For a similar incident, see *Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, III., 98.—S. P.

what a heinous crime it was to touch her pincushion, and ending by saying, that, no doubt, she had picked it up somewhere, and did not remember where. The nurse answered, "No, your majesty, I took it out of your majesty's pincushion." "Now," said the Queen, "I know that I can trust you, for you speak the truth: I wanted to try you." The pincushion was all decorated with flowers and patterns in pins, and the Queen used to tell her to go and bring a pin from such and such a row, in such and such a flower; and the pin had, afterwards, to be carefully put back in the same place.

All the basins and jugs on her washing-table were of solid silver, and had been given to her by King William. She had a miniature of the King, and, wherever she sat, this miniature had to be moved so as to face her.

Every morning she walked for a certain time, up and down in the kitchen-garden, and it was an understood thing, that, whilst she was there, any one who had a favour to ask, or a grievance to ventilate, might go fearlessly, and lay it before her.

At one time, before she had become too weak, she used to go out every winter to

Madeira, for the benefit of her lungs, and, not only did she take out those of her servants who were the weakest, and most in need of change, but she also took out, at her own expense, invalids who were poor, and could not afford to travel. They said that the ship used literally to be crowded with invalids. Her kindness was unbounded, and she spent immense sums in charity. It was no wonder she was so universally beloved.

Her cough became so bad that she could not sleep, and the nurse used to sit up with her. All through the long, weary hours of the night, they used to play at a game, something like German Tactics. When daylight appeared, the nurse went to bed, and, in the afternoon, a carriage always came round to take her for a drive.

The nurse told me that one day, Queen Victoria came to see Queen Adelaide, and she had a long talk with the former, before taking her into the invalid's room. The Queen was very particular in her questions about the Queen-dowager, and seemed to be very fond of her. It was, the nurse told me, a raw, cold, dull November day, but the Queen had on an apple-green silk dress,

with a white tulle bonnet; not much in keeping with the weather. Before going into the sick-room, the Queen took off her bonnet, and put it on the sofa; and the first thing she did on coming back, was to go and sit down on it.

The Queen's bonnets were most peculiar, and unlike those worn by anyone else. They were large, and perfectly round, with a great bow under her chin, and a bow of coloured ribbon on each side of the face. I once tried to spirit up Mrs. Brown, from whom the Queen had her bonnets, to effect a reform in them; but she told me that she had already attempted it, and had very carefully modified them just a little, "but," she added, "what could I do? They were sent back to me with a message, 'tell Mrs. Brown that the Queen sent for bonnets, not caps.'"

The Princess Royal was a very clever, amusing child, and there were, consequently, many stories told about her. It was a curious thing, that, when she was born, there was a general report that she was blind, and this was universally believed for some time. When she used to drive with

the Queen, she mimicked her manner exactly, bowing right and left, and trying to appropriate to herself the bows intended for her mother. The family doctor was Dr. Brown, who used to see the children nearly every day. The Princess Royal, on going to bed one night, said to him as usual, "Good night, Brownie;" but, when he was gone, Lady Lyttelton, who was the state-governess, told her, "Princess, you ought not to say, Brownie, you should say, Dr. Brown." The Princess made no remark; but the next evening, when she was going to bed, instead of saying, "Good night, Laddle," (which was the name they had given to Lady Lyttelton), she drew herself up with great dignity, made her a courtesy, and said, "Good night, my lady." One day, when she was dressed in white satin, Lady Lyttelton found her admiring herself before a cheval-glass, and saying, "No, Princessy, I never did see anything like you."

We were on intimate terms with the Fitzwilliams, and went every year to stay at Wentworth House. The Fitzwilliams were most inveterate dancers; once start them on a reel, and it was a case of per-

petual motion. Lady Mary Thompson, Lord Fitzwilliam's daughter, I remember, was performing once, when her sister, Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, clapped her hands, and said, "Well done, my four-year-old sister; the naught counts for nothing."

One fine summer's day I proposed driving over there to luncheon; and, as I was very fond of driving, I got on the box, with one of our guests, Mr. Willas, beside me, while my mother remained inside. It was a twelve-mile drive, and, when we arrived, we were told, to our dismay, that none of the family were at home. The servants at Wentworth House were unlike any others: they never left: the lowest stud-groom was gradually promoted, till he became the head of the establishment: they were all thoroughly spoilt, and did just as they liked. On this occasion, it did not suit them to increase the luncheon party, and so they settled that they would not let us in. My mother, having brought one of her guests over specially to see the house, did not mean to be checkmated, so she told the important old footman, that she wished to see the housekeeper; and he departed reluctantly in quest of her. Presently a figure appeared, short and squat,

very common-looking, with a short dress, and very thick boots, which clattered loudly, as she walked across the parquet floor. My mother went up to her and said, "We have come over from Cannon Hall to see the house; will you be good enough to shew it to us?" The figure put her arms akimbo, looked freezingly at my mother, and said, "I will send the housekeeper to you:" she then disappeared. Presently, we heard peals of laughter proceeding from a room close by, and the door opened, and out came Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam, saying, "Do come in, we have only just sat down to luncheon;" adding, "that was Lady Margaret Yeoman, whom you took for the housekeeper." Lady Margaret Fitzwilliam had married Mr. Yeoman, and looked like her name. She had two clumsy-looking girls, one of whom was always called Poppy Yeoman, from her cheeks being so red.

The young Fitzwilliams were in the middle of a cricket match with the young men of the parish, so the luncheon was more than usually pompous and dull. It being a very hot day, my mother asked for some wine and water: the head attendant poured some water into her glass, saying, "There is water,

and you can put wine to it *if you like.*" Presently Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam said, quite unmoved, "Oh, papa, there is a wasp crawling up your neck-tie." I am afraid I was wondering what would happen, if Lord Fitzwilliam was stung, and whether it would cause a diversion from the present monotony: but he merely craned up his long neck, exhibiting the wasp crawling up his white neck-tie, and in a leisurely manner said, "John, remove the wasp."

Mr. Willas was interested in the cricket-match, and we were to be taken for a drive in the park to see it. The carriages came round: Lady Charlotte's barouche, with four horses, two postillions, and two outriders; and Lady Dorothy's miniature brake, with four little ponies, two little boys as postillions, and two others on ponies, as outriders. When we got into the carriage we had to wait for Lord Fitzwilliam, while the steps up to the house were literally crowded with beggars, waiting to besiege him. Lady Charlotte said to my mother, "Is it not like a penitentiary, with the refuse of all the parishes for miles round. See, there is a man, painted up to look as if he had bleeding wounds, and my father is giving him

money." He could not bear to turn a single one of them away empty-handed, and it took some time before they were all satisfied.* At last Lord Fitzwilliam got into the carriage; but we had not gone far, before he remembered that he had left something behind, and sent one of the outriders back to the house to get it, calling after him—*not*, "be back as soon as you can,"—*but*, "and, John, do not hurry yourself: we will wait till you come." I was transferred to the little brake, and there I found a dilemma existing: poor Lady Dorothy had an extraordinary stammer; when there was a word which she could not say, her lips used to keep on moving, but not a sound would come. She wanted to give an order to go to the mausoleum, and "mausoleum" she could not bring out; so there the two postillions, and two outriders, and all of us, sat, waiting for her orders as to where we were

* He had a very strong, if not a very sound, motive, for never refusing to relieve a beggar, (unless I am applying to him, an event which happened to another): for one day in London, when he was starting to go out to dinner, he was importuned for a crust of bread by some poor woman. He turned a deaf ear to all her entreaties, and drove off to his dinner. When he returned, he found her lying dead on his doorstep.—S. P.

to go, but not a word could she utter, though her lips kept moving all the time. I noticed that her cousins did not help her (I believe she did not like being helped), and the silence was so solemn, and the gravity on everyone's face so great, that I felt that, in another minute, I should burst out laughing from sheer nervousness. Luckily the word came out, just in time to save me from such a catastrophe.

CHAPTER XX.

I THINK that it must have been in the autumn of the year in which I came out, that there were staying at Cannon Hall, Lord and Lady Waterpark, Miss Hamilton, and others, including a young Mr. de Blaquiere, who was very good-looking, and had been introduced to us by the Bischoffs. All our guests went over to Wentworth House to dine, on the public day, and when they returned, de B., as we called him, complained of headache, and seemed very ill. His illness rapidly developed into a violent attack of, what was then called, Irish fever, in consequence of which, all our party dispersed, and it was decided that it was not safe for any of us to remain in the house. His mother, Baroness von Steng, a German, was sent for, to establish herself at Cannon Hall, and nurse him; and Miss d'Ehrenstein, a most devoted old German governess of ours, volunteered to remain as well. (De B.,

I may mention, turned out in after years a most dreadful *vaurien;* and, having spent all his money, used to go about the country begging.)

Thus expelled from our home, we went to Rhyl. We had never been in Wales before, so it was all quite new, and very amusing to us. Rhyl was then a nice sea-side village, with unpaved streets, and flat-roofed houses, one story high. The only large house in the place was the hotel, which was very primitive, but not at all uncomfortable; and of this we took possession, and pretty well filled.

Every evening a Welsh harper used to come and play his national airs to us. We soon made ourselves at home, and got to know the people in "Our Village," many of whom were regular characters. The ticket collector at the station, for instance, was a gentleman. But *the* character of the place, and a person well known throughout North Wales, was Angharard. Her real name was Anne Lloyd (never disgraced by the title of Miss); but she was always spoken of as Angharard, the Welsh for Anne. She was old, and looked like a shrivelled apple; very clever, and extremely amusing. Her great

mania was to keep up everything Welsh. She had a very pretty house, furnished with old oak, a good garden, and last, but not least, a little dog, called Ta Ta, who understood nothing but Welsh. Angharard used sometimes to ask my sister and myself to dinner, and we always enjoyed ourselves on those occasions.

Though the country immediately near Rhyl was flat, the Vale of the Clwyd was pretty, and there were some very interesting walks in the neighbourhood. One day, I remember, I walked alone to Rhuddlan Abbey, and went in, to look over the ruins, where I found an old woman, who, as custodian of the place, shewed me everything. While talking to her, I inadvertently said, "I suppose you are Welsh?" A change came over her face; she drew herself up, and, looking contemptuously at me, said, "Saxon! *I* am an ancient Briton."

We used to go to the Welsh service, and, by following the service in a prayer book with Welsh on one side and English on the other, I picked up a good deal of the language. But the sermon was beyond me: I used to amuse myself during it, by watching the peasants, who were all atten-

tion, drinking in every word of what, to me, was utterly meaningless.

The country was very populous, with many handsome houses dispersed about it, and nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality shewn us. Hardly a week passed, without our being asked to pay some visit, and Rhyl was quite gay with the numbers of people coming to call upon us.

Lord Mostyn lived at Pengwern, in the Vale of the Clwyd. His son, then Lloyd Mostyn, lived at Mostyn, a fine place, with a large extent of land, which he had inherited from his uncle, Sir Roger Mostyn, during the life of his own father. He had also, unfortunately, inherited his uncle's debts, and much of the property had to be sold eventually, to pay them. Kid Lloyd, as Mr. Mostyn was called, was a great friend of William Coke's, and an old acquaintance of my mother's. He used to be a good deal at Holkham.

I stayed once at Pengwern, and had a very pleasant visit. Lord Mostyn had two daughters, Pussey and Essie. Pussey was very agreeable and amusing; she used to drive me all about the country, and tell

me many stories of old days; her sister, Essie, was a very charming and interesting invalid.

On Christmas eve, we all went to stay at Mostyn, and I never saw such a typical picture of Christmas as it presented, when we arrived. The hall, which is very beautiful, extends the whole height of the house, and has an old oak balcony running all round it; there was an enormous fire of logs, blazing on the hearth, and everything was decked with holly. There we found the whole family assembled, we being the only visitors. In the evening, the band played in the gallery, and we all danced in the hall below.

Pengwern was a regular Osbaldistone Hall. It was quite a sight to see old Lord Mostyn start every day with his sons and grandsons, all on their ponies, and the hounds and huntsmen in attendance: and, to watch a Welsh hunt, was very amusing to us, with the ponies scrambling and sliding down hills, which would have seemed impossible to any English horse. Old Lord Mostyn was a wonderful man for his age, as hale and hearty as possible. I suppose it was the result of constant exercise, and of a

life spent in the open air. I remember his saying to me, "I sometimes think how it would have been, if I had pursued some nobler object with half the energy with which I have hunted that poor animal to death." There was something sad in this Wolsey-like speech: was the object worthy of the life spent upon it? A question which it was now too late to answer.

We went to stay at Bodelwiddan Castle, belonging to Sir John and Lady Sarah Williams. It was a beautiful castellated building, surrounded by a wall, through which there was an arched approach. Sir John never drove with less than four horses, and they used to take us drives all over the country. I never met anyone with such a passion for flowers; and his hothouses, full of orchids, were a wonderful sight. Lady Sarah was a most talented and superior woman. She had lived long in India, where her father, Lord Amherst, was Governor General, and she was proof against any amount of heat. She used to sit for hours in the hothouses, painting the flowers, in a temperature, ten minutes of which would have knocked up any ordinary mortal. Her paintings were perfectly beautiful.

They had two little girls, who were brought up in the primmest, most old-fashioned way possible.

In the winter, a great many balls were given in Denbighshire, and to most of them we went. They were very informal and pleasant, and it was the custom for the young lady who had last come out, to be president of all the dances for the year.

So our winter passed—making new acquaintances, seeing new places, and being fêted everywhere—one of the gayest and pleasantest winters we ever spent.

We stayed some days at the Deanery at St. Asaph, where the Miss Luxmores lived with their brother, the Dean. They had, I remember, a beautiful little green love-bird, called Parmatoo, which used to walk about on the dinner table at dessert, amongst all the glasses, without ever breaking anything, and used to drink out of the finger glasses, and have fruit given to him.

The Miss Luxmores were friends of Jenny Lind, who had just been staying with them, and they said they never saw anyone so painfully shy as she was: even when they took her to Church in the carriage, she

would be on tenter-hooks all the time, lest some one should be looking at her.

Those of the present generation cannot form any idea of the *furore* with which Jenny Lind was received throughout England. From the North to the South, the Church-bells were rung in every town where she sang, and crowds assembled at all the stations, to receive and to cheer her. She certainly merited such appreciation; for never before, and never since, has such an instance occurred of a great genius rising above all worldly thoughts and considerations; her whole spirit was filled with the desire to dedicate the great gift God had given her, to the good of the land of her adoption. There was something so simple and so true about her, that the purity and holiness of her character seemed to impress themselves on all who heard her. Strange to say, there was, however, a great feeling of disapprobation, when the Bishop of Norwich asked her to stay at the Palace during the Norwich Festival: but he did not care for public opinion on such a matter, and was determined to use all the weight of his position to honour a character like hers.

I saw her act twice in the "Somnambula," and the second time, was much struck by the genius she displayed: she had sung that beautiful song, when she is supposed to be asleep, and had evoked prolonged thunders of applause: an inferior actress would have courtesied her thanks, and then begun the encore demanded: but Jenny Lind seemed deaf to all the plaudits; they did not wake her; and she stood perfectly motionless, excepting that she dreamily pulled to pieces the bouquet which she held in her hand, till the bright flowers were scattered all over her dress; then, as the cheers at length subsided, a low, soft, murmuring, bird-like voice was heard, singing the first notes of her song; gradually her enthusiasm rose, her notes swelled louder and louder, till, like a clarion, that glorious voice filled the whole theatre.

We never knew her personally, but, when she came to Wakefield to sing at a concert, she was asked to stay at Cannon Hall: her engagements, however, would not allow her to accept. When we went to Wakefield in the evening, we took her a bouquet, with "From Lady Elizabeth Stanhope" written on it, and she appeared with it in her hands,

and then pressed it to her heart, courtesying most gracefully.

Many years afterwards, when we were staying with my aunts at Banks, I happened to go into the hall about tea-time, and was startled by seeing a young man lying on the sofa, fast asleep. I went into the drawing-room, and told my aunts: they were equally mystified, and rang for the butler; but he knew nothing about it, and had let no one in. We thought it a pity to disturb the young gentleman's slumbers, and so we left him in peace. He turned out to be young Goldsmidt, Jenny Lind's son, who was staying at Noblethorpe. Mrs. Clarke, of Noblethorpe, came in soon after, and solved the mystery, by explaining that she had told him to call at Banks, and wait for her there. Young Goldsmidt was very good-natured, but did not soar to things exalted, and understood, better than anything, the art of spending and wasting money; and of losing it, too, apparently; for one day he walked up to Hoyland, and, while hunting for something in his pockets, emptied the contents, which included a lot of money, on to a wall. Forgetting what he had done, he walked away, and could

not find it again, when he came back to look for it. Jenny Lind once said to Mrs. Clarke, "Ten months of Ernest! What will become of my poor nerves?"

Whilst on the subject of genius, I must mention the name of a very remarkable person whom we knew slightly—Madame Tussaud. She was a Suisse. Her mother, who was very handsome, had married *en secondes noces*, an old soldier of the name of Gresholtz. All countries have their distinguished names, and Gresholtz was as distinguished as any in Switzerland. He was, besides, a great hero, having served in the seven years' war, during which he had been fearfully wounded. He did not long survive his marriage, and the little Marie was a posthumous child.

Six years after his death, Mme. Gresholtz was persuaded by her brother to go to live in Paris. This brother had practised in Berne as a medical man, but the Prince de Conti, happening to see some portraits and anatomical subjects modelled by him in wax, was so struck by their extreme cleverness, that he called on M. Curtius, (such was his name), to congratulate him on his talent, and to persuade him to establish himself

in Paris, promising him the support of many members of the Royal Family, and offering to provide him with suitable apartments at his own expense. M. Curtius had, so far, looked upon his modelling only as an amusement, but now, influenced by what the Prince said, he gave up the medical profession, and devoted himself to wax-work, which was then quite fashionable in Paris. He was very successful, and, having made money, returned to Berne, to take back to Paris his sister and her children. He adopted little Marie as his daughter, and she lived in his house.

At that time, the house of M. Curtius was the resort of all the talented men of the day, and there Marie Gresholtz met Voltaire, Rousseau, Dr. Franklin, Mirabeau, and La Fayette, who were all in the habit of dining frequently at her uncle's.

She subsequently wrote her memoirs, and in them are recorded many of the conversations she had heard, and the scenes she had witnessed, between Voltaire and Rousseau, who were always at daggers drawn. She describes Voltaire as very tall and thin, with a very small, shrivelled face. He wore a large flowing wig, and was generally

dressed in a brown coat, with gold lace at the button-holes, and a waistcoat to match, with large lappets, reaching nearly to the knees; small-clothes of cloth, a little cocked-hat, large shoes, with a flap covering the instep, and striped silk stockings. He had a very long, thin neck, and, when full-dressed, had the ends of his neckcloth of rich lace, which hung down as low as his waist: his ruffles were of the same material, and, in accordance with the fashion of the day, he wore powder and a sword. He was immensely popular in Paris at this time.

Rousseau was much below the middle height, and inclined to be stout. He wore a short round wig with curls, and was generally dressed in a snuff-coloured suit, very plain, and much resembling the dress of a Quaker. But at one period of his life, he adopted the Armenian costume, wearing a long robe trimmed with fur, and a cap of the same material.

Dr. Franklin appears, from her account, to have been very agreeable. He was perfectly simple, and his manners were very amiable. He was a stout man, about five feet ten inches in height, his eyes were grey, and his complexion light; his hair was very

long and grey; he always dressed in black, and his clothes were made in the old-fashioned style: he had, however, particularly fine legs, and was very proud of his dancing.

The Marquis de la Fayette was a tall, handsome young man.

The Count de Mirabeau was somewhat stout, and wore a profusion of his own hair, powdered, and always in a wild state. His clothes were generally of black corded velvet, made in the fashion of Louis XIV. He was much pitted with the small-pox, and had very dark eyes, his countenance being particularly animated when speaking. He often dined at M. Curtius', but was much given to drinking, and, before he left the house, generally became so disagreeable, that M. Curtius always declared he would never ask him again: but such was the fascination of his character, that he was sure to receive another invitation, M. Curtius forgetting all his faults, when in the thrall of the talented orator. Although of noble birth, he displayed his contempt of rank and title, by renting a shop, where he sold cloth by the yard, to the immense disgust of the French aristocracy.

Marie Gresholtz did not, however, employ the whole of her time in entertaining guests: she early imbibed a taste for, and an interest in, that art in which her uncle excelled; and she arrived at such perfection in giving character to her portraits, that to her, whilst still very young, was confided the task of taking casts from the heads of Voltaire, Rousseau, Franklin, Mirabeau, and all the principal men of the day.

Amongst the many members of the Royal Family who visited Mlle. Gresholtz's studio, was Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister. She wished to learn the art of modelling in wax, and applied to Mlle. Gresholtz for instruction. She soon became so attached to her young teacher, that she begged M. Curtius to permit his niece to live at the Palace of Versailles, so that she might become her companion and friend. This was conceded, and Marie was soon required to sleep in the room next to the Princess's, in order to be near her, so fond had Madame Elizabeth become of her. Madame Tussaud says, "The Princess would frequently rise at six, and ride for an hour or two: then having breakfasted, she would occupy herself with the tambour-working, reading, writing, and

sometimes playing on the harpsichord, which, with other fashionable amusements, employed much of her time."

Louis XVI., she says, was an intellectual man, however he might lack that nerve and decision, which was so peculiarly demanded by the extraordinary events which took place during his reign, and by the very critical position in which he was placed. He did not enter freely into all the dissipation and extravagance of the Court, but he wanted the firmness and resolution to repress those costly banquets, and expensive nights of revelry, in which he would not participate. Instead of joining the gay throng, he would often retire to his studies. Though hunting was said to be his favourite recreation, Madame Tussaud says that lock-making was what he cared for most, and that he would be occupied for hours every day in making locks; many of those on the doors of the Palace of Versailles being made by his own hands. She says she had often opportunities of conversing with his Majesty, and ever found him very affable and unreserved in his manner, which was untainted by any assumption of pride or superiority; and his demeanour was perfectly free from that

appearance of condescension, or air of protection, which persons of his rank so often adopt towards their inferiors.

Of all the interesting characters who were friends of Madame Elizabeth, Madame Tussaud was most charmed with the Princesse de Lamballe.

The little Dauphin was considered to be very like his mother; he had a fine head of curling hair, light blue eyes, and a countenance showing much sweetness of expression; he was dressed in a little blue jacket and trousers, like an English sailor. Madame Royale, afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame Tussaud describes as a most charming little girl. She, like her brother, had beautiful light hair. She was decidedly a handsome child, usually dressed very simply, in a white muslin frock with a blue sash. She was lively and engaging in her manners; ever ready to converse freely with those with whom she came in contact; always intelligent, and generally in high spirits.

Madame Tussaud says that, on reflecting upon those days spent at the Palace of Versailles, she considers it remarkable how little notice appeared to be taken at Court of the

political storms which were raging without: she remembers, however, often to have seen Madame Elizabeth weeping. She mentions how the Poissardes used to come to the Palace on every birthday in the Royal Family, with a *corbeille* of flowers, some twenty of them being admitted to the presence of the Queen, headed by a Madame Beaupré, who was usually bedecked with jewels, and gaily dressed for the occasion. She was the largest fish-dealer in the market, and considered as a person of high importance by her sisterhood.

One very interesting ceremony Madame Tussaud witnessed whilst at Versailles. A procession of monks came to the Palace for the purpose of raising money to ransom the French subjects who were in slavery in Algiers. The fathers wore a loose white gown, with a red cross and black cowl, and they were accompanied by many of the unfortunate beings who had already been released from the bondage and privations, which they had long endured, during their detention under the Dey of Algiers. Their appearance was such as to excite the deepest sympathy: they were dressed as sailors, and wore the chains with which they had been

loaded in captivity: their beards had been suffered to grow, and their bodies were bent by the weight of the manacles, which they had been compelled ever to drag with them, as they pursued their weary toil. They applied for alms from house to house, and finally reached the Palace, where they were hospitably received. These miserable objects excited the deepest sympathy, and the contributions received were enormous. Ultimately, the released slaves were conducted to the Church, and, at the foot of the altar, their chains were knocked off.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille, the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls, was the Comte de Jorge, and he was brought to Madame Tussaud, that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and, when liberated, he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Madame Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends, for the same purpose: whilst descending the narrow stairs, her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling, when she was saved by

Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand, and just prevented her from coming to the ground: "It would, indeed, have been a great pity, if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.

After Paris had become tranquil, Sovereigns and royal Princes from all parts of the world, visited the fashionable city, and M. Curtius' establishment was a great centre of attraction. Whenever any crowned head, or other celebrated character, came, M. Curtius made a point of attending them himself. In this way he accompanied Joseph II., then Emperor of Germany, through his museum, explaining every circumstance of interest connected with the different figures. The Emperor appeared to be delighted with all he saw, and expressed a wish to see the studio: so his Majesty was conducted down stairs, where his olfactory nerve was suddenly greeted with a perfume delicious to a German, and he lifted up his hands, and threw back his head, exclaiming, with an expression of extreme pleasure, "*Ach mein Gott!* there is sauer-krout." It was necessary, in order to reach the studio, to pass

through the *salle-à-manger*, and no sooner was the door opened, discovering the family of M. Curtius at dinner over the tempting sauer-krout, than the Emperor exclaimed, "Oh! do let me partake!" Instantly a napkin, plate, etc. were produced, and his Imperial Majesty seated himself at the table, not suffering anyone to rise from it; but, joining the group *en famille*, he ate, drank, talked, laughed, and joked, with all possible affability, making himself as much at home as if he were in the Palace at Schönbrunn. Having consumed a large dish of sauer-krout, he remarked, "Now I have dined."

Madame Tussaud describes him as a tall, fine-looking man, with rather a fair complexion, and light hair, which was powdered; a well-formed aquiline nose, and the under lip rather prominent. He was dressed as plainly as possible, having merely a cocked hat, and grey great-coat; but he wore a very long tail, which reached quite down his back. He was brother to Queen Marie Antoinette.

It seems to me that Madame Tussaud's, or rather, Madlle. Gresholtz's, well-known talent for taking likenesses in wax, was really what saved her life when the Revolution

broke out. She says, "One day, two gendarmes came for me, to go to the house of Marat, just after he had been killed by Charlotte Corday, for the purpose of taking a cast of his face. He was still warm, and his bleeding body, and the cadaverous aspect of his almost diabolical features, presented a picture replete with horror, and I performed my task under the most painful sensations." I have often looked at that cast of Marat, and thought what a work of genius it was.

Madame Tussaud took a cast of the mutilated head of Charlotte Corday. The head of the Princesse de Lamballe was also taken to her, and her feelings, while performing that painful task, can be more easily imagined than described: the savage murderers stood over her, whilst she, shrinking with horror, was compelled to take a cast from the features of the unfortunate and, to her, beloved Princess.

Madame Tussaud, and her mother and aunt, were, during the absence of M. Curtius, carried off to the prison of La Force, where they were shut up for three months. Amongst other prisoners, was Josephine, Madame Beauharnais, afterwards the wife

of Napoleon, and Empress of the French. She had with her her little girl, afterwards Queen of Holland, and mother of Louis Napoleon. Their imprisonment was most severe.

Of Madame Tussaud's relations, three brothers and two uncles all perished in the defence of the Tuileries. She spent the remainder of her life in England, and died at the age of ninety. She was a most quiet, unpretending person, with a clever face, and always dressed in black. On a bench in the room in Baker Street, was a figure exactly like her, and nothing pleased her better, than that one should speak to the wax figure, mistaking it for the original.

CHAPTER XXI.

One autumn I went with my mother to stay at Dalmeny, and we remained there for nearly two months, while my sister Eliza and my father were at Roddam. Dalmeny, in the autumn, is most lovely, and the views of the Firth of Forth and the islands are beautiful: there are endless walks in the neighbourhood.

I do not remember much about the *dramatis personæ* of our sojourn there: Lou Primrose always said that they were like the slides of a magic lantern, coming and going. One important slide was Mr. Tufnell, and we soon settled that he had *intentions*, Lou being his object. But we were all wrong: for, after their return to town, matters came to a crisis, and then, behold! it was not Lou at all, but Anne, who was the one preferred. She accepted him, and it was arranged that the marriage should take place very soon.

One little circumstance which I remember, was that of Lady Dalmeny coming into the room in triumph, with a pink sash and bow that she had herself made for the present Lord Rosebery! Lady Dalmeny had been Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, whom I have already mentioned, and she afterwards became Duchess of Cleveland.

Lord Elphinstone, and many others were there, and the whole party used to go long walks together; sometimes, too, an expedition was arranged, as Lord Rosebery was particularly fond of such outings: we used then to have post-horses, and go to some place of interest, and have our luncheon there.

One day, I remember driving with Lou Primrose into Edinburgh: it was thick and misty, and nothing was to be seen before us; when suddenly, like the lifting of a curtain, the mist rose, disclosing a glorious picture of Edinburgh, that "most romantic town," in a perfect blaze of sunshine! I shall never forget the effect.

Lord Rosebery had married a Bouverie, Lord Radnor's daughter, and had three children, Lady Harriet (who afterwards married Sir James Dunlop), and two sons—

Lord Dalmeny, who was clever and intellectual, but ugly and short; and Bouverie Primrose, who was full of bonhomie and warm-heartedness. They lived at the old castle of Barnbougle, close to where Dalmeny now stands.

Amongst their constant visitors, was Sir Henry Mildmay. One dark night a boat was moored under the walls of Barnbougle, and, leaving her husband and children, Lady Rosebery got into it with Sir Henry Mildmay, and both disappeared in the darkness.

She was divorced; and some time afterwards—though how soon after, I forget—Lord Rosebery proposed to Anne Anson. People wondered at my aunt consenting to a marriage, when there was another wife actually alive; but she did consent, and the wedding took place in the Chapel at Holkham. My mother said she never should forget the sob which Lord Rosebery gave during the ceremony; it sounded throughout the Chapel. She told me that she had more than once seen Lord Rosebery under very trying circumstances, and that she knew he had a great deal of feeling, though his character was marred by a

want of liberality, and the most extraordinary small-mindedness. He saw to everything himself, and did things well: he had exquisite taste, and understood china, furniture, and, above all, cooking. He ordered the dinners himself, and there was no better cook in London than his.

When I was staying at Dalmeny, I remember, I was reading one of Dickens' works, then coming out in numbers, and I used to leave my number on the drawing-room table; but the next morning I invariably found that it had been put back in its proper place amongst the others by Lord Rosebery.

To be ground down to so very narrow-minded an existence as that at Dalmeny, was, naturally, most injurious to Lou Primrose, who was really a clever person, and one whose mind was capable of enlarged ideas; and she often regretted to me that she had not been brought up in the same freedom as we had.

What was nice about Lord Rosebery was, that he always took an interest in, and was most ready to praise other people's things.

He had a very handsome establishment, with any number of men-servants, but, un-

fortunately, they were thoroughly well tutored as to what they were *not* to give you: all was strictly regulated according to *rank*. The thing that made me most angry, was, that my father and mother were not allowed coffee after dinner. One glass of wine, too, during dinner, was the allowance for ordinary mortals, and you never got more. If there was some one of superior rank present, then two glasses of wine made their appearance, and coffee afterwards; and even more was allowed, if the rank of the guests was very exalted.

When there was a regular dinner-party, they dined in the large dining-room, and Lord Rosebery appeared *décoré* with his green ribbon. He used to wear a wig, but wished it to look like his own hair; so he had a new one at intervals, and each year it was a little greyer than the year before, till, at last, it became silvery white, at which point it was, perforce, allowed to remain unchanged. Before they started on their journey to or from Scotland, Lord Rosebery used to write a whole pile of letters, ordering the post-horses for every stage, bespeaking beds, and settling the details of all the dinners, which always included

chickens. Mrs. Wodehouse, the present (now late) Lord Kimberley's mother, once said to me, when speaking of Lord Rosebery's peculiarities, "I should have done as the first Lady Rosebery did—run away and left him."

I was sitting by Lord Rosebery one day at dinner, when, to my great delight, he spilt a whole glass of wine into a plate of game, to which I had just helped myself. I rejoiced that such an unpardonable sin was his doing, not mine.

Lord and Lady Rosebery, with Anne and Lou Primrose, used to come regularly every other year to Cannon Hall for the twelfth of August, and, I believe, there were few things they enjoyed more than their visits there. On the days when there was no shooting, we always went some expedition, and generally ended up with a visit to the peach-house, where every one ate as much as they liked; very different from what it was at Dalmeny, where we used to be taken a long hot walk to *look at*, but not to *taste*, the peaches. Once, when my brother Walter and I were staying with the Roseberys for a few days, we were both delighted at hearing, on the morning after one of these pil-

grimages of inspection, that all the peaches had been stolen in the night!

After one of their visits to Cannon Hall, the Roseberys had said good-bye, and had started with their four Barnsley posters; but, before long, the family coach reappeared, and all the party presented themselves in the drawing-room: they had had some terrible adventures: in going up the village hill, the horses, not used to double harness, had jibbed, or kicked, or plunged, and, in short, had done everything which they were not expected to do; and this was too much for his lordship's nerves; so the whole party, nothing loath, had returned; and there they stayed for several days longer.

One day at Dalmeny a stream of blood was noticed in one of the passages, and it was traced to Lord Dalmeny's dressing room; when the door was opened, he was found lying dead on the floor, having broken a blood-vessel. In due course of time, Lady Dalmeny married Lord Harry Vane, who afterwards succeeded to the dukedom of Cleveland. His widow died the other day (May 18th, 1901).

There were at one time three Duchesses of Cleveland. The old Duchess was quite a

character. She was not visited, but went out into society as often as she could. My uncle Philip told me that she was very proud of her feet, which were extraordinarily small, and her great object was to display them as much as possible. If she went into the hall, there was always something to be done to her *chaussure*, tying or untying her shoe, etc., and some one had to go down on their knees to do it; the hall was full of shoes of all shapes and devices, to attract attention to the smallness of her foot. He told me that she took a fancy to going in a boat on the Serpentine, with her footman to row her; and she used often to go to sleep, leaving poor James, who did not dare to awaken her, watching her slumbering peacefully, while he contemplated the prospect of losing his dinner.*

From Dalmeny we went to Colonel Ferguson's, at Raith, in Fifeshire. He was a most hospitable host, and, though not a rich

* I remember my uncle taking me once to dine with the Duchess. She had a doctor living with her, to attend to her health, but one of his chief functions appeared to be, cautioning her guests against indulging in side-talk at the table, as the Duchess did not like there being any conversation in which she was not the principal speaker.—S. P.

man, he kept the place in the most beautiful order. He used to turn out regular gangs of villagers, to sweep and keep in order the drives in the woods, and every tree on the estate was planted under his personal supervision. He was particularly anxious to shew us the place in its beauty, as the views of the coast of Fife and the Firth of Forth, with the Bass Rock, and the Islands of Inch Keith and Inch Combe, are noted: but, alas! for the three days we were at Raith, there was the thickest of mists, and nothing was to be seen: so we carried but few memories away with us.

While we were staying there, we met Mr. Tisdale, Lady Charleville's son. He was an old bachelor, and a regular *bon vivant*. Colonel Ferguson used to call him "My Tizzey." Tizzey told us that he had been staying at Scone, and the Ladies Murray had proposed to go an expedition, on which the men were to catch their fish, and the ladies were to cook them for luncheon, in the boat-house by the lake. Tizzey, was by no means happy, as he had no faith in ladies' cooking, and dwelt with dread on the luncheon in store for him. When the time came, the Murrays disappeared into their kitchen, and,

before long, returned with white aprons on, each carrying a dish of fish, which turned out to be most excellent. They went back to the kitchen, and soon reappeared with some other dishes, all equally good; and then, divesting themselves of their aprons, they joined the gentlemen at the table, and Mr. Tisdale had to confess that "he had never eaten a better luncheon in his life."

My father and sister had joined us at Raith, and we all went on to stay at Wishaw, Lord Belhaven's place in Lanarkshire. We had a most delightful visit there, and nothing could be more charming, or more truly kind, than both Lord and Lady Belhaven were. Knowing that we wished to see the country, they arranged that we should do so in the pleasantest manner. They used to order post-horses in the morning, which were put to Lord Belhaven's open carriage, and we were sent out for the whole day, with a well-stocked luncheon-basket. In this way we saw all Clydesdale, the falls of the Clyde, and the whole country round.

Lady Belhaven was full of wit and fun, and Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane, who

was staying there, afforded her a fund of amusement, with his round, white wig, his trim attire, and precise manners—"The little Admiral," as she always called him. We all went one day for a scrambling walk: we had to climb down the heather-clad hill-side, and cross the river at the bottom by some stepping stones. "The little Admiral" offered "*en preux chevalier*," to take charge of all the ladies' umbrellas, to the tune of seven: but in the middle of the stream, something happened, and down went the umbrellas, one after the other, into the water, while the little Admiral was left standing on the stones, in doubt whether he should go in after them, or not! Sir Hew Dalrymple threw himself down on the bank, kicking up his legs, in a perfect paroxysm of laughter, and Lady Belhaven exclaimed in her native brogue, "Ech! Gude guide us! And what will become of the little Admiral?" There I am afraid I must leave him, as I do not remember more of the adventure, excepting that, somehow or other, we all got back safely.

The lawn at Wishaw was devoted to peacocks, and Lady Belhaven's great pleasure was to go out with her basket every morning

to feed them. I think we stayed there nearly a fortnight.

I well remember the great Chartist day, the 10th of April, 1848. It was a most exciting day in anticipation, but one of the most quiet in reality. There were many rumours beforehand, of stores of arms having been seized, but, what was likely to happen, was all conjecture. No one really knew anything, but the Duke of Wellington, and he appeared, as usual, at every ball, was most reticent, and looked as if he had nothing to think of, but looking on at the dancing. Up to the very day itself, it was kept a profound secret as to where the regiments were to be posted; nor was it only the men who were kept in ignorance, not a single word had been said to any of the commanding officers.

On the 9th, we were dining in Langham Place, and my uncle Philip (General Stanhope) was there too: he was evidently much annoyed at being obliged to acknowledge, that he had not an idea where he and his men were to be posted the following day, and he kept saying, "It is most extraordinary that no orders are out." We were

in the middle of dinner, when an orderly arrived, bringing instructions from the Duke of Wellington, that, at four o'clock the next morning, he was to march the Grenadier Guards to Millbank Penitentiary, and that the troops were to be closely hidden there, and on no account to shew themselves.

The 10th came, and nothing could be quieter than London: no wheeled vehicle was allowed in the streets, and the stillness was unbroken, save by the measured tramp of the special constables on the pavement, as they marched up and down their several districts.

My cousin, Lady Anne Primrose, was to be married in two or three days to Tuffey, as we called Mr. Tufnell, and he puffed up and down Piccadilly all day, guarding his love. Amongst the special constables, was Louis Napoleon, and he was in consequence nicknamed "*Le petit sergent-de-ville de Londres.*" Some people thought that, if the name stuck to him, it might do him a great deal of harm with the French, and act prejudicially against his ever acquiring that title which he coveted.

When we returned to Yorkshire, we found great disaffection throughout the country,

and Chartism very rife. Everywhere large gangs of men were going about, stopping the mills, destroying the machinery, and obliging the mill-hands to join them: they also threatened the country houses. Mr. Walker, a mill-owner whom we knew at Seisset, was a great ally of Lord Ashley, afterwards Lord Shaftesbury: when he heard a rumour that his mill was to be attacked in force, he went down to it, assembled all the men, and told them that the mill was to be attacked, and that he was sure they would be true to him, but that he must provide them all with the means of defending themselves; and he gave to each man a strong bludgeon. It was a fine thing to do; as, if there had been the slightest disaffection amongst them, he well knew he would have been arming them against himself: but from the way in which he had always treated them, he felt great confidence in them. It was soon known that Walker's mill was armed; and, whilst other mills were attacked and wrecked, his was left quite unmolested.

At the time of the Chartist disturbances, my mother and I were once returning from a drive, when old Mitchel, her maid, came

up to the carriage, white and trembling, and begged to be taken in, as, she said, the park was quite full of men. The coachman asked what he was to do: and we told him to drive on as fast as he could.

We soon got into the middle of the mob, and they looked such a wretched, half-starved set, that I said to my mother, "Oh! do speak to them." I knew that she had the power of speaking, and that no one would do it better than she. Accordingly we stopped the carriage, and she made them a very nice, kind, little speech. They seemed very pleased. But soon the leaders came up, and began speaking in a very rough and excited manner, so we thought it best to drive on, and get away from them.

We saw my uncle Collingwood, watching us from the lawn. My father was away at the time, having been obliged to go to Barnsley, but he had left my uncle in charge. He had received the Chartists, and had given them all a very good dinner, on the distinct understanding that they were to go off the premises, without doing any harm. When he saw them surrounding the carriage in the park, he was, naturally, very alarmed, and thought that they had broken

faith. Luckily, however, this was not the case, and we reached home in safety.

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[Thus much was written, when Death closed the book; and the worker's work was done.

I should wish to refer to but one feature of the writer, because it alone cannot be read in her writings—her deep religious nature. Hers was a religion which was a guiding principle in life, but one which never obtruded itself on others: a religion of love and faith, yet strong enough to submit itself to the light of reason: a religion which must ever command respect at the hands of those from whom respect is worth the having.

The following stray note, found in her blotting-book, may form a not inappropriate conclusion to these pages :—S. P.]

"It must always be remembered that we are told nothing whatever about that imaginary place called Hades; and I cannot but think that it is the very height of presumption for the inhabitants of this world to actually dare to arrange what is

taking place in the next, as to which they *can* know nothing whatever. The very cleverest man that ever lived, knows no more about it than the most ignorant; and it would be well if our would-be teachers were to imitate the humility of Sir Isaac Newton, when he said that 'we are like children playing on the sea-shore, with the great ocean of truth lying all undiscovered beyond us.' A day may come when those who have taught these fanciful doctrines, will awake to the reality of things, and wonder how they dared in their ignorance, to teach the mere imaginings of their own minds."

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS

OF

JOHN SPENCER STANHOPE,

1810–1813.

PART I.

Travels in Spain.

[The following pages I propose to devote to extracts from my father's journal, describing his travels in Spain, and his detention as a prisoner of war, in that country and in France.*

The object of his travels was, as I have already mentioned, an elucidation of the topography connected with some of the classical events of Grecian history.

My father, who was not quite twenty-three years old at the time, embarked on the 29th of January 1810, at Portsmouth, in a government frigate, *The Vestal*, for Lisbon, accompanied by Mr. Knox, afterwards Lord Ranfurly. Amongst those on board, was

* The first portion of my grandfather's journal, which deals with his travels in Spain, was written from day to day. The account of his imprisonment at Barcelona was written while he was in the dépôt at Verdun, during 1811 and 1812; and the rest of his journal, up to the time of his escape, was written at Hohenlohe Palace in 1813. The approach of the French army then put a stop to such an occupation, and the remainder of his adventures were not committed to paper till the summer of 1813, when he was back in England.

About twelve years later he re-wrote his journals, and made certain additions to them, which are indicated as such

Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Stuart, our ambassador to Lisbon.—A. M. W. P.]

February 23*rd.*—I was awakened by the intelligence that a French privateer was in sight. This was an effectual remedy to my sea-sickness, which I now totally forgot: I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and was upon deck in an instant. . . . . Unfortunately, the officers, in their over anxiety to make the capture, had fired a gun to bring the enemy to, and that, at the very time when he was making directly towards us, probably with the flattering hope of making an easy capture of us, under the supposition that our vessel was a merchant ship. This gun awakened the French Captain to a real sense of his danger, and he immediately veered round, and made all sail. . . . . Soon night came on, and we saw no more of him.

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in the present text. Some of these notes bear dates as late as 1838.

The extracts made by my mother represent about one-half or one-third of the complete journal. The indomitable courage and perseverance displayed by her, in undertaking and accomplishing such a task as that of extracting and copying out several volumes of faded manuscript, must appear little less than marvellous to those who knew the condition of her health at the time, and the difficulty which she had in even holding a pen.—S. P.

The following day we were more fortunate: we perceived a vessel in the distance, and immediately gave chase. We were carried along by a fresh breeze, and came up with her in a few hours' time; she made no appearance of fight, but immediately struck. The Captain came on board, and, presenting his sword, shrugged up his shoulders, and exclaimed, "*La fortune de la guerre.*" Our prize proved to be an American merchantman, which had been captured by *L'Invincible Napoléon,* the privateer which had escaped us on the previous day. . . . .

On Sunday, after going at the rate of 12 knots, we had, at length, the delight of finding ourselves at the mouth of the Tagus. A pilot came on board, and amused me not a little with his appearance and costume, so unlike anything I had ever seen before. He brought us some most unwelcome intelligence:—that Seville was taken, that the Junta had retreated to Cadiz, and that the siege of that city had commenced. . . . .

We soon entered the Tagus, the mouth of which is guarded, on the Lisbon side, by Fort St. Julian, on the other, by Fort Bruges. We glided up this magnificent river with a rapidity that scarcely allowed

us time to enjoy the beautiful scene which opened before us, and came to an anchor opposite to the city.

The appearance of Lisbon, as we advanced up the Tagus, seemed to realise the beau ideal of our imaginations: it looked like the land of romance. . . . .

It is one of the peculiarities of Lisbon that there is a Gold-street, devoted entirely to the sale of golden or gilt articles, and a Silver-street, which is occupied entirely by silversmiths. The specimens, both of gold and silver work, as well as the variety of precious stones, are very beautiful; and it is probably to her connection with the Brazils, that Lisbon is indebted for her excellence in jewels. Whilst speaking of shops, I ought to commemorate my old blacksmith, who was the cause of no little amusement to me; indeed, I used to stop almost every morning opposite his shop, to indulge myself in a hearty laugh at his expense. There I always found him, seated with the utmost gravity, pursuing, with a sort of Portuguese nonchalence, the business of his trade, his head adorned with a cocked hat, the precise shape of those, which I had learned to consider exclusively devoted to assemblies and balls.

A blacksmith in an opera hat! The idea appeared so absurd to me, that even the habit of seeing him daily, could not reconcile me to the sight. . . . .

I went a little voyage up the Tagus with Pavia and Vernon, ... and landed at a small village for dinner. . . . . We took a walk after our meal, and joined the French in the amusements of the villagers, whom we found a gay and lively race; indeed, so delighted were we with their merriness, with the beauty of the situation, and the coolness of the evening, that it was not till after repeated summonses from our boatmen, that we could be induced to go on board again. We pushed off amidst the "*Vivas*" of the inhabitants, and arrived at Lisbon without any further adventures. . . . .

February 27*th.*—I went to dine at Donna Maria di Piedad's. It was a dinner of more importance than any I had yet been at. The table was covered with innumerable dishes, of most of which I was obliged to taste: the whole concluded with an evening party. As I had not been prepared for this sort of fête, I had given no orders for a carriage to take me home, and I was, therefore,

obliged to endeavour to explore my way back in a very dark night; no easy task for me, even by daylight, as the house was situated in a remote part of Lisbon. Launched, therefore, into the midst of the muddy streets of that metropolis, a single lamp to guide my wandering steps, assailed on all sides by the troops of dogs that infest the streets, my mind full of the stories of Lisbon stilettos, so frequently celebrated in English romance, I wandered, forlorn and hopeless, avoiding the approach of every human being, as that of an undoubted bravo; till, at length, I found that, instead of approaching to *Buono Ayres*, I was actually emerging into the country. I then retraced my steps, and, beginning to feel that, to pass the night in the streets was even more formidable than a stiletto, I sought the face of man with as much care as I had previously avoided it. Nor had I any reason to regret this determination, for, after having frequently lost my way amidst the worst streets of Lisbon, and recovered it by the assistance of the people whom I met, (by whom I was invariably received with kindness, instead of stilettos), I succeeded in effecting my return to the hotel. . . . .

Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday.—The whole of these three days I was almost entirely confined to the house by the violence of the rain, for we were now at the commencement of the rainy season, which generally lasts for about two months, and, not unfrequently, impedes the march of the armies, from the circumstance of the rivers becoming impassable. Upon the last day, I was able to get as far as the Place of the Inquisition, where I bought a nice little pony. I mounted it, and was riding home, when I was overtaken by a most violent storm. The rain came down in torrents, and with such force, that I could hardly bear up against it. The thunder roared, and the lightning flashed in all directions. Though my situation was not the most agreeable, I could hardly help laughing to see how, in an instant, the streets were cleared, and left to solitude and to me. I afterwards heard that the lightning had struck a convent, and killed two nuns. . . . .

A Swiss General, then in the Spanish service, proposed to me to accompany him on his journey to Cadiz. I accepted the offer, as I thought it would be a more agreeable scheme than making a solitary tour in the

north of Portugal, as I had been contemplating. We determined to start on the following Monday, to go by land to Vehlo in Algarve, and then make for Cadiz. I looked forward with great interest to the idea of being in a besieged town. . . . .

I called upon Mr. Stuart, the ambassador, to inform him of my intended departure. He asked me to dinner; and, accordingly, at six o'clock, I made my appearance at the door of his hotel. The servants eyed me with amazement "*Ça ne peut pas*," said one of them; "*Mais il faut demander*," said the other; and ushered me into the drawing-room. He soon returned, and informed me that there must have been some mistake, for his Excellency did not dine at home, but that Mr. Casamajor, the secretary of legation, was going to dine in his room, and would be happy to see me there. I was nothing loath to exchange a diplomatic dinner for a snug one with an old Christ Church friend, and, accordingly, proceeded to Casamajor's room, where I found him dressing. I had not been there ten minutes, before another change took place in the scene: the *mâitre d'hôtel* entered the room in great trepidation, and stated that there

had indeed been a mistake, that Mr. Stuart had never had the slightest intention of dining out; *cependant*, no dinner was ordered, and it was dinner-time. But a French cook is never at a loss; the mistake was soon rectified; and, when we sat down, no one would have supposed that the dinner was an extemporised one.

Our party, indeed, was small; it consisted only of Mr. Stuart, Lord . . . . ., Casamajor, and myself; but it was the sort of quiet party, calculated to draw out the talents of our minister, who made himself peculiarly agreeable. . . . .

Having taken leave of Knox, and made arrangements for our future meeting at Cadiz, I went, about one o'clock, to the hotel where General de Pintas lodged, followed by a black servant whom I had engaged. We obtained some dinner, and afterwards got into a boat, accompanied by a Spanish Colonel, who was to be of our party. Our servants and horses followed in a larger boat. We proceeded rapidly on our course, as the wind was favourable, but soon ascertained, to our astonishment and great annoyance, that our boatmen, though on their own Tagus, and in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon,

were making a voyage of discovery. We actually stuck in the mud no less than three or four times, and, at length, our boatmen refused to advance any further in these unexplored waters. The General flew into a violent passion, drew his sword, stormed, and uttered a volley of oaths, by means of which he succeeded, at length, in compelling the refractory boatmen to hoist their sails again, and we eventually made the shore at Moita, where we passed the night. . . . .

The next day, after having swallowed a cup of tea, we mounted our horses, and commenced our journey. Our order of march opened with an advance-guard of a muleteer and two mules, with a Swiss servant of the Brigadier following on foot. The General himself came next, mounted on his black charger, and dressed in a blue coat with silver at the cuffs, collar and shirt; a coloured waistcoat, blue pantaloons, and top boots; his meerschaum, his old and faithful companion, being in his mouth. I followed next, and after me, our two black servants. . . . . Next came the Colonel, in the uniform of his regiment, mounted on a beautiful, cream-coloured Andalusian charger, and followed by his two servants, also in

uniform. Last of all came the General's secretary, and his faithful old Swiss servant (also in regimentals), both mounted upon the same pony. The old Swiss always brought Corporal Trim to my mind, whilst his master was no bad specimen of a Swiss Uncle Toby, ... and was one of those remnants of the Swiss officers of former days, that are now fast fading away. . . . .

At Grandola we took leave of our Captain Major, who had been our host, and of all the inhabitants, who were assembled on this occasion. I ought honestly to confess the very ridiculous mistake I made with respect to the Captain. . . . . According to the Portuguese pronunciation, "Major" sounds very like Moore or More: the first time that I met with a Captain Moore, I was much surprised at finding any of that name in Portugal; but, when at every town, I found another Captain Moore, I could no longer refrain from expressing my astonishment at meeting with so many of that family, and *all* of them Captains. The laugh that was raised at my expense, may be easily imagined. I trust, however, that it may not be found necessary to amend the "Joe Miller," in order to insert this story on the authority

of my name, particularly, as it may claim, if not a more ancient origin, at least an affinity to the old story of Mr. Dim Sassenach. . . . .

* (I am aware that all this part of my journal may be considered as detailing nothing but the places at which we ate, drank, and slept: but is not that the fate of most journals, except those written expressly for publication; and are not the latter frequently compiled afterwards, by one's own comfortable fireside? But this is not my intention: I may occasionally alter sentences, or let my pen run away with me; but I will not *compile* a tour: my journal shall stand mainly in its original form, with all its errors on its head.) . . . .

As our horses were knocked up, we determined to alter our course, and steer for the town of Lube (?), which was at only half a league's distance. Upon our arrival there, we were surprised and amused to find that our appearance had created no slight consternation: all the houses were shut against us: indeed, when we came to that of the Captain Major, upon whom we were quartered,

* Inserted subsequently.

we were obliged to open the door ourselves, and make good our entrance. We found the lady of the house in tears; but, as soon as she was convinced that we were not Frenchmen, her fears subsided. I cannot say that their allowing so formidable a force as we constituted, to take possession of their town, without the slightest resistance, argued much in favour of the courage of the inhabitants of Lube. . . . .

Whilst speaking of my travelling companion, the Spanish Colonel, I ought to mention a circumstance, which served to place me on a more intimate footing with him. When I first heard that a sheep was to be killed at Loulé for our benefit, I wished to announce to him a piece of intelligence, that would be no less agreeable to him than to us: but I knew little Spanish, and he knew less French: how was the important piece of intelligence to be communicated? I set out with "*Matan un*" . . . . What was the Spanish for sheep? There was the rub. I hesitated, considered; but all in vain: there was but one way to settle it: "*Matan un Ba-a a Loulé,*" was my phrase. The Colonel burst into a roar, and from that moment we became the greatest friends. . . .

At Faro, we were quartered in the house, or rather palace, of Don Fernandez di Mendoza. . . . . On Sunday the Bishop of Algarve arrived, in order to officiate at the Church. As soon as the service was concluded, we accompanied Mendoza to the episcopal palace, to pay our respects to the Bishop. As he was at dinner, we had leisure to examine his apartments. There were some good pictures, and a number of prints, hanging up, representing the miraculous intervention of Saints on behalf of certain highly favoured individuals. This at once gave me a clue to the character of the prelate, to whose coming I was looking forward with the greatest interest and curiosity. My reveries were at length interrupted by the approach of a venerable old man, with a countenance so benign, that it excited an immediate interest in his favour. He was followed, not by a train of fat and pompous priests, neither by one of wan and sallow monks, but by a splendid suite of aides-de-camp in full uniform; for the old man before me was, not only Bishop, but Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Algarve. There was a degree of delicacy and good taste in his reception of me, that gratified me much.

Conceiving that kissing his episcopal ring must be unpleasing to me, he passed so quickly as not to give me time to do so, though, as he took me by the hand, no one could see whether I had kissed it or not. He hardly paid any attention to the two Spanish Colonels, who were received at the same time. Upon our rising to take our leave, the good old man suffered his zeal to carry him away: he began with the whole history of the Church of England from the earliest times, and traced it up to the present day. . . . .

In the evening, as we were sitting in the drawing-room, an order was brought to Mendoza to go instantly to the palace. The Brigadier, in the greatest consternation, took me aside, and communicated to me his suspicions that the French had advanced into the vicinity of the town. . . . . Next morning, he burst into my room, and informed me that the Bishop had called out his army, and had laid an embargo on the port. . . . . I undertook to make an application for the release of the boatmen, whom we had engaged to transport us to Cadiz; but, on reaching the palace, I found that the military, had given way to the ecclesiastical duties,

and that the Bishop and the deputy Governor were both at the Cathedral. . . . . As soon as the service was over, the Bishop, or as I ought, perhaps, in this place to call him, the General, called out his army. I went to the review of his troops: and never shall I forget the scene: it was inimitable, beyond even, I had almost said, the pencil of Hogarth. This formidable army consisted of 2,200 men, mounted and on foot: . . . . there was every species of costume; some were in regimentals of one colour, some in those of another; some in coloured clothes, and some in scarcely any clothes at all. Their arms consisted of pikes and old guns, and there actually was, I believe, one bayonet in the army. It was a perfect specimen of a levy *en masse*. The whole was commanded by the Captain Major, and the Bishop stood, as receiving General, under an umbrella. I went up to him, and kissed his hand: he received me most kindly, and whispered to me confidentially that there was no cause for any alarm. . . . .

Having succeeded in getting the embargo on our boatmen removed, we went on board. . . . . When we had got fairly out to sea, I turned to examine the frail boat, which

bore us and our fortunes; and a slight glance served to convince me that it was very questionable whether we should ever see land again. . . . . For two nights and one day did we sit in this miserable open boat, with the waves breaking over us, and with no other covering or protection but our cloaks. To render my situation still more agreeable, I was sea-sick during the whole voyage. Our cargo consisted of coals and fowls; and, when we first sailed, the grand chorus of the old cocks was, literally, stunning: but, as we proceeded, it gradually subsided, and the crows got fainter and fainter: the feeble, almost melancholy tone awoke my compassion, and I could easily fancy that they, too, were participating with me in the horrors of sea-sickness. . . . . At seven o'clock in the morning of the 27th of March we landed at Cadiz. . . . .

* (Even at this distance of time, (1822), I cannot look back without emotion to the noble enthusiasm, which was excited in England, by the rising of the Spanish patriots. Their fortresses, their capital and their

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* Inserted subsequently.

principal cities in possession of the French; without troops, without armies, without leaders; the Spanish nation rose with one accord, to avenge the signal act of treachery, by which their King had been deprived of his throne and his liberty. No sooner was their rising known in England, than a corresponding sensation showed itself at once throughout the whole country: feelings of the warmest interest succeeded to those of hostility; all party spirit was annihilated, and men of all ranks and situations were absorbed by one common feeling—that of supporting the patriots of Spain.

It is not, therefore, surprising, that, animated by such sentiments, people in general did not then look at the state of affairs in a calm and dispassionate manner; but now, on looking back to the past, it seems extraordinary that even ministers themselves should have been so carried away by the general enthusiasm, as not to perceive how little dependence is to be placed on the efforts of mere popular insurrection.

After the battle of Vimieiro, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, Sir John Moore received orders to march into Spain. He was to be joined by an

additional force under Sir David Baird, which was to be landed at Corunna.

There was, perhaps, at this time, no man in the army whose character stood higher than that of Sir John Moore. He appears to have been a man of the most amiable disposition, of the highest principles, and of the most undaunted courage: by those under his command, he was adored. In the hour of battle he had the most perfect self-possession, and a confidence in his troops, and in himself, which alone was sufficient to ensure success. Though not a fortunate general, he was esteemed one of the most able in the British service, and it gives me pleasure to add, that I have since heard French officers, who served against him, give the highest testimony in favour of his military conduct. How far his political opinions, which were hostile to Government, might add to the difficulties of his situation, I cannot judge, but that circumstance, undoubtedly, weighed upon his own mind. I can myself scarcely suppose that there could be any real want of confidence on the part of ministers in one whom they had selected out of the ranks of their opponents, expressly on account of his talents: his success

would have been theirs; their cause was the same as his. But it is to this very susceptibility, this want of moral courage, and his readiness to sacrifice his own reputation to the cause in which he was engaged, that his misfortunes are principally to be attributed.

His advance into Spain betrays, both on his part, and on that of the Government, a most absolute ignorance of the real state of that country. Because they heard of Spanish armies in the field, they idly supposed that they were armies in the real sense of the word, and not a mere collection of peasants, undisciplined, and, chiefly, unarmed; officered by men as ignorant of their profession as themselves, and commanded by a general, who had, probably, been selected, only on account of his political situation or personal influence. With armies so composed, they actually sent a British force to co-operate.

. . . .

Sir John Moore had not been long in Spain, before he discovered the mistake that had been committed, and the danger of his situation: he saw at once, that the course which he ought to adopt, was to retreat upon Portugal, fall back upon his resources, and rely entirely upon his own means. But

what would they say to this at home? The enthusiasm of the people was not yet damped, and their expectations were raised to the highest pitch. Could he retreat, when they were looking forward to victory? There was the difficulty. Cautious and timid policy on his part, would have excited universal discontent; the ruin of the cause would have been attributed to him; while the ministers, who did not like him, would come in for their share of the blame, and would make him the sacrifice, and his bright name would be tarnished for ever. In spite of these thoughts, which harassed his mind, he had at length determined to retreat on Portugal, when a communication from Mr. Frere, our Minister at Madrid, induced him, unwillingly, to act against his conviction.

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It is a great misfortune that Englishmen carry with them the love of party into foreign countries. Sir John Moore took, perhaps, too desponding a view of the state of Spain, whilst Mr. Frere fell much more into the contrary extreme. Enthusiasm in the cause of liberty may be an amiable feeling, but it is not one that should sway the mind of the diplomatist. Yet it was otherwise with

Mr. Frere: ardent in the cause of the patriots, he was totally blind to their real situation, and became an easy dupe to the artful man who then governed Spain—Don Morla. The abilities of Don Morla and his son, together with the uprightness of their conduct during a long residence in Cadiz, had obtained for them the respect, I may almost say the veneration, of their fellow-citizens. . . . . To this reputation they were indebted for their elevation to the highest offices in the state. But no man's character can be truly estimated till he has been tried. Raised, as they had been, by the voice of the people to the most exalted situation to which a subject could aspire; charged with the sacred duty of restoring the liberty and independence of their country; they were, still, not proof against temptation: and the rulers of Spain became the tools of Buonaparte.* The plans for the destruction of Sir John Moore and the army were matured, and the English minister was to become the unwitting agent by whose means it was to be effected.

* Following the precedent of Sir Walter Scott, I have not altered this spelling to the more correct Bonaparte.—S. P.

When Mr. Frere heard of Sir John Moore's intention of retreating on Portugal, he sent to him by Colonel Charmilly so strong, indeed, so violent a letter, as to draw upon him a very severe reprimand from that General: this he soon followed by another letter, stating, that the people of Madrid had risen with the greatest energy, and were determined to defend themselves to the last; that, if Sir John Moore persisted in his retreat, Spain would be lost, and he would be the sole cause of her destruction. This was accompanied by the strongest remonstrances on the part of the Spanish Government. Sir John Moore, though fully convinced in his own mind that little reliance was to be placed on the tumultuous efforts of the population of a city like Madrid, had not nerve enough to stand by his own opinion; he choose rather to sacrifice himself and his army, than to expose himself to the reproach of having occasioned the failure of the patriotic cause in Spain. He accordingly made a rapid march on Madrid, and was on the point of attacking Soult, when he learned, by an intercepted despatch, that Buonaparte was marching against him in person, and that he was in imminent danger of being

surrounded. The consequence was—his celebrated retreat.

It would be presumptuous in me to give an opinion as to the manner in which this retreat was conducted. I have already given that of a French General who was employed in the army by which he was pursued: but, perhaps, the highest praise that can be given is, that the pursuit was, in the first instance, conducted by Buonaparte in person, and, subsequently, by Soult and Ney, under Buonaparte's express direction; and that, yet, Sir John Moore succeeded in effecting his escape, without once being *entaméd;* crowning his efforts by the victory of Corunna; a victory which, sealed, as it was, by his own blood, ought to wash out of memory any errors that he may have committed.

As I have associated with many of those who were personally engaged in that memorable retreat, it may not be amiss to state what I have been able to gather from their remarks. I may say, then, that, as far as Astorga, the retreat was actively conducted, and that, to the rapidity of its march, the army was indebted for its safety: but, from that period at which there appeared

no further occasion for so rapid a movement, its celerity was *increased*. Yet the army was passing through a mountainous country, which, at every step, offered it a formidable position, pursued by a force, which it might have defeated at any time, with as much ease as it subsequently did at Corunna. It appears, also, that the troops suffered more from the rapidity of the march, than they could have done in any general engagement. But it is not easy to form a correct opinion on the subject, without knowing the situation with respect to provisions and money, and, also, without being able to judge, whether there was really any danger of their retreat being cut off.

I have, also, been informed that Sir John Moore ought not, on any account, to have evacuated Corunna: that he might have defended it against all the efforts of the French: that he should have fortified it, and there waited for reinforcements, and assisted in keeping up the spirit of the insurrection, and in organising a system of *petite guerre* in the midst of the mountains, where the efforts of a few peasants might frequently have checked the movements of

the French armies. All the advantages, however, which might have been derived from our possession of such a place and fort as Corunna, were given up; and the town fell into the hands of the French.

Undoubtedly, as a diversion, Sir John Moore's advance into Spain fully succeeded, and, probably, saved the Peninsula; but, as that was not a result upon which he calculated, I doubt whether it can be adduced as a justification for a measure, undertaken against his own judgment. Subsequent events have shown how much higher his reputation would have stood, had he persevered in his original intention. What the Duke of Wellington now is, Sir John Moore might, possibly, have been.) . . . .

On arriving at Cadiz, I accompanied Mr. Dumalet to the house of Mr. Duff, the English Consul. I found a very fine old man, whose manners offered an excellent specimen of the *vieille cour*, such as we might have supposed to have prevailed in the time of Spanish glory: he answered to our beau ideal of a Spanish Don, and might, with a very little stretch of imagination, have been taken for a grandee of the time of Cer-

vantes. He invited me to dinner, and recommended some lodgings to me. At dinner I met Mr. Frere and his brother, who were staying in the house; the rest of the party was composed, principally, of naval officers, amongst whom was Captain Purvis, son of the Admiral, who had then the command of the fleet off Cadiz. He informed me that Lord Collingwood was dangerously ill, and was on his return home; that, probably, the first east wind would carry him past the port; and he proposed to take me on board the flag-ship the following morning, and to present me to his father, Admiral Purvis.

March 29*th*.—Immediately after breakfast, I accompanied Captain Purvis on board the Admiral's ship, and was presented to him. I was received very kindly by him, and invited to dinner. I returned to shore; and then went to pay my respects to the minister, Mr. Wellesley, from whom, also, I met with the kindest reception, as well as an invitation to dinner on the following day.

When I returned to the ship, I found the Admiral looking out of the cabin window, with his telescope in his hand, and was informed

by him that the *Ville de Paris* was then in sight, and that he was going to meet her. I requested to be allowed to accompany him, to which, after some hesitation, he consented.

We snatched a few mouthfuls of dinner, whilst sailing to meet a smaller vessel that was to take us out. As soon, however, as we went on board, we were informed by the Captain, that the *Ville de Paris* had announced by telegraph that Lord Collingwood was no more. This, of course, put a stop to our intended proceeding . . . .

Though I had not seen Lord Collingwood since I was a child, I could not but feel very much shocked at the death of a relation, of whom I had so much reason to be proud. To me individually, his death at that moment was a serious loss; upon him I had depended for advice and assistance; and it is obvious that, to a young traveller, his assistance would have been of the utmost importance. But to my brother William, his loss was irreparable: it was one that blighted all his hopes in the bud. Whilst Lord Collingwood lived, no man entering the profession had higher prospects than my brother: but they were all buried in his

grave. The remembrance of past services is soon erased from a minister's memory.

Lord Collingwood has sacrificed his life to his country, and to the full as much as had done his friend and commander, Lord Nelson. But Nelson's death was glorious: he fell in the hour of victory amidst a nation's tears. Poor Collingwood resigned his life to his country, because she required his services: he yielded himself as a victim to a painful disease, solely occasioned by his incessant and anxious attention to his duties, when he knew from his physician that his life might be spared, if he were allowed to return to the quiet of a domestic life. Must not his mind have sometimes recurred to his home; to his two daughters, now grown to the age of womanhood, but whom he remembered only as little children: so long had he been estranged from his country! Must not he have felt how delightfully he could spend his old age in the society of his family, at his own house of Charlton, the ancient possession of his ancestors, which had been left to him by my uncle, and in the enjoyment of a large fortune, which he had gained during his professional career! What a contrast did the reverse of the

picture shew! A lingering disease, a certain death. He repeatedly represented the state of his health to the Admiralty, but in vain; his country demanded his services; he gave her his life, and without even the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice he was making would be appreciated. "If Lord Mulgrave knew me," said he, in one of his letters to my father, "he would know that I did not complain without sufficient cause."

As I thought it proper to abstain from going out for a day or two, I wrote to decline Mr. Wellesley's invitation. I spent the day in walking backwards and forwards between the post and my lodgings, in the hope of seeing my brother. In this I was unsuccessful; and, meeting a midshipman of the *Ville de Paris,* I requested him to tell my brother where he would find me.

. . . .

March 31*st.*—I remained at home in the expectation of seeing my brother. Whilst I was pondering in my mind the various alterations that so many years might have made in his appearance, I observed a midshipman walking up the Calle de la Morga, accompanied by an officer of Marines: they walked up to the house in which I lived,

and came into my room. Instead of the tall stripling, that I had represented to my mind's eye, I saw a thick-set, sturdy, little fellow, who looked the less, from the contrast he formed to the tall Marine officer, who stood beside him. Could this be William, or was it a friend of his, bringing me a message from him? For a short moment we stood looking at each other in silence; at length he exclaimed "John:" I replied "William:" and we both burst out laughing.

The Marine officer left us to ourselves, and much we had to say to each other. William brought me an invitation to dinner from his captain, Captain Thomas, and informed me that Mr. Cosway, Lord Collingwood's secretary, wished to have some conversation with me. I accordingly went on board the *Ville de Paris*. After having had a long conversation with Mr. Cosway, I determined to follow his advice, which accorded with the plan Lord Collingwood had formed for my brother, and to send the latter home, that he might be placed with a private tutor, in order to attend to such parts of his education as must necessarily have been neglected on board a ship.

An order had arrived from the Admiral, to transfer the dinner-party to his cabin in his ship. We accordingly adjourned there. It was so late when I got back to shore, that the gates of the town were shut, and I should have found myself in an awkward position, had I not been in company with Captain Stackpole, whose position as an officer in the Navy, obtained entrance for us both. . . . .

On the 4th, when we had been dining with Mr. Duff, my brother returned to the Consul's house, after having in vain attempted to get a boat to carry him to his ship, as the night was so stormy. Just as we were discussing the danger of his getting into a scrape, we were relieved from our distress, by the entrance of Captain Thomas himself, who gave him leave to remain on shore. We adjourned to my quarters, where we were surprised by the appearance of Knox's servant, who came to inform us of his master's arrival. We accompanied him to a miserable café, where we found Knox, seated at a small table, looking as if he were anything but comfortable. He had just arrived from Ayamonti. We took him to our quarters, where we had secured a bed for him.

April 7th.—William came on shore. We passed the evening at the house of an English merchant, as we did the following evening, also, when the weather proved so stormy, that William could not get back to his ship, but slept at my quarters.

As the *Ville de Paris* was ordered back to her former station, I removed William into the Admiral's ship. Poor fellow! he came to me one day in great indignation against his captain, whose name, I am happy to say, I do not remember; he had had the brutality to address him with, "Go down below, sir; you are not with Lord Collingwood now." I could hardly persuade my brother to go back to the ship.

April 9th.—Knox and I dined at Mr. Wellesley's, went afterwards to tea at Madame de Mélet's, and from thence to a *tertulia* at the Marquesa di Montijos. A *tertulia*, translated into English, would be an assembly, but it is of a very different description from those to which we are accustomed in London. A Spanish lady of rank opens her house on fixed days to receive her friends, and to pillage them at the faro table. Upon our first introduction, we were presented to the Marquesa, to whom we had to stammer

out the usual compliment of, "*A los pies di usted:*" . . . . the lady's reply is in as oriental a style, "*Baso las manos di usted,*" to which she adds, that the house is "*para servir a usted;*" which last speech gives you access to the house, whenever it is open to general society. Once admitted you may make yourself at home, and be quite at your ease, except in one particular; but that exception is a cruel one; for it consists in a prohibition of any attempt to enter into conversation with those lively, graceful, little beings, whose soft, black eyes make an involuntary impression on your heart. . . . . But beware! there stands behind the smiler, not a duenna, such as is represented on the stage, or such as you may still see walking behind her mistress in the streets of Cadiz; but a grim, black, ugly grandee, ready to avenge with the stiletto every tender glance that you may dare to give to the lady of his love. . . . .

A Spaniard is as prone to jealousy now, as ever he was: but he is no longer jealous of his wife: the jalousies attached to the windows are the only traces of the restrictions to which the women were formerly subjected; but the passion still burns as strong within

him; it has only changed its object, and he is now jealous to excess of the lady to whom his heart is devoted: for a Spaniard, generally, has two wives; the wife of *convenance*, and the wife of affection. . . . . To a woman, the Cortejo is as necessary an appendage in public, as a footman is to a woman walking in the streets of London.* . . . . The feeling of jealousy is by no means confined to the man; and it shows itself, quite as violently, in the character of a Spanish woman, the desertion of a Cortejo being frequently not left unrevenged by the forsaken beauty. Even the slightest conversation with another woman, is sometimes visited with her severe displeasure. How far this singular state of society may be productive of immorality, it is not my wish to enquire; . . . . but such a custom is totally destructive of all general society, and makes an assembly a mere reunion of isolated pairs. This, perhaps, is of little importance, when it is considered that the occupation selected for the evening amusement, is the faro table. . . . . The table is

* My grandfather himself was subsequently appointed Cortejo to a recently married young woman.—S. P.

surrounded by women of all ages, and behind each of them is generally seated the Cortejo, to whom she applies for money, whenever her own resources fail. . . . .

For my own part, I did not enter into the amusements of the *tertulias*, but contented myself with being a quiet spectator of the scene before me, and watching the various countenances of the ladies under the excitement of gambling; and I do not know a more melancholy sight, than to see a pleasing, perhaps, a beautiful, countenance writhing under the anguish produced by one of the most violent, yet contemptible, passions, by which human nature is disgraced. . . . .

April 15*th*.—William came to take leave of me. He was to return to England in the *Rota*. We were delayed some time, waiting for some of his linen, which had been sent to be washed; till, at length, as the vessel was actually under weigh, I persuaded him to leave it to its fate, and hurried him away to the port. The officer had given him up, the *Rota's* boat was gone, and she, also, seemed to be in a fair way to be gone out of his reach. However, he got into a shore

boat, and pushed off after her, and I saw no more of him. . . . .

April 18*th.*—I went in a boat to see the Fort of Matagorda with Colonel Landsman. He had been charged, as engineer-in-chief, with the care of all the Spanish forts. As we approached the rock on which Matagorda was built, "Now," said he to me, laughing, "prepare for a shot; we are at this moment precisely in the line of the French fire; their shells generally pass over Matagorda, and fall exactly where we are." We passed the line, however, in safety, and landed at the fort. The Colonel took me over it, and shewed me everything worth notice. . . . .

April 21*st.*—At a very early hour in the morning, I was suddenly awakened by a most tremendous noise: it was as if all the artillery of the French army were opened upon the town. In full conviction that such was the case, I jumped out of bed, hurried on my clothes as fast as I could, and ran out of the house. I found an universal alarm: people issuing out from every door, running in all directions, and all looking the picture of amazement and fear.

I made the best of my way to the ramparts, when I soon ascertained the cause of

alarm. The French had opened a tremendous fire on Matagorda. It appeared afterwards, that they had been for some time quietly engaged in erecting, under cover of the ruins of the houses, a new battery at Trocadero, consisting of twelve pieces of cannon of thirty-two and twenty-four pounds, and a great quantity of shells. This, and all their other batteries, they had now opened on Matagorda, which, being situated on a rock close to this coast, was in the immediate vicinity of their batteries, and was fully exposed to their fire, as there was no cover, and no part of the fortress was bomb-proof.

Originally, upon the first appearance of the French, all the works had been blown up, and the fort evacuated: but, upon the arrival of the English troops, it had been re-opened: but, either there had not been sufficient time, or it had not been deemed advisable, to restore the works.

The fire still continued with the greatest vigour. We spent the morning in the streets, and principally on the ramparts. It was altogether a singular scene. The city was, naturally, in the utmost agitation, whilst so heavy a cannonade was going on in her

immediate vicinity: the people were collected in all parts of the streets, talking over the passing events with various emotions. The Spanish ship, *Francesca di Paula*, had been struck by fifteen red-hot shots, and had caught fire. The Spanish sailors immediately jumped overboard; but, fortunately, there were two hundred English sailors on board, who were not to be so easily alarmed, and who proceeded to extinguish the flames.

We agreed with our friends, to dine together at a Posada, at one o'clock, and walk afterwards to Puntalis, that we might have a nearer view of the fight. We were soon *en route*, for, at such a moment, we felt but little inclination to dawdle over our dinner.

The road to Puntalis is along the coast, so that, during the whole walk, we had the full advantage of the sight: and a more interesting, indeed, a more beautiful scene, can scarcely be imagined. . . . . The French batteries were keeping up an incessant and tremendous fire upon Matagorda, which was responding most gallantly. The ships of war, which stood formerly close to the French coast, were now ranged close to the Cadiz side, feeling the necessity of keeping at a respectful distance: these. with the gun

boats, which formed a regular line, were launching forth engines of destruction. The innumerable shells that crossed each other in the air, the roar of the cannon, and the whole animation of the scene, contrasting with the tranquil beauty of the Bay, which was the theatre of action, formed a most striking picture.

Just as we approached Puntalis, we met General Graham and his staff, returning from Matagorda, where he had been himself, to inspect the state of the fort. In the few minutes' conversation which I had with him, he observed to me, "That is a little fort, which we shall be obliged to evacuate;" adding, that "the fire was so severe, it would grind the rock to powder." . . . .

The fire continued incessantly the whole succeeding night, and at ten o'clock the fort was blown up and evacuated. Captain Maclean, the Governor, a gallant Highlander, was the last man to leave it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could, even then, be induced to abandon a fort that had been left to his charge. . . . .

Next to him, perhaps, Lord Macduff became the most celebrated amongst the defenders of Matagorda. He, as Mr. Wel-

lesley remarked, really loved the smell of powder, and could not, therefore, resist the temptation of being in the midst of so animating a fight, where he was quite sure of having as much of that same perfume as his heart could desire: and he was, indeed, most fortunate, for he received a wound, which only served to render him more interesting, whilst it proved of no very serious consequence: one of the smaller bones of the leg was said to be affected, and it lamed him for the time. . . . .

April 29th.—Sir Charles Cotton arrived to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. Joseph Buonaparte is expected at Chiclano, and the French have appeared before Carthagena. . . . .

Among those whom we used to meet at Madame de Mélet's little soirées, was a sort of Hispano-Irishman, who was a source of no little amusement to us—a General Macdonald—who, though his family had been established for two or three generations in Spain, was as genuine an Hibernian as could be found on the banks of the Shannon. . . . . There was something peculiarly Irish too in

his military rank, if I may so call it, that, had I not seen enough not to be much surprised at any act of the Spanish Government, I should have suspected that they had given him his promotion as a quiz; for, not content with having made him a *General* in the *Navy*, they actually made him Maréchal de Camp for losing his ship at the battle of Trafalgar. . . . .

May 16*th*.—We saw a most singular and magnificent sight—a man-of-war on fire, and blazing in the midst of the sea. It was a Spanish pontoon, in which were 1,700 prisoners, 300 of whom were officers. During the night, the cables had been cut, and the ship had drifted towards the opposite shore; and the Frenchmen had seized the opportunity of effecting their escape, some by swimming, and others by floating on casks. Our Admiral, after giving them fair time to save themselves, gave orders for red-hot shot to be fired at her, which succeeded in setting her on fire: but, for our humanity in delaying the adoption of this expedient, and preferring the escape of the prisoners to burning them alive, we were much blamed by the Spaniards. . . . .

Situated as Cadiz is, almost in the midst of the sea, the constant breaking of the waves was sufficient to endanger, not only the walls of the city, but even the neighbouring houses. A Spanish engineer undertook to provide a security against so alarming a danger. He effected his purpose, by placing at certain intervals, large planks extending some distance into the sea; these intervals he filled up with stones, and cemented with a peculiar species of mortar, which had the advantage of becoming hardened by the effects of time and the exposure to weather. The wall above, he built in the shape of a bow. By these means the force of the waves was effectually broken; but, in opposition to his express injunctions, his work was not kept in repair, and this neglect has produced its usual effect, and the whole is in a very dilapidated state, a great part of the cliff having sunk. . . . .

May 29th.—The members of the Regency arrived at Cadiz, where they were to take up their residence. . . . . An absurd occurrence took place, which afforded no little amusement to the inhabitants of Cadiz. As it was the eve of St. Fernando, the Spaniards

set all the bells ringing, and celebrated the day with the customary festivities: the French at Trocadero, alarmed at the extraordinary excitement, and many of their superior officers recognising a sound to which they had once been accustomed, imagined that they heard the tocsin, and, concluding that all the inhabitants were about to rise *en masse*, called out the garrison, and prepared for defence. . . . .

The situation of Spain at this moment was altogether singular: the French had, indeed, overrun nearly the whole kingdom, but still, they possessed only the ground upon which they stood: the war had been conducted at first upon a most erroneous principle; but dearly bought experience had, at length, taught the Spaniards how to contend, and successfully too, with the Man of Destiny. It had taught them, that armies composed of peasants, and raw recruits led by officers as ignorant as themselves, and commanded by generals who had never seen a shot fired, were unable to cope with the veterans of France: it had taught them, too, that in their mountain fastnesses they might laugh at the efforts of these veterans: that, when a nation was determined to be

free, however consummate might be the skill of the general, or superior the discipline of the troops, all their efforts would be unavailing.

From the information I was able to procure, I believe that the establishment of the guerilla system was mainly due to Lord Wellesley. He arrived in Spain at a time when the cause of the country was generally considered to be hopeless, but, with the eye of genius, he at once comprehended her position, and fixed upon the line of policy to be pursued. Whilst most Englishmen thought that the cause of Spain was lost, he invariably maintained that she never would be conquered. He knew the character of the people, and judged correctly.

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May 30*th*.—We received a message from Mr. Wellesley, offering, if we liked it, to present us to the Regency: an offer which we willingly accepted. We put on our uniforms,* and proceeded to the custom-house, which had been appropriated to the Regency, as their place of residence. The guards

* As my grandfather was never in the army, I conclude that his uniform, which he mentions on several subsequent occasions, was that of the Yeomanry or Volunteers.—S. P.

which had been drawn up in front of this building, consisted of two troops of cavalry, equipped, in honour of the day, in their new uniforms. The one was dressed in the old Spanish costume, having been plunged into breeches not unworthy of the best days of Holland: (I wonder whether that fashion was introduced into Spain by Charles V., in honour of his Flemish subjects?): the other was cased in armour as Cuirassiers; and most burdensome did they find their new shells, for I saw several of them making various unsuccessful attempts to mount their horses.

Upon entering the custom-house, we found numbers of Spaniards who had flocked to pay their court to their new rulers. All the old state dresses had been raked out of their hiding places, and were well calculated to illustrate the want of taste, as well as excessive love of splendour, of the Spaniards. There was no want of gold keys, the distinguishing mark of a *ci-divant* chamberlain, now, the sad memorial of departed greatness. To me, it seemed almost like a mockery, as if the casket were gone, and all that was left was the key. There was, indeed, something melancholy in this shadow of the former

magnificence of the proudest aristocracy in Europe. I must, however, acknowledge, that we felt much more inclined to ridicule their appearance and costume, than to pity their misfortune. I heard an English general whisper to James Stanhope, as we approached his majesty, "Stanhope, have them all down." Few men were abler caricaturists than he was.

The Regency took their places at the top of the room. As soon as Mr. Wellesley arrived, he advanced at the head of his suite, followed by the English who were present, and who formed not the least distinguished part of the court, for all the Generals, Admirals, and officers of the fleet were there.

We were separately presented to Castaños, who, being president, represented the sovereign. He performed his part very well, and received us royally enough. "There are our Spanish Cuirassiers," said he to Mr. Wellesley, making one of his new Cuirassiers advance. . . . .

In honour of the King's birthday, Mr. Wellesley gave a full-dress dinner, to which we were invited, and went in uniform. The company consisted of Castaños, as president

of the Regency, and many of the most distinguished grandees. . . . . In conformity with the customs of the Spaniards on such occasions, a cornet was placed in every plate, that the visitors might carry off a due proportion of the bonbons. . . . . All the foreigners present filled their cornets, and carried them off. As we were afterwards standing in the drawing-room, "Stanhope," said Colonel Ramsden, "I wish you would give me that cornet which is in my hat near you:" I, not suspecting any malice, immediately handed the cornet to him. "You have got into a pretty scrape," said he; "you have taken the cornet out of the hat of the Portuguese minister, and that, too, before his face." Upon this I asked him to give it me back: "No," said he, "I did not take it; but, now that I have got it, I shall keep it." The Portuguese minister must have thought my conduct somewhat extraordinary; however, he did not allow the loss of his cornet to affect his good humour.

. . . .

Knox had already had enough of continental travelling, and had now returned home; and the Brigadier had, also, set off

for England: I was thus deserted by my friends. . . . . And here, in justice to Knox, I am bound to say that never, during the whole course of the time we had been together, had we had the slightest difference; never been obliged to follow Lord Northland's advice, which was, in case of a quarrel, to settle our dispute by fighting with two bottles of mousseu champagne, first shaking them, and then cutting the strings by which the corks were held. I think that, in such a dilemma, we should have preferred settling it, by emptying the bottles. But, in truth, to quarrel with Knox was impossible, for there lives not a man of a more amiable or kind-hearted disposition.

Deserted by my fellow-travellers, I lived more in the society of Taylor and Pearce, to which we had soon the addition of Mr. Haygarth and Captain Light, who were on their way to Greece. Greece was the sort of ultimate object of my aspirations, but hitherto I had viewed it as something in the distance, Sicily being what I had more immediately in view. But the opportunity thus offered of accomplishing my wishes in the company of men of such distinguished talents, soon decided my plans, and I resolved

to accompany them on their tour. As, however, they were sailing in a few hours, I had to content myself with making my arrangements, so as to overtake them at Gibraltar. . . .

An amusing occurrence took place that day at dinner. I was dining at a very good restaurant with a party of Englishmen whom I did not know; a fish was set before us, which seemed to be rather of a peculiar character. Some discussion took place as to what it could be, upon which one of the party addressed us in rather a solemn and alarming tone, "Gentlemen, you must remember that we are in a besieged town; I have no doubt but that the fish is seal." In an instant all the knives and forks were laid upon the plates, and the plates pushed away with strong symptoms of disgust. I alone continued quietly to eat my fish, saying, "Gentlemen, I do not know whether it be seal or not; but this I do know, that it is very good." On my mentioning the circumstance to M. de Mélet, he burst out laughing, and added that it was a great rarity. I then found out that it was sturgeon, which I happened never to have tasted before. . . . .

Taylor, Pearce, and myself embarked on board the *Liverpool Hero,* in which we were

to take our passage from Cadiz to Gibraltar. . . . . Two days did we toss about at the pleasure of the winds and waves. At length we determined to remonstrate with the captain on the absurdity of persevering in an attempt to make head against a violent wind in our teeth ; and he consented to alter his course, and return to Cadiz. On arriving off the mouth of the harbour, the wind changed, and we beat about for a whole day, without being able to effect an entry. . . . . After an unpleasant encounter with a privateer, we were forced to turn our helm once more in the direction of Gibraltar. . . . . At length, on June 24th, we had the satisfaction of finding the vessel beginning to make its way through the straits, and, after various difficulties in eluding the sanitary officers, ... we finally set foot again on *terra firma*. . . . .

June 29th.—I had made all the necessary preparations for a tour up the country, and was actually on the point of starting, when I was attacked by the cholera morbus, a circumstance which totally deranged my plans ; for the packet soon after came into port, and Haygarth and Captain Light, who

had returned from a trip which they had made to Tangiers, engaged their passage on board this packet. I was much too ill to attempt to accompany them, and was obliged to content myself with engaging, if I could, to overtake them in Sicily. . . . .

I had heard so much of the beauty of Valencia, ... that I had sketched out a plan for visiting that town, proceeding thence to Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia, and then on to Sicily.* . . . .

† On *July* 15*th*, we put to sea, and, on the 18th, we went on board a vessel belonging to Captain Forbes, which was sailing with a convoy. . . . .

July 20*th*.—We were within a few leagues of Alicante, our destination, when the wind suddenly veered round to the east, and

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* I have omitted the insertion of an account of a trip which my father made to Ceuta in an open boat. This place had just been handed over by the Spaniards to the English for protection. While there, he visited the Campo del Moro, the neutral ground between the Spanish and Moorish territories. He had just matured a plan for returning to Africa, on a sporting expedition with Lord Blaney, when an opportunity of pursuing his travels to Sicily presented itself.—A. M. W. P.

† This and the following dates are not quite correct. See p. 161 *note*.

blew a gale. Our main-mast was carried away, and we had no resource left, but to go before the wind, and make for Carthagena, which port we entered on the following day. . . . .

Perhaps in no other country in the world, when an enemy might be any day at its gates, would a fort be found in so unprepared a state as is Carthagena: even in a time of peace, such negligence would be scarcely excusable. . . . . The magazines for powder and provisions are contemptible, though the water is excellent. A fosse has been excavated on the side of the hill; but it did not seem to me to be calculated to offer much obstruction to an attacking enemy, as I am sure that few Westminster boys would have found much difficulty in jumping over it. We were shown the place in which the cannon were kept, and that in which the timber was seasoned: they were always under water! The other most remarkable building in Carthagena is the arsenal, which is the finest in Spain: it is of very great extent, *but*—is at present quite empty. . . . .

July 25th.—When I called for my bill (at 3 a.m.), I was informed that it had been paid by the Consul. I was very sorry that I had not been previously aware of this

mark of attention, which was not unworthy of the old Castilian spirit, or I should not have allowed it; but, as it was now too late, I could only submit. I mounted my post-horse, and, preceded by a postillion, bade adieu to Carthagena.

The Spaniards, who seemed to consider an Englishman as something almost super-human, flocked round me, and, in the energetic manner and language so peculiar to their nature, expressed their admiration for England. They groaned over the state of their country: all the men in authority, all who had been in authority, were traitors; and the only possible chance of saving the country, was to place the whole power in the hands of the English. At length, one man outdid the rest, and struck on the only plan for salvation; "Why should not *Jorge Tercio* come and reign over us?" . . . .

* (I was much struck, both on this and on many subsequent occasions, at the change which political events had wrought in the feelings entertained by the Spaniards towards us. But a year or two before, a heretic Englishman would have been regarded by

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* Inserted subsequently.

these peasants as a child of the devil: indeed, I remember being much amused at the astonishment of a woman at Cadiz, when I spoke of being a Christian: "If not a Christian, then what am I?" "Oh! *you* are a Protestant." . . . . There was another thing that struck me no less forcibly: it is, how much the high character that England possesses . . . . is due to her political conduct, and how little to the actions and character of Englishmen individually. In this part of Spain I could not move a step, without meeting with the most enthusiastic testimonies of the reverence in which the English name was held, and for these feelings, we were indebted exclusively to our character as a nation: for I had only to look back, to recall to mind the feelings of those parts of Spain and Portugal which had been the abode of our troops, to be conscious, how little our manners or behaviour are calculated to gain the confidence, or secure the affections, of foreigners.) . . . .

August 5th.—I stayed the whole of one day at Alicante,* . . . . and, as the accident

* In abbreviating my grandfather's journal, two striking circumstances connected with travelling in those days are

which had happened to my post-horse had given me a surfeit of that mode of travelling, I determined to cover the rest of the way to Valencia in a *calissa*. . . . . No man but one who has travelled in a cart, can form any conception of the motion of a *calissa*. It has springs, to be sure; but it might as well be without them; they may add to its dignity, but they certainly do not contribute to its ease. It is drawn by one horse, which rarely, if ever, emerges from a walk. . . . .

I had not proceeded far from Sax, before my course was arrested by a Spanish officer, who, in a voice of command, called out to my *calissero* to stop, and immediately advanced to the carriage, with the view of ejecting me, and establishing himself in my place. But here my regimentals stood me in good stead; for, seeing an Englishman in

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thrown into the shade; the one, the difficulties and hardships experienced in procuring even the elementary necessaries of food and lodging; the other, the extent to which a traveller, or, at any rate, one of any distinction, became the guest of the town at which he arrived. On reaching any town, my grandfather's first duty appeared to be to call on the consul, the governor, the commandant of the forces, or the bishop (if there was one); and these authorities always lionised him over their domains, and often received him as a guest in their houses.—S. P.

uniform, he made many apologies for the liberty he had taken in detaining me, and abandoned all thought of inflicting upon me the fate that would have befallen any Spaniard in my place—that of being turned, bag and baggage, on to the *pavé*, without any means of advancing or retreating, where, with no other consolation but his cigar and the exclamation of "*Paciencia*," he might have laid his head on his trunk, and slept, till some wandering guerilla deprived him of his pillow, and relieved him from the burthen that prevented him from proceeding on foot. Eventually we arrived at Valencia.* . . . .

As I had not given up my plan of accompanying Haygarth on his Grecian tour, I began to be very anxious to find some opportunity of getting to Majorca. There was a boat, which occasionally performed the duties of a packet, in which I proposed to take my passage. The owners of the boat, however, in consequence of having been much alarmed by the appearance of a French privateer, which had had the

* Upon looking over my journal, I find that I must have made a mistake as to the time of my departure from Cadiz, for it was on the 22nd of July that I arrived at Valencia.—J. S. S.

audacity almost to enter the port, engaged the captain of a Gibraltar privateer to be their convoy. One morning, as I was meditating on my departure, the captain of this privateer, Captain Constantine, called upon me, and informed me that the owners of the boat had abandoned their intention of going to Majorca, but that he was going a cruise off the French coast, and should call at Palma, and that, if I would go with him, he would take me there. I referred the matter to a friend, by whose advice I determined to be guided. He recommended me to accept the offer, on the grounds that, in an open boat I should be exposed to the danger of being taken by a privateer, whereas in a privateer itself, I should be quite safe, as they never attack one another. He also said that, though in common cases it might not be very prudent to trust such a man as Captain Constantine, yet, as he took me out of the Consul's house, he would be afraid of injuring me, and would, on the contrary, treat me with the greatest respect. I, accordingly, closed with the Captain's offer, and, on the 10th of August, went down to Grao, with the intention of embarking: but the Captain informed me that there was so

rough a sea, that there was no chance of our sailing before 8 o'clock. Eight o'clock came; but no appearance of the Captain. Mr. Hicks, a friend of mine, persuaded me to go to his house to supper, where I found Mr. Montgomery, who had just come from Alicante. This gentleman said all he could to persuade me not to venture on board the privateer; he urged upon me the rascality of men of that class, and the risk I ran of being taken by another privateer; and concluded by saying, "I should not be at all surprised if he were to take you into Barcelona," (then in the hands of the French): "I have a great mind to give you a letter to our Consul there." . . . .

So much was I influenced by these remarks, that I had made up my mind, that, if Constantine did not sail that night, I would make his delay an excuse for a change in my plans. But it was not fated so to be. I had scarcely got into bed, when the Captain made his appearance, and announced to me that he should sail at four. . . . . At four o'clock he summoned me, and I embarked, and left Valencia. . . . .

Nothing could be worse than the vessel: it was a small-decked, miserable boat, with-

out anything that could properly deserve the designation of a cabin, though there was a dark hole which laid claim to that title. Equally undeserving of the title to which it aspired, was its only piece of furniture, which was intended to represent a bed. Upon that miserable couch, or upon the deck, was I laid, a prey to the horrors of sea-sickness.

I have a sort of faint remembrance of our having steered a course, that appeared to me to be a little more to the north than I conceived to be suited to the position of Majorca. I looked round me, and began to scrutinise the countenances of the men in whose power I was, and I felt that it was necessary to muster all my courage, not to give way to the alarm which my position was so calculated to excite. It occasionally happens, that we find ourselves in company with a man, at whose appearance we cannot help instinctively shuddering; with such men was I now surrounded: there was not one amongst our numerous crew, upon whose countenance nature had not stamped the character of villain: their oaths, alone, were enough to make a man tremble. I could not disguise from myself, that I had put my

life upon a single cast. If I arrived safely at Majorca, my object was gained; but were not the chances against me? Was it not far more probable, that I should soon be consigned to a watery grave?

In spite, however, of the uncertainty of my fate, it was not without considerable interest, though perhaps, not quite unmixed with fear, that, lying upon the deck, enveloped in my cloak, I witnessed the scene of the crew assembled at their dinner. Squatted round a large bowl of rice, into which they alternately dipped their spoons; of all nations, and in all costumes; they might be considered as an epitome of all the scoundrels that infest the Mediterranean. Captain Constantine, a huge, dark-looking man, with a countenance as savage as the nature of the profession that he exercised, seemed to me no unfit representative of a Mediterranean pirate. . . . .

It appeared to me, as if each of the party were detailing for the amusement of the others, the deeds of horror in which he had been personally engaged, for each seemed to take up the tale in turn. . . . . Sometimes, indeed, the idea would force itself upon my thoughts, that they were then

actually engaged in a discussion as to the course that was to be pursued with respect to me. My life or death might be depending upon the issue of the debate. But, be that as it might, this after-dinner scene came to an end in time; and, in justice to the crew, I must state, that nothing could be more orderly conducted than the dinner: there was no scrambling, no disputing, no indulging in drinking to excess.

Occasionally the Captain came and seated himself by me, and endeavoured to entertain me with his conversation. The day passed on without our making much way, and I retired into my wretched hole for the night. The following morning, the Captain informed me that the wind had been contrary, and that we had made no way. The whole of this day it was calm. Towards evening the Captain declared that he saw Majorca.

Another miserable night passed, and morning returned: but no appearance of Majorca, or of any land. However, towards evening, land was again seen, and we began evidently to approach it; we soon perceived an English brig, which fired a gun to bring us to: upon which the Captain came to me,

and stated that the delay occasioned by our bringing to, might prevent our getting into the harbour before night, and that he should, therefore, pay no attention to the gun, but make all the sail he could. Not content with that, he got out his sweepers. But an English brig was not to be weathered in that way; and it was not long before she fired a shot at us: this cooled the courage of the Captain, and, indeed, caused him to arrest his course.

A boat, commanded by a lieutenant, was soon alongside of us. The lieutenant came on board, and demanded the papers; which he examined, and which proved all correct: but, as far as I could form an opinion, his principal object seemed to me to be, to ascertain whether there were any English sailors on board, whom he could press. I addressed a few words to him, spoke as if I considered myself off Palma, and enquired whether he thought it was probable that I should find any opportunity of crossing from thence to Sicily. But the fiat for my imprisonment had passed, and even this lieutenant seemed to have conspired against me; for, though I told him that I was bound for Majorca, and he saw us steering direct

for Barcelona, he did not use a single expression that could open my eyes to my real situation. He might, possibly, have supposed, that the Captain was come off Barcelona, with the view of picking up prizes, as he asked him if he had taken anything; but, surely, it was a singular thing that, upon finding an English field-officer on board such a vessel, he should not have expressed some astonishment at so unusual a circumstance; that, acquainted as he must have been with the character borne by the Rock-scorpions (for so they are not undeservedly termed), he should not have shewn some concern for the discomfort of my situation, and some fear for my personal safety.

* (The name of the lieutenant, which I have since heard, and the high character which he so deservedly bears, only tend to increase my surprise. It did appear to me at that time, rather extraordinary, and hardly consistent with the unbounded hospitality which, with this single exception, I have invariably experienced from all officers of the Navy, that I should have been left on

* Inserted subsequently.

board such a vessel, not only without any invitation to go on board the brig, but without the slightest enquiry as to who I was, where I was going, or what I could be doing there; at a time, too, when the natural conclusion must have been, that I was engaged upon some political service; without any attempt to alleviate the misery of my situation, by the offer of any of those comforts that are to be found on board a British ship. But how much more extraordinary did it appear to me, when I became acquainted with the situation, in which I, at that moment, really was. Would not anyone have supposed that I should instantly have been ordered, bag and baggage, on board the brig; that the Captain would have greeted me with, "Who are you? and what in the world are you doing in such a vessel off Barcelona? Come on board of us; and, the first opportunity that occurs, you shall be safely landed at Palma, or at some Spanish port." Such, however, was not the case). The lieutenant returned to his ship, having previously told the Captain that, if he made a certain signal, he might pursue his course. The fatal signal was made, and, actually in sight of the brig, we steered

direct for Barcelona. So eagerly, indeed, did we rush to our destruction, that, after having pulled in to the entrance of the harbour, the Captain proposed to me to take to the boat, that he might get the sooner on shore. Before, however, we entered the port, the Captain came up to me, and began to point out the different parts of the town, describing the course I should have to take in going to Minorca, and offering to carry me there, whenever I should be disposed to leave Majorca!

August 1810.—Upon entering the port I had been struck with astonishment at the extent and apparent magnificence of the town, which far exceeded the expectations I had formed of Palma. From the reverie into which the appearance of a town so beautifully situated, had plunged me, I was suddenly roused by an observation of my servant's, that he saw French sentinels on the walls. "French soldiers!" said I, "it is impossible that the French can be in possession of Majorca;" and the unfortunate conviction that it was Palma that I saw before me, prevented me from opening my eyes to my real situation, and from attempting, even at this eleventh hour, to effect my

escape, which then might, possibly, have been done, though at the risk of my life. But who would have been restrained by such a fear; for what is life without liberty! Oh! my God! when shall I again enjoy the first of heaven's blessings!

We now approached the town. The Captain of the port got into his boat, and rowed towards us. As soon as he had got sufficiently near for us to hear him, he called out in French, "What do you mean by attempting to land here without the permission of the Governor?" To which I replied, that I was not aware of its being necessary to have the permission of the Governor in order to land; that I had got my passport, and bill of health, *selon les règles;* upon which I took out the former. "*Êtes-vous parlementaire?*" demanded the Captain. This question at once opened my eyes. "No," I replied. "Well, you may land. Follow me." We accordingly rowed to shore, and were allowed to land without any further obstruction.

To find myself again on *terra firma*, was in itself so great a happiness, that my thoughts did not dwell for a moment upon the situation in which I now stood, and the

singular misfortune that had befallen me: indeed, my mind was so absorbed with the unwelcome idea of the French having got possession of Majorca, that I had scarcely time to think of myself. At length, turning to the Captain of the port, I asked, "How was it possible for the French to get here?" "Pray, where do you suppose that you are?" was his answer. "At Palma." He looked at me in amazement. "May I inquire where I really am?" "At Barcelona." The *dénouement* was irresistible: we both burst into a loud laugh.

I was immediately conducted to the place of quarantine. I then entreated to have something to eat, for sea-sickness, and three days' starvation, had awakened an appetite that was not to be affected by any misfortune. . . . .

PART II.

Detention in Barcelona.

Nothing could be more calculated to rouse me to a consciousness of the misery of my situation, than the place of quarantine: it was, indeed, a place of wretchedness, and one calculated to throw the mind back upon itself. Here did I pass the three most unhappy days that I ever experienced, with nothing to occupy my thoughts, nothing to distract them from the consideration of the uncertainty of my own fate, but the sight of what was passing in the port.

The first day was that of the Emperor's fête, and was, of course, duly celebrated by the French. On the second, Marshal Macdonald, who commanded the army of Catalonia, left the city, and I could just distinguish the troops marching past the opposite side of the port.

My papers had been seized upon my first landing, and, as they were, fortunately, deemed sufficient to establish my identity, and the

truth of my statement, they were eventually returned to me, but only after some considerable correspondence with the Commissary of Police. . . . .

It may easily be imagined that my meditations during the time of my quarantine were far from being of the most agreeable description. I scarcely yet knew how far I might indulge a hope of liberty, and the uncertainty of my fate was my greatest torment: once decided, I felt that I could make up my mind to endure the worst: but the two sides of the picture were so opposite, that I could hardly bear to contemplate them together. Yet, in my solitary cell, how could I escape from the comparison? and upon what other subject could my mind dwell? The one side presented to me nothing but a hopeless, endless captivity; a dark mysterious future, unenlivened by those pleasures of hope, those air-built castles, which had hitherto constituted the main happiness, indeed, almost the principal object, of my life: on the other side, liberty in its freest state, and the whole world before me.

At length, the Captain of the port came to the quarantine office, accompanied by

several other officers, and held a kind of court of enquiry. Captain Constantine and his crew were called before them, and examined. I was then informed, that I had permission to leave the place of quarantine, and to sleep in the inn at Barcelonette, one of the suburbs of the city. . . . .

The next morning I was conducted to the Governor, General Maurice Mattieu. He received me civilly, put me on my parole, told me to take a lodging in the town, and finished by inviting me, as well as the officer who accompanied me, to dinner.

I took an apartment at the Fontaine d'Or, and, at the appointed time, returned to the Governor's house. The Governor was very civil to me, but evidently took the opportunity of pumping me. I was, accordingly, on my guard; and, whilst I appeared to speak *à cœur ouvert*, was still very cautious not to utter a word that might tend to convey to them anything like real information. Lord Wellington and his army was, of course, the main subject of conversation. The opinion that the French entertained was, that Lord Wellington had no intention of taking any active part in the war, but would try to maintain his position in the lines, and

make a powerful diversion, enabling the Spaniards to carry on the war in detail. I had no hesitation in assuring them, that I had little doubt but that Lord Wellington would maintain his position as long as he could, and then retire to his ships, either fighting a battle, or not, according to circumstances; for I felt satisfied, that I could be only doing good in confirming them in this opinion. This appears, indeed, subsequently to have been the view entertained by Buonaparte himself, and it would be singular enough, if my observations should have tended to confirm him in that opinion; for I have no doubt that they were forwarded without loss of time to Paris. Massena's orders were to drive the English into the sea; and it is probable, that it was the expectation that the English army would ultimately retreat, which withheld him from attacking the lines in the first instance (which, though a bold and hazardous measure, was the only one that could have presented him any prospect of success), and that induced him, subsequently, to maintain his position with so much obstinacy, as to finally cause the almost total destruction of his army. . . . .

Before I took leave of the Governor, he told me that he was ready to send a letter for me to the English ship off the harbour, with a proposal for an exchange between me and General Franchesi, whose fate bore this similarity to mine, that he was travelling when he was taken prisoner. I told him in answer, that I was not in the army, and that I was convinced the English Government would not consent to exchange me for a military man. . . . . "Well," continued the Governor, "you may do as you choose: if you are inclined to make the experiment, I will send your letter." Hopeless as appeared to me the attempt, I determined, at any rate, to embrace so favourable an opportunity of informing my family of my situation; and, accordingly, I wrote a letter to Mr. Wellesley, in which I informed him of the manner in which I had been taken, and the offer of the Governor. This I sent to General Matthieu, who forwarded it to the English ship. (This letter, I learned subsequently, was received by Mr. Wellesley, and forwarded by him to Lord Castlereagh, who sent it to my father.)

I now accompanied the American Consul to look at a house, or rather flat, in the

Rambla, the most fashionable, as well as the most agreeable, situation in Barcelona, with which I was so much pleased, that I engaged it without hesitation. I had one large room, which communicated with another by folding doors; at the end of the inner room was a bed, placed in a recess, according to the Spanish fashion, but which was concealed from view by a large red curtain. . . . . I then called on the Commissary of Police, and, also, upon the Intendant of Police, and met with a very kind reception from them. . . . .

By the American Consul's advice, I remained very quiet at first; but, when the Governor enjoined in the order of the day, that the officers should show me all the attention in their power, the Consul was of opinion that I might venture to mix in Spanish society.

After I had once got fairly established, my days passed in a pretty regular routine, of which the following may be considered a specimen. I was up by eight o'clock, when M. Carnavali, an Italian artist, generally paid me a visit, and gave me a lesson in architecture, which usually lasted about two hours. I then breakfasted, with Homer in

my hand, as a substitute for the "Courier." After breakfast, I was engaged with my French master, from whom I took lessons, both in French and Spanish: to him succeeded a flute master. At one o'clock, I took a walk; and at half past two or three, I went to an hotel, where I dined in company with the Consul and two French merchants. I then adjourned with the Consul to a café, and, in the cool of the evening, we took our walk. I afterwards had my tea, and then went to some *tertulia*, or party; . . . . so that, upon the whole, my time passed very pleasantly.

But, though this was pleasant, it was not the most prudent way of behaving. . . . . The Spanish families did not mix at all with their rulers, nor admit them into their private society: it was not, therefore, likely that the French would see me living in that society from which they were excluded, passing my time with their secret enemies, without experiencing some feelings of irritation. Had I consulted my own interest, I should have carefully avoided all communion with the Spaniards, and lived on intimate terms with the French officers. As it was, several circumstances occurred, which

tended to aggravate the feeling of irritation in the minds of the French, and to lead to the change that was to come over my life.

. . . .

I must now come to the more immediate cause, or that, at best, which was put forward as the motive and excuse for the Governor's conduct towards me. I had heard that there was a fencing-master in one of the French regiments, and, as I was anxious to keep up what I knew of fencing, I desired the French master to send him to me. He, accordingly, mentioned my wishes to Mr. ——, an American gentleman, who had been one of his pupils, and who, accordingly, sent him to me. This *maître d'armes* was of a character quite new to me: though only a sergeant, he was a perfect fine gentleman, extremely *manièréd*, and always making fine speeches. One day, he began to touch upon the hardships the soldiers endured, and ended with something like a hint of an inclination to desert: upon which I immediately stopped him, and said that that was a subject to which I could not listen. I mentioned this circumstance to the American Consul the next time I saw him, and added, that I suspected the man was a spy. The

Consul was of the same opinion, and advised me to be careful as to what I said to him. (I ought to have mentioned, that he had once before asked me, whether it would be possible for him to live by teaching fencing in London: to which I, not being aware of the drift of the question, had replied in the affirmative.) If I were right in my suspicions, and that he were, indeed, a spy, there seemed to me but a choice between two alternatives; either to kick him downstairs, or to appear perfectly unsuspicious, and to be, at the same time, very guarded in my conversation: the first I did not deem it prudent in my situation to attempt, independently of making the man my personal enemy; and I thought, that by adopting the other plan, I should be playing against the authorities their own game. The next time the sergeant came, he attempted again to enter into the same subject. "They will probably send you on board the English frigate," said he; "I wish you would take me with you." "That I most certainly will not," I replied: "in the first place, I could not; and, if I could, I would not: for, after the kindness I have experienced from the French, I will do nothing that can bear the

slightest appearance of ingratitude: so let me hear no more on the subject." The only thing in the transaction with which I can reproach myself is, that I did not keep this man at a greater distance, and thus prevent him from addressing to me any observations of this description: but, the truth is, that there was so much of the *suaviter in modo* in his manners, that it was not easy to keep him at a distance; and, from a degree of delicacy, perhaps, of false delicacy, I felt a disinclination to say anything that might hurt his feelings.

Convinced, however, that, whether he were a spy or not, it was not prudent for me to listen to such conversation, I determined, after allowing a little interval to elapse, so that I might not give him reason to suppose I entertained such suspicions, to give him his *congé*. I accordingly did so, and no one was more astonished than I was, at learning, after the lapse of some time, that he actually had deserted; but, unfortunately for me, the crime of having instigated him to this step, was laid to my charge, instead of to that of the person who, I believe, was the real culprit. This person was the identical American who recommended to me this

very fencing-master, and who really was, as I am inclined to think, not unconnected with his desertion: this much was certain, that the information laid against me, was, in fact, intended for him; . . . . but, unfortunately for me, the information was laid against the 'Englishman,' instead of the American. . . . . As I was the only Englishman in Barcelona, the charge was, necessarily, supposed to refer to me. . . . .

There was, however, another crime, of which, if they did not venture expressly to accuse me, they did not hesitate to consider me guilty; and it was one of a graver character. It so happened, whether accidentally or not, that, precisely at the time of this man's desertion, a conspiracy was discovered, which, if successful, would have put the Spaniards in possession of the citadel of Barcelona. Keys had been made that would open the gates of the citadel; they were safely conveyed to the Spaniards by a deserter, and every arrangement was then made for an attack on that fortress by night. Probably, nothing could have prevented their taking it by surprise, had the attempt been made with due precaution: but, unfortunately, a man was apprehended in the

town, distributing papers to the soldiers, offering nine dollars a man to those who would desert. Finding that his life was in danger, this man's courage gave way; he forgot his country, and thought only of his own safety: he sent to the authorities to say, that, if they would spare his life, he would disclose to them a secret of the utmost importance; an offer with which they immediately closed: and he revealed to them the plot, only a few hours before it was to have been carried into execution. The garrison was called to arms, and the citadel was saved.

This, connected with the singular manner in which I had entered the town, created considerable excitement amongst the French officers. I was pointed out as the great conspirator, who had voluntarily constituted himself a prisoner, in order to become the leader of the Spanish party in Barcelona, and to drive the French out of one of the strongest fortresses in Europe.

I was not, at the time, in the least aware of the position in which I stood, for I was, in fact, pursuing my course heedlessly, without the slightest suspicion that I was really standing upon a mine, which was ready to be sprung.

I must come to the actual *dénouement.* On the 21st of September, as I was walking to a café with the Consul, from a restaurateur's where we had been dining, I was informed by a man in the street, that a soldier had been looking for me. I went into my room, but did not find him: but, upon descending the stairs, I found him at the foot of the staircase. He told me that the Commandant wished to speak to me. A little surprised at such a message, but unable to comprehend the meaning of it, I immediately proceeded to the Commandant, who informed me that General Nicolas wished to speak to me at the citadel. This was still more incomprehensible: but I thought it not improbable, that he might wish to ask me some questions respecting the fencing-master. My suspicions might, however, have been more roused, had I adverted to the fact, that the soldier was following me pretty closely. The Consul, who thought this might make some sensation in the town, told him to keep at a distance; which he did. When I came to the drawbridge of the citadel, and saw the massive gate before me, I felt an involuntary shudder: and, though I still persisted in

seeing no cause for alarm, I could not help saying to myself, "I am going to pass that gate: when shall I return?"

I did pass it. I was conducted into a room where General Nicolas was at dinner: he received me politely, ... and, as soon as he had finished his meal, he addressed me thus: "The Governor has ordered me to provide you with a room. I am ignorant of the motives of his conduct, but I will give you the best apartment that I can." I was then conducted by the Commandant to the prison of the citadel. I was taken first to a *cachot* occupied by a Frenchman, or a Catalan. I requested permission to write to the Governor, to which the Commandant acceded. . . . . I wrote him a letter in French, claiming to know of what I was accused, and concluding, "*prenez ma liberté, prenez ma vie; mais ne m'ôtez pas mon honneur; n'affichez pas une tâche au nom de Stanhope.*" Upon sitting down to write this letter, I felt that the honour of my family, and the character of my country, were in some degree interested in my conduct; and I determined, therefore, to speak in the tone of a proud Englishman. . . . .

As soon as I had delivered the letter to the Commandant, he conducted me to the cell, which was henceforth to be my habitation. This then was the best apartment that General Nicolas could offer me! Let me describe it. It was a tolerable-sized room, with plastered walls, and a stone floor, abundantly covered with dust and insects: a division, which ran half-way up to the roof, separated it from an outer cell, which was destined for the purpose of a kitchen, having, however, no other accommodation than a small charcoal stove for cooking. There was one large window without glass, but with a shutter to exclude the cold. I am wrong, however, in saying without glass, as there were two small panes in the upper part of it, which just served to admit light sufficient to show the horror of my prison-house, but not more. As a building rose just in front of my window, the cheering rays of the sun never penetrated into this abode: but, what to me constituted the greatest misery of all, there was no fire-place, no chance of a cheering blaze to expel the cold, damp air from my dungeon, or to shed a ray of comfort on my mind. It is, indeed, almost necessary to have been

in such a situation, to appreciate fully the blessing of a blazing fire.

There was not a single article of furniture: not even a chair. "You must sleep without a bed to-night," said the Commandant; "it will not, I suppose, be for the first time," added he, with a malicious smile; and, though residing in the citadel, with all his comforts, he had not, even, the common humanity to offer me a chair, or a wisp of straw. Fortunately, however, I was not reduced to the necessity of lying down upon the cold stone, amidst the innumerable fleas and vermin by which it was covered, as my servant, who arrived shortly, had taken the precaution to bring with him my travelling bed, and, by laying it on the floor, I was provided with one, on which I could have slept soundly, had my mind been more at ease.

When I heard the great door creak upon its hinges, and felt that I was indeed a prisoner, my sensations were such as I can hardly attempt to describe. Suddenly snatched from a life of thoughtless gaiety; unable to assign a cause for my imprisonment, and, therefore, ignorant of what I had to hope, and of what to fear;—I should

not say hope, for not a ray was there to cheer the prospect; all was gloom, and utter hopelessness: the only question, the extent of suffering for which I was reserved—I must candidly confess that, for some time, passion got the better of my judgment, and I paced up and down my prison, venting my indignation against those who might have occasioned my imprisonment, in every way that my rage could suggest. . . . .

Perhaps, the thought that preyed most upon my mind, was the conviction that I should be charged with having repaid the kindness that the French had shewn me, with ingratitude. I could not endure the thought that I should be represented as having acted in a manner, dishonourable to myself, and disgraceful to my country. It is, indeed, a hard task to have to bear with patience the punishment of a criminal, when you are conscious of your own innocence. The agony of mind that I suffered at the thought of dishonour, was intense. At length, the storm of passion subsided, and my mind recovered its accustomed tone. I got into my bed, and, in spite of my situation and the uncertainty of my fate, I fell fast asleep.

I rose early the following morning, and began again pacing up and down my dungeon, in anxious expectation of the result of my appeal to the Governor. My attention was called to the window, by a drum calling out the guard: it was to receive the Governor, who rode into the citadel. I saw him frequently passing and repassing, during the course of the morning, and I felt little doubt but that something like a court-martial was sitting to determine my fate. I remained in continual expectation of being summoned before him. At length, I again heard the sound of the drum, and saw a company of soldiers marching towards my window. It immediately flashed into my mind, that they had passed sentence upon me, without allowing me any opportunity of speaking in my defence,—no uncommon mode of proceeding in France. I concluded that I was condemned to be shot, and that the company was marching up to put the sentence into execution. This was a result that I had anticipated as possible, but I had hardly brought myself to believe that they would proceed to such extremities. I did not tremble: the unexpected conviction that my death was before me, only

added a further stimulus to my courage. If it be really so, how shall I behave? I will appeal to the Marshal; and when that is refused, I will appeal to God,—and die.

The obvious idea, that the guard was about to be relieved, never entered into my mind, engrossed, as I was, entirely with my own situation: but it was nothing more. The men passed on, I relapsed again into my former train of thought: and so the hour passed away.

It was one o'clock: I saw the Governor leave the citadel. My fate was then decided: and, accordingly, in a few minutes the Commandant entered my room. "Sir," said he, "you wrote to the Governor to ask his reasons for sending you to the citadel; this is his answer: A man in —— regiment taught you fencing; you told him that he might live by teaching that art in England; you induced him to desert, and to persuade others to accompany him; you gave him letters of recommendation to your father; he frequently dined with you." "Dined with me!" exclaimed I, with an air of offended pride. "If he did not dine with you, he, at least, ate in your house." "*Monsieur le Commandant*," said I, in such

a passion that I could hardly speak, "*ceux sont des mensonges, et des diables de mensonges.*" The Commandant was quite astonished. However, he was not disposed to let me off so easily: "You must be aware," continued he, "that it is the custom *de fusillier les embaucheurs.*" "*Eh bien! Monsieur,*" exclaimed I, "*fusilliez moi, si vous le voulez, mais ne disez pas des mensonges comme ça.*" He then began to talk to the Frenchmen, who occupied the adjoining cell, respecting the conspiracy, which had been so fortunately discovered: at the same time he kept his eye upon me, with a significant glance, that conveyed to my mind the conviction, that he, at least, entertained no doubt as to my being implicated in that plot, though sufficient proofs might not have been elicited to enable them to charge me with the fact. He then left me.

Indignant at the charges brought against me, no less indignant at the manner in which they had been made,—sent by a third person, the Governor not having condescended to answer my letter, or to afford me any opportunity of making my defence —I determined to write again to the Governor, in a manner that should shew to him,

that, however exalted his situation might be, and depressed as mine then was, my spirit was not broken. I, accordingly, sat down, and at once gave vent to my feelings.

. . . .

I sent this letter off immediately, and waited in anxious expectation for the effect which it might produce. I felt that I had the best of the argument; but I knew how difficult it is for a man to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, and still more so, if that man is high in authority: the tone, also, that I had assumed, was one not likely to be palatable to a person little accustomed to hear the plain truth.

The next day the Commandant made his appearance, and presented me with the following letter:

"Barcelona,
22nd Sept. 1810.

Monsieur,

Vous n'êtes pas sans reproche dans la conduite que vous avez tenue avec le Mâitre d'Armes. Il fallait rendre compte à une des autorités de Barcelone des insinuations que cet homme vous avait fait: c'était le seul moyen de vous mettre en régle. J'aime à croire qu'il n'y a pas eu

de mauvaises intentions de votre part, et que le nom de Stanhope, qui est considéré en France autant qu'en Angleterre, n'a reçu aucune tache. Des raisons politiques, les circumstances et la manière dont les prisoniers français sont traités en Angleterre, m'ont obligé de vous envoyer à la citadelle, où vous serez traité d'allieurs avec tous les égards que l'humanité et les lois de la guerre prescrivent.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer avec la plus parfaite consideration

Signé, Le Général de Division Gouv.
MAURICE MATHIEU."

This letter quite overpowered me: my heart was full: I retired immediately into my cell, and burst into a flood of tears, which relieved me at once from the agony I had experienced during the last two days. Never had I felt so acutely before, indeed, till then, I had never known the extent of my feelings.

The letter, however, was far more favourable than I could have expected. . . . . But, his changing his ground so entirely, and attributing my imprisonment to other causes, showed, at once, that his intention

was to keep me in the citadel. Dreadful as such a conviction would have appeared to me at any other time, it hardly made any impression on my mind then, so trifling did even imprisonment appear, in comparison with the mental sufferings that I had endured, when my honour was in question.

I then wrote to him again, requesting to be sent to France; and shortly afterwards, I received the following answer—

"Barcelona,
23rd Sept. 1810.

Monsieur,

Le Général Gouverneur me charge de vous prévenir qu'il a reçu votre lettre de ce jour, et qu'au premier convoi il vous fera partir pour la France, où les mêmes raisons politiques n'existent pas. Vous avez la libertè dont vous jouissez il y a quelques jours,

Signé, L'Aide de Camp."

From my subsequent experience, I have ascertained that this was a very false step on my part; but it is not extraordinary that, in the depths of a dungeon, my thoughts should turn, more to the prospect of an

early liberation from confinement, than to the more distant hope of restoration to liberty. By remaining in Spain I had a prospect, indeed, a fair one, of being able to bring about an exchange; but once in France, it became almost a hopeless case. I had, however, not so great a horror, perhaps, at the idea of being sent into France, as I should have experienced, had I been more fully aware of the delights of a residence at Verdun as a prisoner.

However, as it was thus determined that I was to go to France, ... I wrote to the Intendant and the Commissary of Police, to the effect that, the Governor having acknowledged my innocence, I felt myself at liberty to return them my thanks for the kindness I had experienced from them, and to entreat them to add to the obligations I owed them that of endeavouring to obtain permission for me to reside at Lyons or Geneva, since I was to be sent into France by the first convoy. . . . .

The answers which I received, though flattering to my feelings, conveyed a refusal to allow me to go to either of these towns.

My mind being, at length, relieved from the anxiety which such charges could not

but naturally have occasioned, I resolved to bear my fate with fortitude. I felt, indeed, that it was no easy task to carry this resolution into effect: it was a dreary prospect, a hopeless, endless imprisonment. A life of solitude, without one ray of light to cheer it. It was in vain that I attempted to exclude from my mind the contrast that my present situation offered to the life that I had been lately leading. In one moment, I had been removed from all the enjoyments of a gay and thoughtless existence, to the dreary solitude of a dungeon.

Having taken my resolution to steel my mind against despondency, I thought that the best chance of succeeding was to partition out my time, and devote each separate part of it to a different pursuit. Most strictly did I adhere to my arrangement. I should, indeed, have experienced little difficulty in doing so, could I have obtained permission for my masters to come to me. Permission do I say? How many of them would have come?

Now did I fully experience the difference between popularity and disgrace? How few of my former friends, who had courted me in the day of prosperity, were found to

interest themselves for, or even to remember, the poor wretch who had fallen under the Governor's condemnation? But there were some splendid exceptions; and, amongst these, who deserves more to be remembered than my architecture master? Any idea of personal fear, of the danger that might arise to him from the suspicion of his being implicated in my conspiracies, or by his rendering himself obnoxious to the French authorities, by the interest he shewed in one who had fallen under their disgrace, never seemed to cross his mind. He had a right of *entrée* into the citadel: they made, at first, some difficulty about this right, and refused to allow him to pass; but he succeeded in obtaining a new permission, and came to me every morning before breakfast.

. . . .

Instead of my newspaper, I read Homer at breakfast; for, most fortunately, I had, amongst the few books I had brought with me, a German edition of the Odyssey, closely printed in one volume. I afterwards devoted a fixed time to my different studies, one of which was an odd volume of Thucydides; it was, I think, the last volume, that which contained the expedition to Sicily; as

I had promised myself the greatest interest in tracing the operations of Nicias on the very scene of his misfortunes. The book, however, to which I was mainly indebted for the resignation with which I bore my captivity, was Robertson's "Charles V.," which I was fortunate enough to borrow from a young merchant, who had been educated in England. I employed myself in taking notes, or rather, in making an abridgment of that history, which occupied me for a month. This, and my other studies, generally took up my time till one o'clock; I then went out, and walked till two, for the prisoners were allowed the space immediately in front of the prison for their exercise: it was just fifty-two paces in length; and midway in front of the building, was posted a sentinel, who kept constant watch upon us.

At a little before two, I amused myself with lighting a charcoal fire in one of the little stoves. I was not, however, very expert in striking a light in the Spanish fashion, by putting the tinder upon the flint; and tinder-box, I had none. I then placed a tile on the fire, and, by the time that my dinner appeared, it was ready to *réchauffer* the dishes, and warm the plates. At two, my dinner

arrived: it was brought by my servant from the *Posada;* and I must do the fair daughters of my landlord the justice to say, that they always took good care of me: they also lent me the books that constituted their library, most of which were in French.

During my dinner, I read some book, which I reserved for that special time, I afterwards walked, or rather, paced, till six; when I was interrupted by the appearance of my jailor—*le Chevalier des Clefs,* as I had named him—a little, short, sturdy, but not ill-natured man, armed with a formidable bunch of keys appended to his belt. It was some time before I could get reconciled to the grating of the door upon its hinges, and the turning of the key in the lock.

I then drank my tea, and afterwards read, or played the flute, till nine. My amusement was to make my prison-walls resound with "God save the King," "Rule, Britannia," and "The Downfall of Paris." At nine, I went to bed.

Such was the uniform tenor of my life, except when it was broken in upon by some new indignity, which stirred my blood so much, as to prevent my recovering for some days my usual tranquillity of mind.

Of such a nature was the lecture sent me by the Governor for having written the two letters, already mentioned, to the Intendant and Commissary of Police, without having previously submitted them to the inspection of my jailor. It was accompanied by a threat, that, if I did not take care, I should be subjected to a much closer and more rigorous confinement. But, however my pride might be offended by such a lecture, I was, shortly afterwards, exposed to an annoyance, that affected me much more seriously.

My architecture master, as I have mentioned, visited me every morning. In order to add a little incident to my studies, I proposed to adorn the walls of my cell with a Doric colonnade. M. Carnavali having, accordingly, procured a long ruler, we were deeply engaged in drawing one of our columns on the wall, when the Adjutant-major made his appearance. I remarked the expression of his eye, and foresaw that the storm would soon burst upon our heads, though I made no observation to my companion: nor was I mistaken, for in a few minutes, the Captain of the Guard entered, and marched M. Carnavali out. So ended his visits.

I had, however, subsequently, an opportunity of learning from this kind-hearted and amiable man, the history of the case. He was taken before the Commandant, who received him brutally, and demanded how he got into the citadel: to which he replied, that he had a right to go there; this the other denied. Carnavali then produced his permission: but this was of no avail, and he was immediately marched out, He proceeded directly to the Général de Génie (General of the fortifications), and complained to him of the treatment that he had experienced. The General took up his cause warmly, and set off immediately to the Governor. He had hardly commenced his story, when the Governor interrupted him, saying, "It is precisely upon this subject that I have received a report from General Nicolas and the Commandant, containing accusations of the most extraordinary character: they charge this gentleman with being engaged in a conspiracy with the English prisoner; of their being occupied in taking plans of the citadel, which they intend to send to the Spaniards." "Surely, sir," replied the General, "you cannot believe such fictions as these: you cannot believe

that it is necessary for a man to go into the citadel, in order to take a plan of it: and, as for sending plans to the Spaniards, can you suppose that they are not in possession of all the plans that they can want? Do you think that they do not know the citadel and Barcelona quite as well as, aye, and better than we do? As for this gentleman, he belongs to the Engineers, and has the privilege of taking as many plans as he chooses. In this instance, he went into the citadel for the sole purpose of teaching the English prisoner architecture." "If it was only that," answered the Governor, "I can have no objection to his doing so:" and he immediately wrote an order, conceived in these words, "Admit M. Carnavali into the citadel, to teach the English prisoner architecture." With this order in his hand Carnavali returned immediately to the citadel. He was taken before General Nicolas and the Commandant, who held a consultation together, and concluded by tearing the order in pieces, and again marching him out of the citadel.

He went directly to the Général de Génie, and represented to him the treatment he had received. "This assumes too serious

an aspect," said the General; "we must let the matter rest here. This amounts to a positive disobedience to orders, and, if we report it to the Governor, he will be under the necessity of taking very serious notice of it. It will not do to have such an affair, merely for the sake of the English prisoner. Let them alone, I will be up to them: not the slightest repairs shall be done to their houses." To him, this might be a satisfactory revenge, but to me, it was no satisfaction at all.

The fear of implicating my friends, had hitherto prevented me from endeavouring to effect my escape; but, abandoned by these friends, irritated at the indignity that had been offered to poor Carnavali, at the cruelty with which they had resisted his endeavours to alleviate the melancholy solitude of a prisoner's life, at the baseness with which they had attempted to implicate him in a charge against me, I began not infrequently to indulge the idea of escaping from my prison-house.

The charges which had been made against me on the fencing master's account, rendered me, perhaps, foolishly sensitive on the point of honour, and, though immured

in a dungeon, I still felt that my honour was dearer to me than my liberty. I had given a written parole, and I was not quite certain whether my confinement released me from the engagement into which I had entered, or whether, in consideration of my servant being permitted to go into the town, and of my being allowed a walk of fifty-two paces, I was still considered to be on my parole. I also felt, that, as an offer had been made to exchange me, my escape might appear ungenerous. I determined, at all events, to postpone the attempt till there was time for an answer to arrive from Cadiz.

Time, however, passed on without its arriving; and I came, at last, to the resolution of again writing to General Doyle, to represent a second time to him the proposal that had been made; not, indeed, in any expectation of my being exchanged, but with the sole view of obtaining a definite answer; so that, in case that answer should prove unfavourable, I might attempt my escape. I proposed to leave behind me a letter for the Governor, stating that, if in honour he considered me on my parole, I was ready to return to my prison. (I scarcely need remark, that subsequent experience

has taught me that my ideas of parole were extravagant, and that I was at the fullest liberty to attempt my escape.)

I had formed my plan, or, rather, was balancing between two plans. The one was, to disguise myself as a French officer, which I should have had no difficulty in doing, as I had already a blue coat, and, therefore, should have only required a French cockade in my hat, and to walk out boldly, just after the guard had been changed, so that the sentinel might thus be led to suppose that some French officer had been visiting the prisoners. I calculated upon success by the very boldness of the attempt. The other was, perhaps, a much safer plan; it was to wrap myself up in the cloak which my servant usually wore, and, with a basket of dirty plates or linen on my head, to walk coolly out: I thought that I could do so without committing him, by sending him out at an earlier hour.

Some of the peasantry had sent me word that, if I could contrive to get out of the prison, they were ready to ensure my escape from the town: indeed, all that was required was, that I should put on the dress of a Catalonian peasant, and walk

out of the gates: once in the open fields I should be safe. I intended to have made my way to the head-quarters of the Spanish army, and to have gone from there to the Convent of Montserrat. There was something so romantic in the idea of a prisoner, just escaped from confinement, taking refuge amongst the hermits, whose residence is on that singular rock, (and I was not yet cured of romance), that I loved to dwell upon this project, and should certainly have endeavoured to have carried it into execution, had not the doubts I have already mentioned harassed my mind.

Once, indeed, an opportunity so inviting offered itself, that I was on the point of making the attempt: one of those tremendous showers, so constant in hot countries, came pouring down: no one could stand its force: the sentinel had drawn as closely as possibly into his sentry-box; the whole citadel was clear; and not a soul was to be seen. The opportunity was too tempting: I put on my servant's cloak, and was on the point of starting, when I cast my eyes upon the poor wretch, and his terrified look deterred me. Perhaps, from carrying the attempt into execution without more

previous preparation, such a step would have been too rash.

With a view, however, to putting an end to my doubts, I wrote to the Governor, to request permission to write again to General Doyle, to renew the proposal of an exchange. The following was the Governor's answer:—

"Barcelona,
13th October, 1810.

Monsieur,

Je ne trouve aucun inconvenient à ce que vous écriviez au Général Doyle pour lui renouveler la demande que vous avez faite d'être échangé pour le Général Franchesi, pris en voyageant au commencement de Juillet, 1809.

Vous pouvez aussi mander au Général Doyle qu'il y a içi quelques autres Anglais prisoniers, que je lui enverrai s'il veut me faire rendre en échange autant de Français.

J'ai honneur, etc.,
MAURICE MATTHIEU."

Day after day, and week after week, I waited anxiously, but in vain, for an answer from General Doyle. I was once more be-

ginning to think of making my escape, when the captain of a merchantman heard from the English Consul, stating that General Doyle had received my letter, but had left Tarragona for Tortosa, and that, immediately upon his return, he would take the matter in hand. This inspired me with new hopes, which kept up my spirits for some time.

Just as I was beginning again to despair, the Governor sent for two lists of the prisoners, one of which he despatched immediately to Tarragona. The man next in authority to him informed the other prisoners that they would shortly be exchanged. Encouraged by these tidings, I began to indulge myself with the hope of my approaching liberation.

. . . .

The garrison of Barcelona was very discontented: for a long time they had received no pay, and, for rations, all that they got was some haricot soup, and a *pain de munition*, which a moderate eater might consume at a meal, but which had to last them for two days. . . . . There was at least one battalion of Italians in the garrison, and they rendered themselves conspicuous, by open acts of insubordination and robbery in the

streets, ... and, if the inhabitants had shewn any energy, I think there would have been a very fair chance of success for a plot to wrest the city from the hands of the French. . . . . The Commandant of the citadel himself was not a greater favourite with his own soldiers, than he was with me: . . . . one of my sentinels told me, when speaking of him, "He never goes out in any sortie; he knows better than that: should he ever go, he will never return alive; he will be shot." This will serve to give a pretty good insight into the amiable character of my jailor, and the state of feeling of the garrison. . . . .

One night, an event took place, which tended particularly to exasperate the soldiers. It was about one o'clock in the morning that I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a tremendous uproar. For a few moments, between sleeping and waking, my thoughts were too much confused to allow of my comprehending the cause of the alarm, but I soon distinguished a universal cry of, "*Aux armes, aux armes, aux armes!*" I jumped up, put on my clothes as fast as I could, and, in breathless anxiety, awaited the result. The whole garrison turned out,

and marched round the citadel. What was the cause of alarm? Were the enemy under the walls, or had a conspiracy been discovered? No enemy, however, could be found. The troops considered it merely as a feint, a sort of *éveillé*, and were proportionately indignant at having an unnecessary privation of sleep added to their other sufferings. . . . .

I was for some time left alone, to brood in solitude over my misfortunes; but the only time at which my philosophy was staggered, was when the wind blew from the mountains, and the rain came down in torrents: the cold then became so severe, that I hardly knew how to support it. To endure a little cold for a short period, may not be difficult, but never to be warm throughout the whole long day, to be completely starved, is indeed severe suffering. As long as the cold lasted, there was a complete stop to my studies; indeed, I was often obliged, even in the middle of the day, to put myself into bed, as affording the only means of keeping up the circulation of the blood.

I began, also, to suffer from another most serious privation—the want of books. The

libraries of those from whom I had at first been supplied, were soon exhausted, and I was actually reduced, and that for my lighter studies, to reading sermons upon nuns taking the veil.

On the morning of Saturday, the 24th of November, the Commandant entered my cell, and told me that the Governor permitted me to take a lodging in the town. I stood for some moments stupefied with surprise; so much so, that the Commandant looked at me with astonishment, and asked me if I were not glad to be released. What my feelings were, when I recovered my bewildered senses, I will not attempt to describe; those only can conceive them, who have been in a similar situation. What lying reports had been propagated against me, I well knew, and I felt that my release would be at once a full answer to them all.

As soon as I had made the necessary arrangements, I left my prison. As the Commandant had not restored to me my sword, I called to enquire whether I was not entitled to have it again. He immediately gave it to me. I came to the gate of the

citadel: how my heart beat when I crossed the drawbridge, and called to mind the feelings with which I had passed it before! I felt like a bird, just released from his cage, who shakes his wings, to try whether the want of use has deprived them of their elasticity. I proceeded first to the Government house, to pay my respects to the General. I was admitted into his presence, and began by stating, that I was come to thank him for having released me from the citadel. He answered me by a speech, evidently studied, and intended as a reply to the arguments which I had used in my letter. My mind was too full to allow of my paying much attention to what he said; instead, therefore, of carrying on any altercation, I simply answered, "*Monsieur le Gouverneur*, I assure you that I neither expected that the man would desert, nor had the slightest wish that he should do so." He then changed his tone, and let me into the real state of the case: "You may be assured," said he, "that I could have no objection to your going about as much as you chose, and amusing yourself as much as you could; but various officers came to me, and stated that the Englishman was here, there, and everywhere,

that he was using *tels et tels propos.* You may imagine that I could not but find myself under the necessity of paying attention to their complaints." He then let the subject drop, and informed me that a convoy was to start shortly for France, and that he intended to send me by it ; that it might be necessary for me, either to buy some horses, or to find some other mode of conveyance.

I took my leave, and, on the stairs, met one of my persecutors, General Dèvaux. As I passed, I looked at him with a triumphant air, and he appeared somewhat confounded at seeing me at liberty. My triumph did not end here, for, at the door of entrance, I saw Ordonneran, another of my enemies, and the American Consul called out to me to observe the anger and astonishment depicted on the Frenchman's countenance.

Whilst speaking of these two men, I will revert again to the causes which led to my imprisonment, as I learnt from the Consul all the circumstances connected with that transaction. My situation as a prisoner was involved in great difficulties : I was, in fact, placed between two parties ; the one (the French), absolute and tyrannical, in whose power I was ; the other (the Spanish), op-

pressed and indignant, and only waiting for an opportunity to break their chains. The latter considered an Englishman as a friend, and looked up to me as one by whose conduct they might form an opinion of the real intention of the English Government. This is a circumstance that English travellers cannot keep too much in view: in all their proceedings they should bear in mind, that what they do, does not concern themselves alone, but their country also. Foreigners, naturally enough, though erroneously, judge of England by the Englishmen they see, and I am sorry to say, that the character of the country often suffers from the errors of individuals.

I was placed in a very embarrassing position. My individual interest required that I should cultivate the favour of the French; but the Spaniards, with all that warmth of feeling, with that generous and indignant spirit, which, fallen as they are, still forms one striking feature in their national character, could not conceive it possible for a man to associate with the French, without being a *Gavacho*—for such was the title by which they stigmatised the French partisans. For the Englishman to cultivate the society

of the French, would have been considered the most abject baseness.

I conceived it, therefore, my duty, not to do anything that could in any way derogate from the character of my country. I was willing to sacrifice my personal interest to the advancement of the general cause. At the same time, I proposed, as far as it might be possible, to reconcile the two objects. I had heard much of the power of the French Police, and, therefore, I imagined, that, if I succeeded in cultivating an interest with the chefs, I should be free from all annoyance on the part of the French. I considered that the civility which I had experienced from Blondel, the Commissary of Police, would materially contribute towards effecting this purpose, and I, therefore, requested him and the Intendant of Police, to give me a hint if they observed anything in my conduct of which they did not approve.

. . . .

But I was mistaken in my premises: however great might be the power of the Police at Paris, the Police in a town occupied by the army was powerless indeed. At a distance from the capital, the authority of a General became absolute; and what might

have happened, I hardly dare conjecture, had not Barcelona been under the command of an upright man and a gentleman—Maréchal Macdonald, Duc de Tarente.

The jealousy of the French officers was excited by the circumstance of my being admitted into that society from which they were excluded. A plot was, in consequence, formed against me by Generals Dèvaux and Nicolas, Ordonneran (the *Commandant de place*), and the Commandant of the citadel; whilst Baccardi's son-in-law * acted as a spy over me.

One of the commissioners, a gentlemanlike man, warned me of the danger of my position. I saw him afterwards; for he paid me a visit in my prison, when he told me that I had been placed in a most difficult situation, from which it was almost impossible for so young a man to have extricated himself.

. . . .

After my liberation, I paid my visit to the Intendant of Police, who received me with

* His marriage had occurred only a short time before, and my grandfather had been appointed *Cortejo* to the bride (see p. 139 *note*), an appointment of which the husband did not approve, and which he resented, not openly, but by secret machinations against my grandfather's liberty.—S. P.

open arms, gave me an embrace *à la française*, and assured me that he was certain I never could have done anything inconsistent with the principles of honour. Upon my taking leave, he followed me to the stairs, and whispered to me privately, to make a point of seeing the Marshal, for the Duc de Tarente was expected on the following day. This at once explained the Governor's reasons for releasing me from my *cachot;* he well knew that the whole of that transaction would not stand the searching eye of Marshal Macdonald.

I now called upon some of my former friends, and was much struck with the different receptions with which I met. . . . . I had once more the pleasure of sitting down with my old dinner-companions at my old restaurant, but I overheard the Consul and one of the French merchants remarking in a whisper, that I was very much altered by my imprisonment, and did not appear to be the same person. I felt myself, that I was altered: I felt as one might have done, who had risen from the grave, and found himself once more amidst the haunts of men. I was perfectly unequal to society; and, to speak the truth, conver-

sation in general appeared to me absurdly trivial. . . . .

I did not neglect the advice which the Intendant gave me, and, as soon as the Marshal arrived, went to pay my respects to him. I had no little anxiety to see a man who had played his part in the troubled game of revolutionary France. As a descendant of a Scotchman, one who had been a faithful follower of the exiled Stuarts, and, above all, as a Macdonald, he was to me an object of peculiar interest; and his appearance answered much to the expectations which I had formed. About his residence there was that degree of pomp and circumstance of glorious war, which I had not observed at the General's quarters. I was shewn into the ante-room where his staff were on duty, and was almost immediately ushered into his presence. I met with a most gracious reception. He said that, had he followed his own wishes, he would have restored me instantly to liberty: but that was out of his power; for he had his master in his Government, as I had my own in mine. If there was anything that he could do for me, I had only to mention it. Did I want any money? If so he should be happy to

supply me. I thanked him for his offer, but told him that I was not then in want of money. He then told me to report myself to Général Guilleminot, who was to command the convoy. And so ended my audience.

The Marshal is a little man, with high cheek bones, very stiff in his manner of holding himself, and he has, upon the whole, as much the air of a Highlander, as if he had only just left the Hebrides. He had been for a long period in disgrace with Napoleon, on account of the active part which he took in favour of Moreau. He was even supposed to have offered Moreau the support of his sword, if he would have raised his standard against Napoleon. I was told that, at the time of the trial, he accompanied one of Moreau's sons to the court, and that he said to the sentinel in passing, "Why do not you salute the son of your general?" The story, however, seems to me an invention. I do not feel at all certain that Moreau has any sons, and, if he has one, he would not be entitled to a salute on account of his father's rank, but only on account of his own; and a man of Marshal Macdonald's character as a general officer would never

have called upon a sentinel to do that which was contrary to military etiquette.

Even at this period, Macdonald was not supposed to be in his heart attached to the Emperor. His own military service had raised him to the rank which he held, and compelled Napoleon to reward the General whom he could not love. It was on the field of Wagram that he received the staff of Marshal, and that the Emperor declared that to him the success of that day was mainly to be attributed.

I was much pleased with a story that I heard of the Marshal upon his first arrival at Barcelona, and which shewed that, though raised by a revolution, he had not lost the gentlemanlike feeling of the aristocratic Highlander. The old Prince de Conti was residing at Barcelona: his case was a peculiar one; for he had not emigrated, like the other Princes, but had been exiled: he, therefore, had not committed any offence against the French nation. Upon the arrival of the Duc de Tarente to take the command, he thought it right, or expedient, to send his gentleman usher to pay his compliments to the French Marshal. This old officer made his appearance in the Marshal's antechamber, with the air and manner of the

noble of the court of Louis quatorze: a gentleman attached to the House of Bourbon, a *ci-devant* noble, in the ante-chamber of a Maréchal under the Imperial dynasty! The officers of the revolution, and the gay aides-de-camp of the new court, stared with astonishment at their unexpected visitor, and showed no mark of civility or *empressement* towards the stranger, who looked like one of another age, or like a person risen from the dead. The whispers, the hardly suppressed laugh, shewed to the exile the inconvenience of his situation. He did not, however, lose his self-possession, but desired them to inform the Marshal that he was there. The Marshal, on receiving the information, advanced instantly into the ante-chamber, threw his arms round the neck of his visitor, cordially embraced him, and shewed him as much attention as he could have done, had the Prince de Conti been at his own hotel at Paris. It was like a *coup de théâtre:* in a moment, the stranger was surrounded by the Marshal's staff, and the only question seemed to be, who could shew him the greatest attention.

There was something singular in the circumstance that the French army was at that time under the command of the descendant

of a Scotchman, whilst the Spanish army was commanded by the descendant of an Irishman: that the "son of Donald" should be fighting against the "son of Donnell," both, probably, sprung from the same stock, both fighting under foreign banners.

I may as well mention a circumstance which occurred whilst I was at Barcelona. General Lacombe St. Michel, ex-governor of Barcelona, one who had borne his full part in all the transactions of the revolution, little disposed as he might be to admire the measures of an aristocratic Marshal, still lingered on at Barcelona; perhaps, not unconscious that the course of his former government might not altogether meet with the approbation of his Imperial master. One day he was at the theatre, and, in referring to what was passing on the stage, he remarked, "*Il a échoué, comme le Maréchal Macdonald échouera devant Tarragone.*" The anecdote appeared almost immediately in the *Barcelona Gazette.* The General, consequently, found it necessary to insert a long letter in the Barcelona paper, denying the truth of the story: but his letter was a very lame one indeed. His prophecy, however, was not the less fulfilled. . . . .

*(Whilst speaking of this distinguished officer, Macdonald, I cannot do better than insert an anecdote, which was current respecting his conduct at a subsequent period, a period which tried the fidelity of so many of the Marshals of France—the return of Buonaparte from Elba.

Macdonald pursued the line of a strictly honourable man: deserted at Lyons by the army which he was, in fact, to have commanded, (though it was nominally under the command of Monsieur), he adhered to the Bourbons to the last moment, accompanying them to the frontier of France. But when they forsook their country, he left them, and returned to his château, where he continued in retirement: he did not, in his allegiance to his King, forget his duty to his country. It so happened, that one day, either on a journey, or driving out in his carriage, he met Marshal Ney, then on his way to join the army. Ney, upon perceiving Macdonald, sent his aide-de-camp to tell him he wished to speak to him. When Macdonald saw the officer approach, he said to his own aide-de-camp, "Remember that I am asleep."

* Inserted subsequently.

Accordingly, the aide-de-camp announced that the Marshal was asleep. "Wake him, then," said the other; "I bring a message from the Maréchal Prince de Moscowa." The aide-de-camp appeared to use his best efforts to wake him; but the more he tried, the louder Macdonald snored. I think that Ney himself came up, and was left to draw his own conclusions from the extraordinarily sound sleep which had suddenly seized the Duc de Tarente). . . . .

I proceeded to General Guilleminot's, to report myself according to the Marshal's desire. I received a message from the Governor that, upon further consideration, he thought it would be more advisable for me to engage a place in a cart, than to buy horses, as I should probably find difficulty in procuring forage. I followed his recommendation, and succeeded in obtaining a place in a cart, or waggon. It appeared to me, however, a little singular that this was the only information given to me: I was told, neither when the convoy was to assemble, nor at what hour it was to depart; nor was I put under the orders or direction of any person.

Left to make my own enquiries, I found that it was to start at a certain hour from a place at a short distance from the city. Thither, accordingly, I went at the appointed time; and, when all the luggage belonging to our party was placed in the cart, it appeared that there was little, if any, room for ourselves.

I derived great advantage from the society of a young officer, who was one of my companions in the cart, and who gave me all the information necessary to place me upon a proper footing with the old campaigners.

Our force was said to consist of 10,000 men; but, as I heard afterwards from the Governor of Montpellier, was, in reality, of only 7,000.

Our first day's march brought us to the neighbourhood of a village. It was totally deserted, for the inhabitants had all fled at our approach: indeed, we had not seen a single Spaniard during the whole day's march. The village stood in an extensive plain, in which the army bivouacked, whilst the superior officers took possession of the houses. I proceeded to the village, to report myself to General Guilleminot. Upon my

return, I sought in vain for my party, till I almost despaired of finding it. The whole plain was illuminated by a succession of fires: the soldiers had collected themselves into little knots, while the various travellers had mustered round their respective waggons, and had lit their fires, and all were occupied in cooking their suppers. At length, I succeeded in finding my party, who were busied in the same occupation. I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and lay down on the bare ground. But it was to me too unusual a scene to allow of my closing my eyes: it was, indeed, a striking sight, and well calculated to arrest the attention of one who had been so long buried in a *cachot*. The army extended over a considerable plain, and the long line of fires produced a fine effect.

The night, though sufficiently cold to warn us of the approach of winter, was beautifully clear. Some time before daylight, orders were given to march: but it was nearly two hours before we were fairly *en route*. Our road lay, for the most part, through a wild, but beautiful country: it was, indeed, the lowest part of the Pyrenees Mountains that we traversed; but, though

they might not vie with the other parts of that range in sublimity, they were, still, highly picturesque: and, if these pine-clad mountains gave us the idea of a wild, uninhabited country, there was nothing to break the illusion in the deserted villages: scarcely an individual did we see, during our whole march to Gerona.

At night, we generally took up our quarters in one of the deserted villages, and melancholy, indeed, was the scene of devastation that they presented. In the houses, there was nothing left to plunder; but these houses became, in consequence, the object of the soldiers' sport: doors, windows, and any other pieces of wood, were torn down as material for a fire, and I remember one occasion, when, not content with so slow a process, they actually set fire to the house itself, and, at length, extorted from a French General, who was witness of the scene of destruction, this expression, "*Il faut avouer que nous sommes des brigands.*"

I performed, with very little exception, the whole of our march on foot; for our cart was so entirely filled with luggage, that there was not room for more than one person in it. My usual companion was the French

officer, whom I have already mentioned, and I enjoyed to the full my partial liberty, and the wildness of the wandering life of a soldier in Spain.

It was not, however, unaccompanied by fatigue and privations. Our beds, if not always on the cold ground, were scarcely more comfortable; for they consisted of the hard floor of some deserted cottage, and, after our fire had died away, the cold of the nights, as we advanced higher among the mountains, became very severe. . . . .

One day, during the course of our march, I found myself in a singular and interesting position. Previous to our breaking up the bivouac, it was reported that a Spanish army was not far distant, and that we might have an attack. These rumours began to assume a more real aspect, when, upon approaching a village, we found our road interrupted by a sort of stockade, or rampart, composed of pine branches. It appeared, then, that the Spaniards really meant to resist the further advance of our convoy; and I, in the middle of a French army, was to be a quiet spectator of the scene; perhaps to fall by the fire of my friends, perhaps to be rescued from the hands of my enemies.

The last was the feeling uppermost in my mind, and I awaited the result with the greatest eagerness.

But it all ended in smoke. After some halt, and an increased activity on the part of the advance-guard, we passed the stockade, without seeing anything of the enemy by whom it had been raised.

Our provisions were now drawing to a close, but to some of their last remains—a cold omelette, which had been a specimen of the skill in cookery of one of our party, and which I was persuaded to taste at breakfast —I was nearly indebted for my restoration to liberty. It disagreed with me so much, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could drag myself along; and at one point, whilst the troops were passing a rivulet, I thought that I never could have raised myself from a bank on which I had lain down. A few moments of faintness or of sleep, and the convoy would have passed on, and I should have been in the hands of the Spaniards.

I was, however, determined that nothing in my conduct should give grounds for the slightest imputation of a breach of faith, though in persevering in this resolution,

I had no little temptation to resist. I could not repress the conviction, that was every moment gaining greater force on my mind, that it was Marshal Macdonald's secret intention that I should make my escape: indeed, of its being so, I *now* entertain no doubt. In point of fact, according to the strict letter of the law, I was *not* on my parole. I had given no parole, except that I would not leave Barcelona: that had been superseded by my imprisonment, and, on my release, I had not been required to sign another parole: and now I had left Barcelona, the only thing which I was forbidden to do by the parole. But there is a modern refinement, an implied parole; and, if that is once admitted, the more the confidence reposed, the more sacred should be the obligation of not abusing it. On the other side, however, it is rather hard, if, when your enemy neglects, either intentionally or carelessly, to impose the necessary restraint upon you, you, by an overstrained delicacy, are to impose it upon yourself. But, in any question on a point of honour, *on ne transige pas;* so, whatever my suspicions might be as to the intentions of the Marshal, as no hint had been given on the subject, I had but

one course to pursue; and that I determined to follow strictly. . . . .

I do not now remember how many days we were upon our march to Gerona; but it was high time we should arrive there, for our stock of provisions was entirely exhausted, and, for the last day, we had but a meagre allowance of bread to live upon. When we did arrive, what a contrast between our new and our late position! It was like the effect of an enchanter's wand: I felt quite bewildered, and could scarcely believe in the reality of what we saw; for, ever since our departure from Barcelona, we had been traversing a country, as wild and deserted as if it had never possessed inhabitants; the only signs that it had done so, were to be traced in the forsaken villages; and our minds had become accustomed to such a scene of desolation. . . . .

On arriving at Figueras, we were told, at the inn at which we had taken up our quarters, that we might dine at the *table d'hôte.* Accordingly, at the hour of dinner, we went to the room to which we were directed. I opened the door, but immediately drew back in some confusion, for I saw a party of about eight or ten, seated

round a table, at the head of which was a handsome woman *d'un certain âge*, highly rouged, and magnificently dressed, and next to her, the General, whom we had so lately visited as Governor of the Fortress. I was apologising for what I supposed to be an intrusion on a private party, when we were desired to walk in, and take our places at the table. I cannot say that I felt quite at my ease, when I perceived that, in addition to the General, our party consisted of the principal officers of the garrison: nor, could I persuade myself that I was really at a *table d'hôte*. However, such it proved to be. The whole was in character with the rank of the guests; the dinner, both in appearance and cooking, was equal to anything I ever saw, and did honour to the chef, who, as I was assured, had been one of Prince Borghese's twenty cooks. . . . .

There was nothing in the manners of the French officers towards us, that could at all recall to our minds the difference of our situations, or the fact that we were poor prisoners in the presence of our masters. I passed a very pleasant evening, which was not the less agreeable from the singularity of my position. . . . . The officers and I

amused ourselves by going down to the kitchen, and setting the cook off upon his favourite subject, the wonders of Prince Borghese's kitchen. . . . .

From Figueras, we proceeded to Hostalrich. There, the Cavallero accompanied me, as usual, in my visit to the officer in command of the fortress. He received us with civility, and told us that, though we were not far from the frontier, he, still, did not think it safe for us to proceed without a convoy; that he, therefore, wished us to go to the house of the Captain of the Miquelets, and tell the Captain of the Gend'armerie who lived there, to provide us with an escort to conduct us to Perpignan. He entreated us not to suppose that he wished to put a guard over us, as it was solely a measure of precaution for our greater safety. Whether this was the fact, or only a *façon de parler*, we, of course, could not judge, but proceeded immediately, according to his directions, to the house of the Captain of the Miquelets. The Captain of the Gend'armerie was not at home, and we waited a considerable time for his return, during which the Captain of the Miquelets drew the Cavallero aside, and took him into another room,

whilst I remained in conversation with some Italian officers who were present. After some time had elapsed, the Cavallero returned, and, thinking it useless to wait any longer for the Captain of the Gend'armerie, we left our message and retired. As soon as we had got at a sufficient distance from the house to prevent any fear of our being overheard, the Cavallero addressed me to this effect: "I have got something to communicate to you. You would observe that the Captain of the Miquelets took me into another room: he there stated to me that, though he was engaged in the service of the French, he was, in reality, a sincere patriot, an ardent lover of his country. That a very erroneous opinion of his character had been formed by the Spaniards, and that he was prepared to give a proof of his patriotism by effecting our liberation. He said that the Spanish outposts were only at one league's distance from the town, and that, if we could meet him at one o'clock in the morning, he would himself conduct us safely to within a short distance from their posts: that the only recompense he asked was, that we would assure the Spaniards of his zeal in the common cause. Now," concluded the

Cavallero, "my answer to him was, that I would be entirely guided by you; that, if you were willing, I would; but that I would not go unless you would accompany me. Now, what do you say?" My answer was, that my mind had been made up from the first; that I had determined not to attempt my escape; that, had I intended to have done so, I should not have required the assistance of a Captain of Miquelets, but should long ago have been far away; that, however, my decision ought to have no influence on his; for I was a prisoner, but he was a deserter: that I could not violate the confidence that had been reposed in me; but it was for him to consider, whether there was greater dishonour to him in keeping, or in breaking, his parole; whether the duty he owed to his country, ought not to supersede all other considerations. I begged that, at all events, he should not allow consideration for me to have any weight in his decision.

However unjustifiable might have been the weakness of this young man in deserting, still the principles of Castilian honour were uppermost in his mind; anxious as he was, to accept of so dazzling an offer, elated

with the hope of being restored to his friends, his country and his home, nothing could induce him to forsake me, and to expose me to the consequences in which I might be involved by his escape. It was, accordingly, determined to reject the offer of the Captain of Miquelets.

The following day, we set out at the hour fixed by the Captain of the Gend'armerie. . . .

Now that we approached nearer to the frontier, the inhabitants, who were accustomed to a more habitual intercourse with the French, did not, like their more patriotic countrymen, forsake their habitations, but aimed at deriving all the profits they could from the pockets of their enemies. Cold and hungry, I got out of the cart, and entered a cottage near which we halted, and was not a little pleased at seeing some coffee smoking on the fire. Whilst I was enjoying, what was to me so great a luxury, I was surprised to hear the Captain making a great outcry, which, I found, was solely occasioned by my absence, and he charged his men, on no account to lose sight of me for a moment. I was struck with this unusual degree of anxiety respecting me, but soon forgot it.

In the middle of the day, we halted at a village, the little inn of which was so crowded with the people who had taken advantage of our escort to return to France, that we could not get anything to eat, or even find a place in which we could sit down.

We were now not much above a league from the frontier. I sent one of the Spanish officers to the Captain of the Gend'armerie, to ask if he would allow us to walk on to the next village, which was at two leagues' distance. He returned with an answer that he would comply with my request, if I would give him my honour not to attempt my escape. He soon came himself, and put that question to me. I told him that, if I had intended to have made my escape, I should not have waited so long, that I considered myself on parole, and was ready to give him any further assurance that he might require. Convinced that I had no intentions of escaping, he consented to our proceeding. Accordingly, on we went on foot; and I much enjoyed the walk and comparative liberty.

As we approached the frontier of France, I could not help reverting to the uncertainty of my future prospects. I could not leave

Spain, in which I had spent so many months of happiness, and some of misery, without feeling a strong interest in her welfare, and without great anxiety for the result of the war, which, notwithstanding all the errors in the manner in which it had been conducted, is still the most glorious struggle for liberty that modern times have seen.

At length we passed the frontier, and I was in France. We soon got to the village to which we were bound, and succeeded in procuring some dinner, which we were able to discuss at our ease, before the convoy made its appearance. We then proceeded onwards, and arrived at Perpignan before night.

The following morning we were conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. The secretary began by taking down the names of the Spaniards. He then turned to me, and, after writing down my name, added "*déserteur*," with a look of utter contempt: I spurned the title with no slight indignation, and explained to him that I was a prisoner. The instantaneous change in his manner did credit to his feelings. He expressed, however, no little surprise at not having received any communications respecting me, which fully confirmed

the opinion I had before entertained, that Marshal Macdonald intended me to make my escape. The impression, indeed, on my mind is, that the secretary made use of some such phrase as, "What do you want here?" but here, unfortunately, I was, and, therefore, was put upon my parole, and ordered to proceed to Verdun. Instead of a passport, I had a *feuille de route,* which gave me a month for the journey, being calculated at the rate of a soldier's march, upon the supposition that I should have to proceed on foot. The Spanish officers were ordered to one of the dépôts for the organisation of the Spanish troops.

Upon our return to the inn, a young Spanish girl took an opportunity to draw the young Cavallero into another room. Upon his return, he addressed me thus: "I owe you my life: the proposal made by the Captain of the Miquelets was an act of the blackest treachery: his object was to tempt us to endeavour to escape, that he might have an opportunity of giving a distinguished proof of his zeal in the cause of the French; and, as the explanation we should have given of the transaction, would not have corresponded with his, we should

have been murdered, as the only way of ensuring our silence, as well as to give an additional proof of his devotion. If you had not been firm, I should have accepted the offer, and my death would have been the consequence. You observed," added he, "the anxiety the Captain of the Gend'armerie showed about you during our march, and you will remember the order he gave to his men never to lose sight of you. The traitor, finding that he had failed in his plan, and failed owing to you, denounced you, declaring that you intended to escape during the march." I listened to his account with astonishment: I could scarcely bring myself to believe that there could exist so deliberate, so base a villian. (I met subsequently, when residing at Versailles, a *ci-devant* Aide-de-camp of Marshal Macdonald's. We found no little gratification in talking over the adventures of former times, and, when I told him this story, he expressed no surprise, but said that it was quite in keeping with the usual rascality of the man. He confirmed my opinion that the Marshal wished me to escape.) . . . .

PART III.

VERDUN.

FROM Perpignan, I went in the diligence as far as Narbonne; and I determined to make a halt there. . . . . I was pleased with the old-fashioned appearance of the town, and was the more disposed in its favour, from its being the first town in which I had enjoyed a little comparative liberty. Having established myself in the inn, my next step was to go to the circulating library, to get a book with which to while away the time. The bookseller informed me that he only let out books to subscribers. I pressed him hard, but in vain. At last, he asked my name. "Stanhope." "*Ah!*" said he, "*êtes-vous de la famille du Comte de Chesterfield?*" "*Oui, Monsieur.*" "*Monsieur, toute ma boutique est à vous,*" cried he in a state of enthusiasm: and, I believe, I came in for part of the veneration he felt for the author of the

"Letters." At all events I got my book.*

. . . .

In one of the places through which we passed, we received an addition to our party, in the person of an old gentleman, who came, with his portmanteau under his arm, to apply for a place in the *voiture*. I at once perceived from his manner, that he was an *ancien noble*, nor, perhaps, was he unwilling that we should be aware of the fact. . . . .

He soon let us into the whole history of his life, and we ascertained that, previous to the Revolution, he had been a Colonel in the army. . . . . He at once got deep into the history of former times, and amused us

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* When we were travelling on the Continent, I remember that I was astonished at the enthusiasm with which foreigners greeted the name of Stanhope, the one English name that they seemed to know and to respect: "*Ah! mais vous avez un très-beau nom.*" This was most marked in Germany, probably owing to former diplomatic relations. When we were travelling through that country in our own carriage, our great amusement, while we were changing horses, was to watch the crowd which assembled round us, to study the arms on the panels; and their astonishment was great, on seeing my mother's three white spread eagles in one of the quarters; the royal bird, that no one was allowed to use: and when they saw the motto, "*A Deo et Rege*," they settled that we *must* be royal.—A. M. W. P.

not a little by his expressions of gratitude to the Prince de Condé, for what!—for not having sent him to the Bastille, in consequence of his having once forgotten the respect due to the Royal family, while pressing the Prince with a petition! . . . . He was led by the presence of an Englishman, into a long discussion on the battles of Crecy and Agincourt, and concluded by assuring us that it was quite a mistake to suppose that the English had beaten the French. . . . . Whilst discussing the different manners of different countries, ... he said, that one day, when he was paying a visit at the house of some grand *seigneur*, an Englishman was announced: he immediately retreated from the hearth, near which he was standing, as an act of courtesy to the stranger, who at once took full possession of the fire, without the slightest apology or compliment to him. After the Englishman had left the room, he remarked to his host on the deficiency in politeness exhibited in this conduct; upon which, the master of the house gave him a severe lecture on the impropriety of forming conclusions without sufficient investigation, and explained to him how great was the difference in manners in different countries,

concluding with, "that gentleman whom you are accusing of want of politeness and manners of the world, *c'est Lord Fitzwilliam.*" I was pleased to find from this anecdote, that Lord Fitzwilliam's name is as well known, and his character as highly appreciated, in France as it is in England.

On arriving at the town where we were to dine, the old gentleman addressed us in these words, "I cannot afford to pay the same price that you probably do for your dinner, but I am known here, and, if you will leave the arrangements to me, you shall dine for forty sous, and I will engage that you shall have as good a dinner as you would get for double the money." We assented, ... and had an excellent dinner. . . . .

Just before we got to Pont Saint Esprit, our *ancien noble* took leave of us, and again mounted his portmanteau on his shoulder. . . . . I could not see a man, whose air alone showed the rank and position of life in which he had been placed by birth, reduced to a state of comparative poverty, without feeling the greatest commiseration for him. Whatever may have been the faults of the French nobility, they have

shewn, in their adversity, a dignity of conduct which will justly entitle them to the admiration of posterity, and ought to have preserved them from the ridicule to which their old-fashioned prejudices have exposed them. They have shewn that true nobility is independent of money, and can rise superior to poverty. . . . .

On leaving Villefranche we had all* agreed to take up our quarters at the same inn, on our arrival at Mâcon. The appearance of this inn soon convinced us that we had not been wrong in our selection, and we congratulated ourselves on being introduced into a handsome, well-furnished room.

The young American was kind enough to accompany me in my visit to the Commissary of War, to whom I went to get my *feuille de route viséed.* We afterwards sat down to an excellent supper, accompanied by some of the celebrated Vin de Mâcon. As this was the most splendid inn I had seen in France, I was not a little surprised at the landlady making her appearance, and informing us that she could not accommo-

* *I.e.*, my father and some chance travelling companions, including an American, with whom he had previously made friends.—A. M. W. P.

date us with separate apartments, that she, therefore, hoped we should not object to a double-bedded room. This was not an arrangement to suit the fastidious taste of an Englishman; but there was no help for it; and the American and I, not feeling ourselves so much strangers to each other as we did to the Frenchmen, naturally agreed to occupy the same room. The beds were excellent; indeed, so much so, that I felt considerable reluctance at leaving mine at four o'clock in the morning.

I must not, however, take my leave of the inn, without relating two stories, which were told me by a gentleman who got into the diligence at Mâcon. I had expressed my astonishment at our having been required to sleep two in a room, at an inn of so much pretension, when our new companion observed, that it was the custom of the house, and that, in consequence of it, a most singular adventure had befallen him; indeed, that *two* occurrences of so extraordinary a nature had happened to him there, that nothing should ever tempt him to go into the house again. He arrived there, he said, one evening, and enquired for a bed, at the same time telling the

landlady, that he intended taking his place in the diligence on the following morning. She replied, that, as the house was full, she hoped that he would not object to sleeping in the same room with a gentleman, who was also going by the diligence. She said that he was a person with whom she was well acquainted, and for whom she could answer, as being a man of perfect respectability. Upon retiring to his room, he found that his companion was already in bed, and, apparently, asleep, for the curtains of his bed were drawn quite close. When he got up in the morning, he found the curtains still undrawn, and, though he made some noise in dressing himself, the gentleman did not awake. He thought it right to endeavour to rouse him: "Sir," said he, "I have not the honour of knowing you, but the landlady told me you were going by the diligence; allow me to say, that, if you do not make haste, you will be too late." To this he received no answer: he called to him again in a much louder tone; still no answer: astonished at so determined a silence, he began to think that something must be the matter, and drew back the curtain; when the sight that met his eyes

was a body covered with blood, and a dagger sticking in its breast! His consternation and horror may be more easily imagined than expressed. When his agitation had in some degree subsided, his thoughts reverted to himself. What a situation! How to clear himself from the suspicion of having committed the murder? Fortunately he was well known; his character was above suspicion; and this preserved him from the possibility of such an accusation.

The second occurrence to which he had referred, also took place when he was himself at that inn. A certain Captain, who held an office of some importance in Lyons, and who, by his exactions, had amassed a large fortune, rendering himself universally detested, arrived there one evening, accompanied by his mistress. He ordered a supper in his bedroom, and invited two of his friends to sup with him. At midnight a dreadful scream was heard; the whole house was alarmed; and the Captain was found lying dead in the street, directly under the window of his room, from which he had, evidently, been precipitated. Guards were immediately stationed round the house,

out of which no one was allowed to go; so that my fellow-traveller found himself a second time implicated in a most alarming transaction. All researches proved ineffectual, the Captain's mistress, and his two friends, having succeeded in making their escape during the confusion of the first alarm.

From Mâcon we went to Châlons and Dijon. . . . . At four o'clock in the morning, I embarked in a miserable vehicle assuming the distinguished name of diligence. I was not long in discovering all the miseries of my situation. One of the windows resisted all my efforts to draw it up, and, to make me more sensible of this inconvenience, the cold was intense, and the wind high. The road presented the appearance of one continuous sheet of ice, and the horses had not been rough-shod; so that, instead of trotting, they went sliding on, till, at length, down came one of them, and, in spite of the repeated efforts of our coachman, or rather coachwoman (for our Phaeton was a female), would not rise. At length, however, she got him up; but down he went again. She then declared that it

was in vain to attempt to proceed, and that we must return to Dijon. . . . . We turned round; but down fell one of the horses again, and the coach came to a standstill. . . . . How long we remained in this position, I cannot tell; but, at length, we discovered that our coachwoman had quietly stolen away, and left us, coach and all, in the middle of the road, under the sole protection of a little boy. . . . . We took refuge in a cottage, ... and then walked back to Dijon. . . . .

On leaving Commercy, where I had stayed a few days, I found the cold much more severe than it had yet been; the snow had drifted so much, that the roads were frequently impassable. In several places it was higher than our vehicle itself, so that we were obliged to diverge, and steer our course across the fields as well as we could; and, in so doing, incurred no little risk of wandering entirely out of our way. At length, our further progress seemed to be totally stopped by a piece of water, which was but lightly frozen. Yet, to pass through it was absolutely necessary, as there was no other road. On to the ice, accordingly, we drove; but, at every step, it broke under

the horses' feet, and it was no easy task for them to drag on the *patache*. At length, when they had got it fairly into the middle of the water, alarmed and exhausted, they refused to advance. In vain the driver used all the encouraging, and all the menacing expressions he could devise; in vain he employed his whip with all the energy he could muster; not a step would the horses move. Our case was hopeless, it was equally impossible to advance or recede; our fate seemed to be irrecoverably fixed, there to remain in the midst of a pool, till we were starved to death. At a little distance was a village, the inhabitants of which, perceiving our situation, collected in numbers on the opposite bank; but not one of them would venture to trust himself upon the ice, lest he, too, might become a partner in our misfortune. In this position we had remained an hour, when one man, more courageous than the rest, ventured to advance sufficiently far upon the ice, to be able to throw us a mattock, or some such instrument. With this we succeeded in breaking the ice, step by step, under the horses' feet, and, at length, effected our liberation, and proceeded to St. Michel,

where we arrived, almost perishing with cold. I dined there, whilst the horses were getting that rest of which they stood so much in need, and finally arrived at Verdun a little before six, the hour at which the gates were closed.

I was stopped at the gates by the gend'armes, and conducted to the citadel, where was the Commandant's office; but, as he was then at the theatre, they took me to the principal inn, "*Les trois Maures.*"

Thus ended my long journey through France, by my arrival at my prison-house [about January, 1811]. . . . .

After I had been put on my parole, I called upon Mr. Hamilton,* a young midshipman, a relation to Mr. Innes, who had written to him to look out for lodgings for me. . . . , I secured some very good rooms, and obtained the additional advantage of being *en pension* in the family of my landlord, Monsieur Sainctelette. He was a retired jeweller, and, having shaken off the trammels of business, considered himself elevated in the scale of society. Though no

* Subsequently consul at Boulogne. See Vol. I., p. 312.

longer obliged to work for his livelihood, he had sufficient sense, which so few possess, to be able to derive amusement from occupation. . . . . In his own sanctum, he would often revert to his former trade. . . . . One of his favourite occupations was painting. He was a heaven-born painter, and most original were the productions of his brush: however, he was satisfied, and proud of them; and that was the essential. Taking him altogether, he was one of the happiest men I ever met. He would sometimes tell me, with no little pride, of his having been selected, I believe I may say, compelled to paint the decorations of the fête given at Verdun in honour of the restoration of the worship of God. The device was, "*La Nation Française reconnait un Être Suprême;*" on which he would remark, "What a degree of condescension on their part!" . . . . His wife had, in former times, been very pretty, ... and their eldest daughter had married an Italian count, and was "*Madame la Comtesse.*" . . . .

Though we had, generally, no positive suffering to complain of at Verdun, yet there is a sort of weariness in the life of an exile, which none can understand who

have not experienced its intensity. Hitherto, I had almost lived upon futurity; my thoughts had been constantly occupied in planning tours, and in looking forward to adventures; in short, I had been busied with every description of air-built castles; *now* there was no room for futurity; I could not, I dared not, look that way; scarcely could I find there a single ray of light to cheer the prospect. The negotiation for an exchange of prisoners had totally failed. The hope of any conclusion to the war appeared more distant than ever; whilst the Emperor lived, peace seemed to be impossible; and he might live twenty years, without the slightest diminution of his energy or his ambition: we could scarcely calculate upon a shorter period. Twenty years at Verdun! What a cold chill came over me, when that thought crossed my mind. Twenty years! at a time when amusement is the principal object of a man's life, and in a position, too, which gave me all the enjoyment of life, without any of its cares: at an age (and I was then not devoid of ambition) when, if I wished to take an active part in public business, not a moment was

to be lost, as every day would make me less fitted for the task.

Sometimes, I may say, often, did my thoughts revert to London. What a contrast did the dull monotony of Verdun offer to the gaiety and enjoyments of a London season! In vain I looked for the slightest glimpse of hope; none could I see in the state of the political world: with the single exception of Spain, success seemed to follow the Imperial arms in every quarter. There was but one source from which we could, any of us, derive the slightest consolation, and that was from the character of Napoleon himself. We flattered ourselves that his insatiable ambition, after having prompted him to the execution of everything that was practicable, would finally urge him to attempt impossibilities. . . . .

Hopeless, however, as my situation appeared, I was determined not to sit down with my hands before me, and give way to despair; but to muster up all my courage, and make the best of my position. I engaged all the masters I could find: I had every day a French master, a fencing-master, and a dancing-master: subsequently I learnt

German, and even went through a course of mathematics, according to the French mode of teaching, which I much prefer to ours. I breakfasted early; went to my club every day at one o'clock; mounted my horse at two, and returned punctually at five. . . . . Our limits extended to two leagues, and my horse knew them as well as I did, for he invariably turned round when he came to the invisible boundary. At six, I dined with the family of my landlord, and in winter, spent the evening with them, or went to the theatre, which was next door. . . . . I usually walked after dinner with Captain Strachey, of the navy, who was, in general, the companion, both of my rides and my walks. Our other public places of resort were the clubs, of which we had two. We had, also, our racecourse, and our regular races. . . . .

The state of our society in Verdun may, in some degree, be imagined: a thousand people of different characters and habits, collected together in one town, without any occupation to divert the tedium of their lives! Indeed, the society with which we were necessarily mixed up, was one of the greatest misfortunes arising from our deten-

tion, composed, as it was in a great degree, of the refuse of those who had been arrested by Buonaparte's orders at the time of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens: the *détenus,* as they were designated. . . . . The rest of our society consisted of officers in the army, the navy, and the merchant service. . . . . In the commencement, the *détenus,* imagining that their detention would be of but short duration, ... had launched into every sort of extravagance, ... and the French Government, to their eternal disgrace, had had the cruelty to send from Paris a faro table to complete their ruin. . . . . The mixing of the officers of the two services in one dépôt, was productive of no less evil, than the mixing of these with the *détenus:* . . . . the midshipmen, claiming the same rank as the ensigns, thought that, while on shore, they were entitled to the same privileges as the latter, and resisted every attempt on the part of their captains to enforce discipline: and a wilder race of beings than a body of midshipmen, when emancipated from all authority, is hardly to be conceived. . . . . The genuine midshipman does not improve or grow older with years, but only with rank; and at forty,

he is as wild, and as much a boy, as at sixteen: but promote him, and he is instantly an altered man. . . . . The commandant was so well aware of the character of the midshipmen, that he told me one day, that he would rather command ten thousand French troops, than the fifty mids at Verdun. . . . . The jealousies arising between the members of the two professions were, also, constant sources of disturbance, and of endless duels. . . . . In fact, it was a common saying, that, if an angel had come down to Verdun, he would soon have become, or have been made out to be, a devil.* . . . .

The Commandant of Verdun was Colonel Courcelles. He was, probably, a soldier of fortune, for, undoubtedly, he was not a gentleman, either in his manners or ideas: he was not, however, an ill-natured man, and I, personally, had no reason to complain

* Various stories are related in the journal of the escapades of the prisoners. In these, there is frequent mention of the names of Lord Boyle and Lord Blaney, the latter of whom, from his wild freaks, had obtained the reputation amongst the French of being mad. One compound Hibernicism is too good not to be reproduced: a certain Irishman went at midnight with a candle, to see what time of day it was by the sun-dial.—S. P.

of him. . . . . He was not daring enough to be a villain, but had no objection to such little acts of peculation as he thought might be committed without exposing himself to risk. . . . . But he did not escape punishment; for some of the prisoners contrived to forward a complaint against him to the French Government, ... and, as a result of an enquiry, he lost his post, whilst poor Masson, his paymaster, whom he had induced to burn the ledger, in order to destroy the evidence against him, was driven to put an end to his own life. . . . .

Courcelles' predecessor, General Wirion, was a man of more desperate type; his conduct towards the prisoners was atrocious; his principal object being, to extort large sums of money from them. . . . . These extortions were carried to such a length, that the English at Verdun made a formal complaint to the government: the General was summoned to Paris, and ended by shooting himself in the Bois de Boulogne.

. . .

Our next Commandant, after Courcelles, was the Baron de Beauchêne, a gentlemanlike, excellent man, against whom I never heard even a whisper of complaint. . . . .

Henry Stanhope (Lord Chesterfield's son) was at this time at Verdun; he had been a midshipman in a man-of-war, which had been shipwrecked on the coast of France early in the war, and the crew had been made prisoners. Since that time, he had been leading a very quiet, retired life, and had latterly had his brother, Charles, as a sharer and solace of his captivity. Charles, who was a captain in the army, was taken prisoner at Talavera, and was sent to Verdun. . . . .

Henry Stanhope, with fifty other midshipmen, had been, in consequence of some acts of insubordination, ... confined in the citadel in one long room, probably, the former dormitory of the monks. . . . . Henry at once determined to make his escape. It happened that, at that moment, some workmen were employed in making alterations in the grates of the citadel, and this suggested to him an easy mode of effecting his disguise. He blackened his face, put some tongs or shovels on his shoulders, and boldly sallied forth, under the assumed character of a workman. It was late, the keeper of the citadel-gate had just turned the key; but, upon seeing him approach, was so completely deceived, that he actually re-opened

the gates, and gave him free egress. He proceeded to the place of concealment which his brother had provided for him, and assumed the disguise of a French peasant. . . . . As the military were ever on the look-out for peasants endeavouring to escape the conscription, it was extraordinary that Henry should, even by keeping to the forests, and avoiding the towns and villages, have succeeded in arriving so far as the immediate vicinity of Luxemburg. But he did so; and there he was retaken.

The first information that we received of this occurrence was from the Commandant himself, who had been outrageous at his escape, and was no less delighted at his recapture. He announced it to Henry's landlord, by sending him word, that he might have tea ready for Mr. Stanhope, the midshipman. To Verdun, accordingly, after the lapse of a few days, he was brought back, and confined in the strongest prison in the citadel, a tower known by the name of the Tour d'Angoulême, from the circumstance of its having been occupied by that unfortunate Duke at the commencement of the French Revolution. The circumstances of the moment were peculiar: a decree

had lately been issued, ordering that any prisoner taken in attempting to escape from the place of his detention, should be tried by a court-martial, and, if convicted, be condemned to the galleys for seven years; . . . . and orders had been sent from Paris, peremptorily enjoining to all court-martials to condemn any English prisoners brought before them: the excitement created in the town by Henry's recapture was, consequently, very great. What could he do? was the universal question. Would a Stanhope, a British sailor, submit to such an indignity. . . . . Henry showed a noble feeling: "Nothing," said he, "that they can do, can degrade me: I cannot be disgraced, so long as I do nothing unworthy of a man of honour." I was delighted with his spirit. From the kindness and gentleness of his disposition, I had never given him credit for the firmness and decision which he now displayed. Not the least cast down by his failure, nor dispirited by his close confinement, he appeared perfectly composed; and so cheerful, that one could hardly have imagined that anything unusual had occurred. He frequently declared that, do what they would with him, he was deter-

mined to escape; and that a man, when really determined, was certain of ultimate success.

He, in common with several other prisoners in the Tour d'Angoulême, was allowed to walk within the bastion in which the tower is situated, for two or three hours every day. At these times, I generally accompanied Charles to see him. As we were pursuing our walk towards the citadel, Charles informed me that he intended making a proposal to his brother, which, if he could induce him to accept it, would make it necessary for me to return immediately into the town. He then added, that it was his intention to propose to him to change his clothes with him: that, as they were nearly of the same height, he had little doubt but that his brother might safely represent him, and elude the eye of the sentinel who guarded the bastion. I was so much pleased with this noble instance of fraternal affection, that I refrained from offering any observations that might tend to throw even a shadow of a doubt upon his chance of success, and assured him that I should be willing to comply with his request: but, in my own mind, I was fully convinced, not

only that the plan was impracticable, from the dissimilarity of the features of the two brothers, but that no consideration whatever would induce Henry to purchase his own liberation at his brother's expense. Nor was I wrong in my estimate of his character: the brothers met, and, after a few minutes' conversation, Henry came up to me, and communicated to me what Charles had proposed to him, but added, that it was entirely out of the question, as, to such an arrangement, were it, indeed, practicable, he never could have acceded. . . . .

Four months did Henry remain a close prisoner in the Tour d'Angoulême. The time for trial at length was fixed. The court-martial met. He entered the court with the bold and gallant bearing of a British sailor, and with an air as composed and unconcerned, as if he had been a mere spectator of the scene, in which he was to be a principal actor. . . . . The Colonel who presided, and who appeared to be a gentlemanlike man, entered into a definition of the word parole, and concluded with emphasis, "*Moi, Français, je la considère comme cela.*" Upon which Henry advanced

two steps towards him, and exclaimed, "*Et moi, Anglais, je ne la considère pas comme cela.*"

The court then retired, and in a few minutes returned with a verdict of "guilty."

The prisoner was led into the court-yard, all the Gend'armerie drawn up, and the sentence read, degrading him from his rank as an officer, and condemning him to the galleys for six years.

He was then transferred, under an escort of the Gend'armerie, to the Porte Chaussée, a criminal prison. We accompanied him there: he walked through the streets, with an air that had in it more of triumph than of subjection. So little, indeed, was he subdued, that he told me, that, on that night, he intended to attempt his escape, if his brother could contrive to convey him a rope and a file. The following day, he was conveyed to the civil prison: it was held that, having been degraded from his rank as an officer, he had become subject to the civil power. Charles succeeded in sending to England a printed copy of the sentence, and our Government immediately took up the case, and informed the French Government that, if any English officers were sent

to the galleys, all the French officers who were prisoners in England should be sent immediately to Fort St. George.

There was one great advantage arising from this change in the place of his confinement. As the civil prison was that in which the debtors were confined, there was a constant intercourse carried on with the town, without the same amount of precaution that was adopted in the military prison. . . . . The prisoners all occupied a room, through which a person must pass in order to go into the prison; and through this room there was, therefore, a pretty constant passage; and it required a sharp and discriminating eye indeed, to distinguish a prisoner from a visitor.

It was upon this circumstance, that I grounded a plan for his escape. He had changed his dress, and assumed one more in character with his new situation as a galley-slave. His costume consisted of a pair of grey trousers, and a round grey jacket. I proposed to him, that a party of his friends should pay him a visit, that he should then change his dress, put on breeches, boots and a coat, and disguise his face by means of a dark-coloured wig

and whiskers, (the natural colour of his hair being light), and should then boldly walk out in the middle of our party. This he peremptorily refused, as he said that he would never agree to anything that would compromise any other person.

I then recommended him to adopt the same plan of disguise, and walk through the jailor's room boldly, with the unconcerned air of a person unconnected with the prison. This plan he determined to follow.

I ought, however, to say a few words respecting the prison-house itself. It was a miserable building: Henry had, perhaps, the best apartment in it; but bad, indeed, was the best; for it was so damp, that the wet ran down the walls in streams. To remedy this inconvenience, his kind landlady had sent in a stove, as well as such other comforts as she thought he most required. This cell, however, derived a considerable interest in my eyes, from its having a gothic carved roof.

His brother and I generally visited him every day. The plan for his escape was matured; and, at length, the day arrived on which it was to be attempted. It was a Sunday, on which day, as Charles had pre-

viously ascertained, the jailor was to be out. Two o'clock was the appointed hour; I was pacing up and down the Grand Rue with Captain Strachey, in anxious expectation of the result, when I perceived Charles approaching: he passed me rapidly, crying out as he passed, "All's well." It had been previously arranged that we should not, for some time, have the slightest communications, as we knew that we should be closely watched. It was, therefore, not till some time after, that I learned the particulars of Henry's escape. He had walked through the jailor's room, dressed in the manner I have already described: the jailor's daughter had a sort of confused notion that she knew the face, but he gave her no time to recollect herself, for he was out of the door in an instant. He had, however, hardly set his foot in the street, before she had collected her ideas, and given the alarm: but it was too late: he had run, as a man would run for life or death, and was safely concealed in the place of refuge before his pursuers could get upon his track.

The sensation created in the town by his escape was very great, and the fury and indignation of the authorities unbounded.

The jailor ran about the town with a sword in his hand, declaring that, if he could find him, he would cut him down. Domiciliary visits were threatened; but, even in that case, he was secure in the house in which he was concealed, and which his brother did not reveal, even to me; though he told me that it was the only one in Verdun which the Commandant dared not search. Charles told me, also, that there was a spy placed over me, and another over him; but that he had succeeded in defeating the one attached to him, by means of a counter spy.

The plan adopted for Henry's escape from the town, was that which I had previously suggested, of travelling as a French officer, in a military hat, blue great-coat, and a *croix* to his buttonhole. . . . . He remained concealed in the town for above a month, and, during that time, found it expedient to change his quarters: but I was never allowed to see him. . . . .

At length arrived the day fixed upon for his escape. His brother had bought two horses, and engaged, as a servant and guide, a man who was employed at Drake's livery-stables. This man left the town on foot, and Colonel

Wyndham's servant took the horses to a neighbouring village. Just as Henry was about to scale the walls, word was brought to him that all was discovered: "Well, never mind," said he, "here goes!" and over the wall he flung, walked to the village, where he found the horses, mounted, and was off at a gallop. Colonel Wyndham's servant was taken up, upon his re-entering the gates, and the guide, also, upon his return to Verdun, was thrown into prison. Narrowly as they escaped seizing Henry, I believe that they were not aware of the prize within their reach. . . . . That they were in possession of the greater part of the plan for the escape of *a* prisoner, was evident, but I believe that they were, none of them, aware that the prisoner in question was Henry Stanhope.

The character he had assumed, was that of a Swiss officer belonging to the regiment then quartered at Verdun. He wore the ribbon of the *croix* at his buttonhole, and was well supplied with papers to meet all common enquiries. He did not experience the slightest difficulty in his journey; though he once very nearly found himself in an awkward predicament; for he was informed

by the landlord, at one of the inns at which he stopped, that there was an officer, then in the town, belonging to his regiment, and was much pressed to stay to see him; which, to the landlord's infinite astonishment, he positively declined. He, at length, reached the termination of his journey, but what port it was, I do not remember: at any rate, he succeeded in procuring a boat, and, putting to sea, was soon picked up by an English vessel.* . . . .

During my residence at Verdun a great part of the Imperial Guard passed through the town on their way to Wilna, the head quarters of the army destined to act against Russia. To judge from the troops we saw, never was a finer army assembled in modern Europe. These were the *élite*, but, in themselves, they almost constituted an army.

* My father told me of, and alludes in his journal to, many other interesting stories of escapes effected by prisoners from Verdun: one escaped in a cart of hay; another assumed the disguise of a courier carrying despatches to the *Grande Armée;* a third passed himself off as a customs-officer, and accompanied a division of the army, meeting with the greatest attention and civility from both officers and men. There were many others; but, naturally, the escape of Henry Stanhope was the one which interested him most.—A. M. W. P.

Of all the regiments we saw, perhaps the most striking was that of the Polish Lancers; though there were, undoubtedly, others, which consisted of taller and larger men, yet, in activity, in proportion and lightness of limb, the Lancers far excelled the rest. They halted for a day at Verdun, and upon that occasion were inspected, so that we had sufficient opportunity of forming some opinion upon their general appearance. . . . .

In the evening, a disturbance arose in the theatre, in consequence of an attempt of a French officer to force his way into our box. The Polish officers, indignant at this man's conduct, all took part against him, ... and a strict alliance was formed between these Poles and the English prisoners. We gave them a supper, which they returned the next morning with a breakfast. "We like you," said they, "because you *are* free, and we, too, *were* free." . . . . Few things could have irritated the Emperor more seriously than such a *rapprochement* between the officers of his guard and the English prisoners. This magnificent regiment was totally annihilated in the ensuing Moscow campaign.

A Dutch regiment of the Guards, also, passed through Verdun. It was composed of the finest men I ever saw, but then, there was a Dutch heaviness about them, which, though it might make their appearance more imposing, rendered them, in my opinion, infinitely less qualified for active service than the lighter and more gracefully-formed Poles.

The Guards had all passed; the army was concentrated and ready to move: that was the moment at which Napoleon himself generally took the command. His departure from Paris was hardly ever known before his arrival at the head-quarters, as he always travelled with the greatest rapidity. No sooner did he arrive, than the army was in movement, and the campaign commenced.

It was announced in Verdun, that the Emperor was to pass through the town. Some preparations were made for his reception; an address was to be presented by the *Maire* and other authorities; and one of the streets in the middle of the town, which was very steep, was to be covered with gravel.

Long before the expected time of his arrival, I took up my station with a fellow prisoner on the top of the Rue St. Pierre,

and waited in patient expectation to see the would-be Lord of the Human Race pass by. At length the carriage was seen approaching. My companion remarked to me, "Now, if any body should shoot at him, we shall be inevitably cut down." "An agreeable reflection, at all events," said I. At the top of the street, the wheel was locked, and the carriage descended the hill at a foot's pace, so that I had ample opportunity of seeing the Man of Destiny; and to see him I was determined, *coûte qui coûte.* I put my glass to my eye, advanced with the carriage, and actually contrived to get between Rustan, the celebrated Mameluke, and the window. I cared not for *les convenances,* or the rules and etiquettes of courts, but actually stared him down. Yes, I may boast that I made Napoleon himself draw back.

And now, how shall I describe him? He was in a coloured night-cap, not a very Imperial, nor, at any time, a becoming, costume: he had travelled all night, which, also, is neither calculated to improve a man's beauty, nor to shed a ray of good-humour over his countenance. His face looked swollen, his complexion sallow and livid; his eyes—but it is impossible to describe the

expression of those eyes: I need only say that they were the true index to his character. There was in them a depth of reflection, a power of intention (if I may so call it) of seeing into the souls of men; there was a murkiness, a dark scowl, that made me exclaim, "Nothing in the world would tempt me to go one hour in that carriage with that man!" I could understand the power of that eye, under the glance of which the proudest heart in France shrank abashed; but, still, the whole countenance rather brought to my memory the early impressions I had formed of a moody schoolmaster, than those of a Cæsar or Alexander. It would not be possible to give a more faithful representation of the appearance and expression of his countenance at that moment, than that given on the coins of the Kingdom of Italy.

The sight of the English was, certainly, not calculated to excite pleasing emotions in his mind. The Empress, on the contrary, who, perhaps, retained something of her former impressions in favour of the English, looked round her with an air of kindness and affability. General Cox, the *ci-devant* governor of Almeida, advanced to the window,

and presented to her a petition, which she received with a gracious smile, and handed over to Napoleon: he took it, but took no further notice of it.

Whilst the horses were changing, the authorities presented their address; and he then proceeded on his way.

* (On his way to that campaign which was to prove the commencement of his fall from the height of power which he now occupied; a height unparalleled in the history of modern Europe. Who can look back now at the wonderful success which had attended his previous career, at the point at which he now stood—if not commanding all Europe, at least, able to dictate to all her nations but one: his power apparently confirmed by his marriage with an Archduchess, by his alliance with the proudest house in Europe, and further confirmed by the birth of a son; —who can look back at all this, and refrain from moralising that, if he then would have but taken his stand, and given that peace to the world which it so much required, and turned the energies of his mind to the amelioration of the condition of his subjects,

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* Inserted subsequently.

and to securing their happiness; that if he had but abandoned the vain ambition of imitating Cæsar, in order to follow the footsteps of Augustus, he might, not only have transmitted his sceptre to his son, but have left behind him a name far more glorious than that acquired by his victories.

How little did we think, when we saw him thus, in the full possession of his power, that his fall was to be so immediate: yet I was not, even then, without hopes that he would at length meet with defeat. We are all sanguine in what we wish, and I remember having a long discussion on the subject with one of my masters, a French priest, a very clever, and, indeed, liberal-minded man, who had passed much of the time of his emigration in Poland. I urged that Wellington had shewn the way how to resist the French armies, and that the Fabian policy would succeed in Russia, as it had done in Spain. He laughed at me, talked of the interminable plains of Poland, the vast supply of corn, the impossibility of laying waste to the country upon so large a scale; and, as is usually the case, we both persisted in our own opinion. I remember, also, a French innkeeper venturing to express

something of my own opinion to me, and in a very concise manner: "*Eh! Diable! que veut-il?*" He found Spain too hot for him; he will find Russia too cold for him.)

From Verdun the Emperor proceeded to Metz, which is justly considered as one of the most important towns in this part of France. It was not, however, one much in favour with his Imperial and Royal Majesty, as it had always been considered as the head quarters of the Moreau party, and, even at this time, many old officers attached to that General were said to be resident there. On the present occasion, the authorities presented an address to the Emperor, complaining of the state of trade, and petitioning that, as Metz was a town of so much more importance than Verdun, the dépôt of English might be transferred from the latter to the former place. "The population of Verdun is greater than that of Metz," was the Emperor's reply. "*Comment, sire,* the population of Metz is ——, whilst that of Verdun is only ——." "Impossible," exclaimed the Emperor, "for I find there were only —— voted for the consulship for life at Metz, whilst there were —— at Ver-

dun: therefore the population at Verdun is greater than that at Metz." This was a species of logic to which there could be no reply. Therefore we remained at Verdun.

On a previous passage of Napoleon's through Verdun, (I think it was on the occasion of the Austerlitz campaign), one of the horses in his carriage fell down: the time occupied in exchanging it for another post-horse was about twenty minutes, during which period a considerable number of Englishmen, naturally enough, collected round his carriage. The Emperor, thus surrounded by his enemies, did not seem to feel much at his ease. One man, a fine, tall, handsome Irishman, he seemed to view more particularly with a doubtful expression of countenance. At length, the horse was replaced, and the carriage proceeded. It had hardly, however, cleared the town, before one of the Englishmen said, "How easily we might have stopped him." "So, indeed, we might," was the unanimous answer; and all saw at once the golden opportunity they had missed; and now, in fancy, they matured their plans: "We would have attacked the carriage, dragged him out of it, placed a man on each side of him, with a pistol at

his head: we could have easily repulsed the Gend'armes, and there were no other troops in the town; shut the gates, and marched him to the coast, not releasing him till our escape was secured. Upon the slightest resistance, we would have shot him." It would, indeed, have been a singular sight to have seen the tables turned, and Napoleon himself, in the centre of his dominions, a prisoner to his own prisoners.

How far such an attempt would have been justifiable, or reconcilable to the obligations of parole, I will not stop to enquire; indeed, it needs no enquiry; the case is clear: its only excuse could have been the greatness of the daring: but had it entered sooner into the mind of the man who suggested it, it would probably have been carried into execution; there would have been no time for reflection, and the very greatness of the attempt would have blinded the prisoners to the dishonourable nature of the act. There was not one amongst them, who would have harboured the idea of putting him to death: but no one can look at the case coolly, without seeing that such must inevitably have been the result. . . . .

What the cause of the Russian war was, I have never yet heard explained. Whether it arose from a determination on the part of Alexander to make a bold effort to stem the torrent that threatened to overwhelm him, or, as I have always supposed to be the case, he felt fully convinced that, now that Prussia and Austria were humbled, he was to be the next victim, and that, therefore, the only course for him to pursue, was to commence the contest at a favourable moment; in fine, did the war originate with France, or with Russia?—is a question that I cannot answer: but, that it really arose from the ambition of Napoleon, I cannot, for one instant, doubt.

The conquest of the world was the great object of his ambition; it was, as the French called it, *le grand projet*, of the execution of which, they never seemed to entertain a doubt. England, they all admitted, was the only bar to the execution of this project, and it was generally rumoured, that the invasion of Russia was but the prelude to his future schemes. Russia was to be humbled, and forced to join with France in an attack on Constantinople. At the head of a new crusade, Buonaparte was to have raised,

once again, the standard of the Cross in the capital of the Emperors of the East, and, perhaps, added their title to those which he already bore. Once in possession of Constantinople, with Alexander reduced to the rank of one of his satellite-sovereigns, he might, at his leisure, have matured his plans of aggression upon our Eastern dominions. . . . .

I may mention an occurrence, which will throw some light on the state of the Imperial Government. One morning, the *Maire's* house was discovered to be on fire. Captain Hunter Blair, who lodged there, contributed mainly to the escape of the family, and used his utmost exertions in endeavouring to stop the progress of the fire. To the credit of the *Maire* and the other authorities, a statement of the case, with a petition for Captain Blair's release, was sent to the Emperor. It was backed by the Minister of War; and Napoleon, who was not an ill-natured man, and, whatever might be his faults, had a mind alive to the noble feelings of the soul, immediately granted his liberty. . . . . But, day after day, and week after week, did Captain Blair wait for the expected

passport; but it never arrived. The fact was, that a strong feeling of enmity existed between the Minister of War and the Minister of Police, and, as the former had taken a warm interest in the Captain's favour, the latter was determined that his liberation should not be effected, and took good care that the passport should never arrive: and who was there bold enough to complain to the Emperor of his Minister of Police? . . . .

A similar act of magnanimity on the part of Napoleon, was exercised in the case of Captain Fane, (and with better success), in recognition of his having previously, at the time of the Egyptian campaign, rescued two Frenchmen from drowning. . . . .

Mr. Gell had written to his brother-author of "The Troad," Monsieur Le Chevalier, to beg him to use his interest in my behalf. He, not knowing exactly in what manner to benefit me, enclosed the letter to Monsieur le Févre, Sous-préfet of Verdun, recommending me to his good offices. Le Févre was a brother of General Le Févre, the late husband of the Emperor's sister, Pauline. . . . . Upon receiving the letter, he sent

for me, and, communicating to me the interest that M. Le Chevalier took in my favour, added, that he should be happy to do me any service in his power. I replied that, to leave the dépôt, was my most anxious wish, and that, if he could assist me in obtaining that permission, he would confer upon me the greatest obligation. He desired me to return home, and write a petition to that effect; which I, accordingly, did, applying for leave to reside at Geneva, or any other large town in France. But this petition failed. . . . .

I subsequently wrote direct to M. Le Chevalier, and, in the month of October (1812), I received a letter from the house of Lafitte, enclosing the copy of one from the Minister of War, in which he stated that, in consequence of the good character he had heard of me, and of the petition he had received, he was ready to accede to the request, and to permit me to pass three months in Paris, where I should be in no way disturbed, so long as I conducted myself well. . . . . What part Talleyrand took in the transaction, I do not know; but I understood from Le Chevalier that he had interested himself in my favour, and, though he was not at that

time in the Emperor's good graces, he was too powerful to be neglected by any of his ministers.

The delight with which I received the communication of my leave to reside in Paris, I will not attempt to describe.

I was not long in making the necessary preparations for my departure. . . . . I had first to return to Verdun.* Upon arriving at Bar, I found that town in the greatest consternation, the window-shutters of most of the houses closed, the shops shut, and frequent reports of pistol-shots being heard: everything bore the appearance of an enemy being at the gates. So, indeed, there was: but rather a singular one. For many preceding evenings, a band of wolves had entered the town, chased the inhabitants from the streets, killed two or three, and wounded nineteen others. Many of the natives wisely concluded that the Russian wolves, alarmed at the cannonading of the French army, had retreated into France; and, in support of this opinion, they main-

* He was, at the time, staying with a *propriétaire* at Ligny, having obtained permission to spend a month or two in the country.—S. P.

tained that the wolves were evidently of a distinct breed from those of France. . . . .

The distance that a voiturier would travel in a day, was such as my horse could easily compass, and, as a security against rain or accidents, I engaged a seat in the coach from Verdun. The necessary arrangements being made, the day for our departure was fixed; and, accordingly, on a beautiful morning, after having swallowed a hasty breakfast, I mounted my horse, a fine spirited chestnut, whose sire was an Arabian, and bade adieu to Verdun.

I soon arrived at the "limits," and, with a bounding heart, crossed that imaginary line, from which I had so often turned, and entered the forbidden ground. I rode on to Clermont, and found this lovely spot in full beauty. The town itself is magnificently situated. . . . . It stands at the extremity of the valley, on the inclination of a steep hill, the brow of which, embosomed in trees, hangs immediately over it. From this, opens a most beautiful valley, which is, in fact, in the midst of an extensive forest, for the hills on each side are covered with wood.

At the further end of the valley is the little village of La Chalais, inhabited entirely by a colony engaged in the manufacture of bottles. By some strange freak of the *ancien régime,* the privilege of making these bottles was limited exclusively to the noblesse: in consequence, there was in this valley a colony of glass-making nobles. Apparently, it was not a lucrative profession, for, even in the brilliant days of aristocracy, a noble of La Chalais was a joke, a sort of proverb amongst the inhabitants of Clermont, who used to say, that, when one of them wished to make his appearance in that town, he called upon his neighbours to contribute each a part towards equipping him as a noble; one lent the horse, another provided the sword, a third the spurs, and a fourth the pointer, which was held to be not the least necessary appendage to the dignity of a nobleman: thus fitted out, he could look with aristocratic contempt upon the little bourgeois of Clermont, who, in his turn, ridiculed the airs of the poor noble of La Chalais.

I do not, however, know that I ever met with a happier race of people. . . . . I was

much interested at finding that all those titles, which had been annihilated by the Revolution, were still retained in La Chalais; and I heard the men engaged in making bottles, addressing each other as Monsieur le Baron, Monsieur le Chevalier, etc., maintaining in their mutual intercourse the manners and polish of the *vieille cour*. . . . .

PART IV.

PARIS.

We had calculated on arriving in Paris on the fifth day, but were detained for another night by the breaking down of our carriage. My chestnut was so little the worse for his exertions, that, upon his being led out, he reared up, and frightened the man so much, that he fell down flat on the ground. With no less bounding spirits did I mount him; and he carried me gaily along, till, at length, we approached Paris.

Yes: Paris was before me; that city which had been so long the beau ideal of my imagination; to see which, had been so long the darling object of my heart. And whose heart would not throb, or whose pulse would not beat quicker, when looking down for the first time on Paris? But, on entering the Imperial City by the Rue de St. Denis, my enthusiasm almost gave way to disappointment. "And is *this* Paris?" almost rose to the tip of my tongue. Certainly the Rue de

St. Denis is not calculated to impress the traveller with an idea of the magnificence of the capital of France.

After having settled myself most comfortably at an excellent hotel, in a very good situation close to the Boulevards, and in the most fashionable part of Paris, ... I determined to continue my studies without loss of time, and began by engaging a Spanish and a German master. I then wanted to find a dancing-master. I thought the opera-house the most likely place. Thither I, accordingly, went, and, seeing two gentlemen whom I judged to be attached to the theatre, I accosted them, stated my difficulty, and asked whether they could recommend me the person of whom I was in search. . . . . They received my application with the greatest civility, consulted together, and settled that Monsieur Guillet was the person best suited to my purpose. They offered to conduct me to his house, to which I immediately assented; and I was, accordingly, introduced to him, by two people whom I had never seen before, and at once made my arrangements with him.

The first class of pupils at the opera are under the superintendence of Coulon, *le*

Dieu de la Danse, whose merits are described in the following lines, placed under the engraving of his portrait,

> "*Du feu de son génie il anima la danse,*
> *Aux beaux jours de la Grèce it sut la rappeler,*
> *Et, recouvrant par là leur antique élégance,*
> *Les gestes et les pas apprirent à parler.*"

And this man to whom France owed her dancing reputation, was a little, round, pot-bellied fellow, who would have formed an admirable representation of Sancho.*

After I had practised the steps every morning at M. Guillet's, whom I found an excellent master, all the little *danseurs et danseuses* were summoned to dance quadrilles, and most joyfully did they obey the call. . . . .

The Palais Royal did not by any means equal my expectations; but my imagination was, probably, more in fault than the Palais; for it is undoubtedly a splendid establishment. It consists of a garden of an oblong

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* M. Coulon's son came to London, and settled there as a dancing-master. His wife was a music-mistress, and taught us the piano. When we knew her, she was a little, shrivelled, old woman, with an inexhaustible fund of humour; very clever, and very devoted to music. Her daughter followed her mother's profession: but they have all, now, long passed away.—S. P.

form, surrounded by a building, supported by a handsome colonnade, under which is the great promenade of Paris. It is separated from the garden, on one side, by a grille ; on the other side, it is embellished by a splendid row of shops, restaurateurs, cafés, etc. Amongst the latter, I must not pass over in silence the Café des Mille Colonnes, with its celebrated *belle*, who, seated in the full blaze of her diamonds, presides over the coffee and the ices, and receives, with the greatest dignity, the money presented to her by the attendant *garçons*. Her beauty, her smiles, and, still more, her diamonds, attracted innumerable visitors, and gave a profitable celebrity to the Café des Mille Colonnes. The Café Corrazza and the Café de Foi are, also, very splendid, but derive their reputation from the political party to which they are attached ; for, in these days, even Cafés are political : one was exclusively frequented by the *ancienne noblesse*, another by the partisans of the Imperial Dynasty, a third by the Republicans. For my part, I visited each, as the whim of the moment led me. Of the restaurateurs, then, I shall only name Vérey, as he was *facile princeps :* there the epicure could enjoy every luxury that might suit his

appetite or the compass of his purse, not forgetting *rosbif de mouton, bif-stick à l'anglais*, and even *plum-poudin* swimming in burning brandy.

There was something in the appearance of the Palais Royal that put me in mind of a college: but to what a different purpose is it appropriated! The second story is principally devoted to gambling houses: these extend, also, to the cellars, where are gambling tables of all sorts, adapted to the calibre of every man's purse. . . . .

I must, however, say one word in behalf of the Palais Royal. It unites in a small space most of the *agréments* of life; and, if these places, now devoted to vice and sensuality, were destined to harmless amusements and instruction, it might become the residence of happiness, as well as of luxury. Fancy the Palais Royal as the concentration of all objects of taste; the place where all distinguished specimens of modern art were collected; where the most splendid shops in Paris attracted the notice of the ladies; where the most celebrated restaurateurs invited the followers of the *Almanach des Gourmands;* where the different political cafés were the resort of the most distin-

guished statesmen and orators in France; where others were frequented by the philosophers, the savants and connaisseurs;—what a delightful *point de réunion* it might be!

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The Théâtre Français was the first theatre that I visited, and I was fortunate in the piece that was represented. The principal performers were Mlle. Roconi and Mlle. Duchènois; the first acted extremely well, and gave great effect to a very disagreeable character; the latter, though the total want of personal attraction is a great drawback, is certainly a fine actress. She has, however, a solemnity and pomposity in her voice and manners, that borders upon affectation, and, at the first instant, generally appeared to me to approach the ridiculous. The best proof, however, of her talent as an actress, was, that, in spite of that impression, she soon commanded my whole attention. She has recourse, not unfrequently, but principally in the more striking passages of her part, to a direct motion of the arm, a sort of "front give point," such as Nathan might have been supposed to have used, when addressing David with, "Thou art the man," that has a singularly good effect, and which

I did not remember to have seen attempted by any other performer.

Whilst speaking of the Français, I must not overlook the theatrical god of Paris, who was at that time at Lyons, but, shortly afterwards, returned to the metropolis. He is unquestionably a very fine actor, but whether superior to Kemble, it is not for me to venture to decide. Talma has an expressive countenance, and represents the hero or old Roman, admirably well; but he did not appear to be equally fortunate in the more tender scenes. If, as an uncivilised John Bull, I may hazard a criticism, I should say that he is not unacquainted with stage tricks, and that a great deal of the effect produced was due to a sort of *mugissement*, a groaning, or, rather, growling, and to a sudden dropping, or, to speak more properly, raising of his voice into a whisper. The contrast between the full notes of his deep voice and this still small whisper, had almost a harrowing effect on his audience, as it seemed to be occasioned by the most intense feeling. It was a piece of *mannerism*, for I do not like to call it a trick, to which Mlle. Duchènois had, also, not unfrequently recourse. The part for which Talma is most celebrated,

is that of Manlius in the play of that name. The simple words, "*Que dis tu?*", which Pierre, *alias* Manlius, addressed to the representative of Jaffier, upon presenting him a letter discovering his treachery, is considered the master-piece of Talma's acting, and never fails to produce the most tremendous applause.

*(Here, if I may be allowed to introduce the opinion of one of our own dramatists upon this very point, I will state what occurred to me subsequently, when I was in Paris, after the restoration of Louis XVIII. I went one night to a great ball given by Lafitte. It consisted of an enormous crowd of people of a mixed character, but of which a great part was composed of English. When supper was announced, the gentlemen handed the ladies down stairs, but were not allowed to enter the supper-room. There were Gend'armes placed at the door, who, as soon as the ladies had passed, crossed their swords, and would not allow the gentlemen to follow. This was a proceeding not much suited to the taste of Englishmen, and, once or twice, I saw something like a movement to force

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* Inserted subsequently

the guard. For such a movement I did not find myself in the pleasantest situation, though it might be a post of honour, for I was in the front rank, immediately touching a Gend'arme, who was repeatedly threatening to make use of his spurs, which, applied to my silk stockings, would not have produced the most agreeable effect; nor did I feel quite certain how far a Gend'arme might venture to use his arms, if his post was likely to be forced. What a singular instance this was of the gallantry of *la Grande Nation!* What an illustration of the principles of liberty, as entertained by one of the leaders of the liberal party!

At length, the ladies' supper was concluded, and the Gend'armes condescended to allow us to enter. I seated myself at a little table with three other men. They were all strangers. Two of the party, I at once settled in my own mind to be characters: there was no English stiffness about them, but a gaiety, an offhandishness, combined with an evident knowledge of the world—I mean, of the *real* world, not of that little coterie which arrogates to itself exclusively that title. Our conversation turned principally on theatres, and my companions

seemed to be quite *au fait* of the *coulisses* of all the theatres of England and of France. One of them, thought I, is a dramatist of no inferior description: and, upon considering over the names of the different dramatic authors of England, I concluded that it was Moreton; and Moreton it proved to be: but who was the other? He had more the air of the "chartered libertine," of "the man who had seen the manners and cities of men:" he had, also, the appearance of a military man, but without that exclusive or professional air, which generally characterises our officers. "He is a military man who has lived much in foreign society," said I to myself; it is "Don Carlos:" and Sir Charles Doyle, my correspondent from my prison at Barcelona, it, undoubtedly, was. The acquaintance thus commenced, has, I trust, been cemented by mutual regard. I have often, for my part, regretted that I had not met with him at Valencia, and abandoned my Grecian tour, for a campaign with him in Catalonia, which he had proposed to me.

I had, then, guessed who two of my companions were, though I had so little to guide my conjectures, and I found their conversation

very agreeable. But I must not omit to mention an observation made by Moreton, as it was, in fact, the cause of this long story. I had ventured some remarks upon Talma's acting, similar to those which I have made above: "You may say what you like," said he, "but that man *must* be a great actor who can electrify an audience with three words as simple and inharmonious as, '*que dis tu?*', as he never failed to do.")

Talma stands high in Napoleon's favour. I have been credibly informed that, when the Emperor himself is at the theatre, he always gives Talma a slight sign of recognition, which, though, probably, almost imperceptible to the audience, must be highly gratifying to the actor's feelings: but how far this may be true, I will not venture to answer. Another report, also, is very prevalent, and is, I believe, universally credited; it is, that in the early days of his greatness, Buonaparte took lessons from Talma in the art of representation.

One anecdote I must mention, which is generally circulated and believed, as it places the Emperor in an amiable point of view. One night that he was at the theatre, he perceived a degree of inattention or pre-

occupation in Talma's acting, which he took as a personal affront to himself; and, accordingly, he sent for the actor, and reprimanded him severely; and it is well known, that the ebullitions of his temper were not of the gentlest description. Shortly after, he was informed, that Talma's apparent negligence had arisen from some domestic misfortune, which, at the moment, pressed heavily on his mind; he immediately sent for him, and expressed his regrets at having spoken to him severely on account of a fault, which, in fact, had arisen from the state of his feelings.

Talma knew that at no time was a man so disposed to shew you an act of kindness, as when he feels that he has treated you with injustice. He saw that the moment was peculiarly favourable for pressing a petition which no other individual in France, however exalted his station, could have ventured to make—the release of a prisoner of war. The circumstances of the case were, indeed, peculiar, and creditable to all parties; and, therefore, they deserve to be mentioned. A relation, I think, a nephew of Talma's, had been taken prisoner, and sent to England: this reached the ears of Kemble, who

immediately applied to Government for his release, and obtained it: so, this distinguished actor had the gratification of conferring an important and unsolicited obligation on a brother-actor. Talma must, necessarily, have been much pleased with this mark of Kemble's regard, and, of course, was unwilling to be surpassed in generosity by his rival friend: but the difficulty was, how to approach the Emperor, so as to venture to speak to him on a forbidden subject. The opportunity now offered itself: the Emperor was, not only in a good humour, but evidently desirous of doing Talma a favour. He, therefore, related to him the whole story, and expressed his hope that his Sovereign would allow him to acknowledge the obligation in the only way in which he could do it with propriety, namely, by granting to him the release of an English prisoner. The Emperor listened to the anecdote with much interest: it was one calculated to touch the right chord, to act upon the better feelings of his mind: he instantly assented to the request, and gave orders for the liberation of the prisoner in whose favour Talma petitioned.

I had the pleasure of sitting one day at dinner next to Madame Talma, and had a good deal of conversation with her, principally respecting her husband. I enquired whether a report which I had heard, that he was born in England, was correct: she told me that it was not, but that he was brought up in England; and that, at one time, the great object of his ambition was to be able to act as well in English as he did in French; that he had long wished to make the attempt, but that he feared it was now too late, and that the habit of acting in French had given him a peculiar style, a sort of mannerism, which is inseparable from French tragedy, and which would totally unfit him for distinguishing himself on an English stage.

During the time that I was in Paris, a circumstance occurred in the theatrical world, which excited no little sensation. Talma, having been handled pretty roughly in one of Geoffroi's dismal criticisms, ventured on a measure, no less daring than that of bearding the lion in his den. Bursting open the door of the box, which, till then, had been considered the inviolable sanctuary of the great critic, he actually dragged him out of it by main force: he did not, however,

effect this without a considerable struggle, which created so great a commotion as to interrupt the performance. It was said that, had the Emperor been in Paris, Talma would not have ventured upon such a proceeding. The following morning a bitter, but highly ludicrous account of the transaction appeared in the *feuilleton* of the "*Journal de l'Empire.*" Geoffroi did not attempt again to take possession of his former box, which had been assigned to him by the company gratis, but engaged another on his own account; and, as may well be supposed, his criticisms on Talma's acting were not softened in asperity.

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Having dwelt so long on the merits of the tragic actors at the Français; I should be treating the comic actors of that theatre with great injustice, did I pass them *sub silentio;* for Fleury and Mlle. Mars yield in excellence to none. The former is universally considered by the French as the perfect model of a gentleman, and often have I been recommended to study carefully his manners, as the dress and glass by which to form my own. His were the manners, however, of the *siècle de Louis quatorze*, of the old French marquis, generally adapted for

Molière, but too refined, too trifling, perhaps, for the age of Napoleon. He seemed like one who had outlived his generation.

Though Mlle. Mars was said to be far from young, yet, by the aid of dress, she was still a very handsome woman. . . . . She was evidently the woman of the world; one who knew how to put into play all the arts of her sex, and, whilst impressing the mind of her auditor with that conviction, was still, notwithstanding, altogether fascinating.

In the higher branches of comedy, Fleury and Mlle. Mars were altogether unrivalled.

A play was brought out about this time, and, I believe, by the Imperial command, for the exclusive purpose of abusing the English. It was called Tippoo Sahib. It was execrable. The burthen of the piece was, "*horreur aux Anglais;*" and poor Lord Duncan (as a punishment, I conclude, for his naval victory), was held up to the detestation of the Parisians, as the General opposed to Tippoo Sahib. As a proof, however, of good taste on the part of those same Parisians, even Talma acted to empty benches: a circumstance which I never knew to have occurred at any other time.

It was about this time that a stranger entered a shop in Paris, and ordered the mistress of it to prepare for him immediately the insignia of a Knight of the Garter. Upon her husband's return home, she informed him of the extraordinary order that she had received, and urged him to go instantly, and buy into the funds, as she was convinced that the articles in question were designed for an ambassador, who must be coming from England, the consequence of whose arrival would be an immediate rise in the funds. Her husband, however, saw further into this mysterious business than his wife did. It was his conviction, that there was some dangerous conspiracy on foot, in which her customer was materially implicated. He, accordingly, set off instantly to the Police office, and informed the Commissary of what had occurred.

To a Police officer, whose mind was solely intent on plots and counter-plots, this intelligence appeared to be of a most serious character: he told the man to execute the order, and to give the articles to the supposed ambassador, without shewing the slightest appearance of suspicion, and to leave the rest to the Police.

At the appointed time, the Commissary stationed himself near the shop, and we may well imagine the anxiety with which he waited for his prey, big with the thoughts of the dangerous conspiracy which he was now about to bring to light. At length, the victim appeared, walked unconsciously into the shop, and asked for the Star and Garter which he had ordered. With a suppressed smile the shopkeeper produced them, and received his money: the British Ambassador left the shop in perfect security. "The game's afoot: well done, old Commissary!" So well did the agent of the Police follow up his prey, that he entered the stranger's lodgings almost as soon as the stranger himself, and, advancing towards him with a hollow smile, addressed him with, "*Monsieur, je suis faché de vous déranger; je suis Commissaire de Police.*" He then demanded who he was, and what he intended to do with those things, which could only belong to the English Order of the Garter? The stranger, who had been astonished at the word Commissaire, and at the importance of the man in office, recovered his composure upon hearing the nature of the information required from him: "*Monsieur,*" answered he,

"*je suis Michelot du Français, et je joue Lord Duncan dans Tippoo Sahib.*" Fancy the crestfallen look of the important Commissary!

The story was too good to be kept a secret: it got wind in Paris, and delighted the Parisians, who were not very sorry to have a joke against the Police. . . . .

Franconi, the Astley of Paris, had actually succeeded in taming a stag so completely, that it, not only went through all the evolutions of the amphitheatre, but was shot at, and shammed being dead, till summoned again into life by a signal from its master.

. . . .

I must not leave the Gallery of the Louvre unnoticed, though to describe it would be impossible. It was such a blaze of excellence, as quite to bewilder the spectator.

. . . .

* (I was in Paris when the Gallery was dismantled. It was, undoubtedly, a great moral lesson that was then read to the French, but, still, it was a great pity that such a collection should be again dispersed. What a school it was for the arts! Con-

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* Inserted subsequently.

veniently situated for all countries, and most liberally conducted by the French Government. To restore these pictures and statues to the respective countries from which they had been stolen, was, however, an undoubted act of justice, but it was a great want of policy on *our* part to become the instrument through which it was effected. The French did not seem to feel any great animosity against us on account of the victory we had gained at Waterloo; but, when they saw our soldiers occupied in dismantling the Louvre, even taking away the Venetian horses from the triumphal car, their rage knew no bounds: nothing would persuade them that we had no interest in the matter. To that one act may be attributed all the subsequent animosity they felt against us. The Emperor of Russia played a much wiser game: he was all magnanimity, all condescension to the French, and became quite the object of their admiration, whilst *we* bore the odium of all the acts of severity enforced against them.)

At the time of my arrival at Paris, the newspaper criers were crying about the streets the accounts of the execution of

Mallet and his fellow-conspirators. It was, in fact, in the interval between my departure from Verdun and my arrival at Paris, that this conspiracy exploded; and it may well be supposed that it had excited no little sensation in the capital: for, undoubtedly, a more extraordinary conspiracy, or one executed with greater boldness, history has not recorded. That a man, immured in a state prison, should conceive the idea of forming a plot to shake to its foundations the Empire of Napoleon when at the height of its power, would have been ranked as the conception of a madman, had it not been so nearly realized.

Mallet was a General in the French service, was attached to Moreau's party, and, at the time that he first formed his design, was a prisoner at Vincennes. He began by effecting his own liberation, and that of General Lahorie, by means of forged orders, which are said to have been executed by an abbé, who is understood to have hitherto escaped all the researches of the Police. Mallet proposed to bring about a revolution in the government by means of the very persons to whom the charge of defending it was entrusted—the regiment of National

Guards, then on duty in Paris. His game was, to persuade them that the Emperor was dead. In this he succeeded in the case of many of the officers, but met with considerable difficulty in gaining the Colonel of the regiment.

At length dawned the day big with the fate of Paris. The conspirators were masters of the gates of the city: placards were distributed, announcing it to be their intention to recall the Bourbons, to make peace with England, to abolish the duties paid at the gates of the town, to reduce the bread to half-price, and to double the soldiers' pay. The conspirators, however, met with a check at the very commencement of their operations, to which their failure has been attributed. The Colonel remained in a state of indecision for the space of two hours, though, at last, he determined to co-operate with them: but, at such a moment, so long a delay could not but be of the greatest consequence.

They began by a grand *coup:* they went to the hôtel of the Minister of Police, entered his room, and produced an order for his arrest. The Minister was alarmed, and suffered himself to be put into a hackney coach,

without any resistance: he was then conveyed quietly through the streets of Paris. La Force was the place of his destination; but he entreated Mallet to allow him to be taken to another prison, of which I forget the name. Mallet had consented, and the coachman had changed his direction, when one of the conspirators, who was guarding the coach, came up, and, with an oath, said, "This is not the way to La Force," and immediately turned the horses' heads. Upon the arrival of his Excellency the Duc de Rovigo, the astonishment of the chief jailor was indescribable. He saluted him with the greatest respect, and, even, refused to receive him as prisoner; upon which one of his escort called out, "*Tuez le.*" The Duke then entreated the jailor to admit him into the prison, as the only chance of saving his life: and his Excellency was safely lodged in that prison, to which he had consigned so many unfortunate persons.

Having thus disposed of their principal enemy, they proceeded to the residence of the Governor of Paris, General Hulin, a marked man, owing to the part that he had borne in the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. He was not disposed to surrender himself so

easily as had done the Minister of Police; upon which, they fired a pistol at him, and broke his jaw. Leaving him thus *hors de combat*, and weltering in his blood, they proceeded to the État Major, which is at the opposite corner of the Place Vendôme. They placed a sentinel at the door, giving him orders to let no one go out, but they forgot to order him to let no one in. This was a fatal oversight; and they committed one no less fatal, by entering into a discussion with the General, by which they lost time, at a moment when everything depended on their promptitude and decision, and thus gave an opportunity to General Laborde, who had become acquainted with what had passed, to enter the apartment, and arrest Mallet and his Aide de Camp, who had alone undertaken the duty of arresting the General. The Aide de Camp was much blamed for not having shot Laborde, whilst he was seizing Mallet.

Having secured the principal leader, Laborde soon succeeded in convincing the soldiers that they had been deceived, and that the Emperor was not dead. He then employed them in arresting those whose orders they had been so lately obeying.

The conspirators were thus all secured. Amongst them was a soldier, who had formerly saved Napoleon's life, and who was still devotedly attached to him. When he found that the Emperor was alive, and that it was against the Government of one whom he so ardently loved, that he had conspired, his grief knew no bounds, and even the rough soldier cried like a child. Still, he experienced the same fate as the other conspirators, and atoned for his treason with his life.

It was generally whispered, that the placards issued by Mallet had produced quite as much effect as could have been anticipated in so short a time: and the King of Rome was, henceforth, never mentioned but as *le petit bâtard.*

Orders had actually been given for all the preparations necessary for the meeting of the Senate. Had Mallet succeeded, as he was so near doing, in making himself master of the executive power, and had he got possession of the *Trésorerie,* (which was to have been his next step), there is no calculating what the result might have been. The money would have soon raised the Faubourg St. Antoine, where the Emperor was no

favourite: the military would have been committed too far to recede, and Napoleon was too far distant to be feared: before the intelligence could have reached him, an English army might have been in France, and a counter-revolution effected.

The conspirators were, I believe, all condemned and executed. Mallet died nobly. When asked who were his accomplices, he replied, "all Europe:" and when the Grenadiers, probably from the emotion, which they could not but feel, on being ordered to shoot one of their Generals, missed him, he called out, "*Grenadiers, visez mieux.*"

Such was the result of this extraordinary conspiracy. I was subsequently given to understand, that many suspected persons were sent to the state prisons and "disappeared:" but such events were too common in Paris to create any sensation. "*Il a disparu,*" was the only observation that it produced; and well did this express the truth; for seldom, if ever, did the poor victim reappear.

But to return to myself. I will now describe the manner in which I passed my time. I rose every morning at seven o'clock;

immediately after which, I studied German till nine, my German master coming three times a week: I then went to Monsieur Guillet, the dancing-master: upon my return home, I studied Spanish, for I had a master of that language three times a week. About half past one, I sallied forth, and, either rode or walked, or occupied myself in visiting some of the sights of Paris.

At first, I generally had my dinner sent from the restaurateur's to my lodgings, though, occasionally, I went to one of the principal restaurants. The evenings were generally spent at the theatre, or in visiting some of my friends. At first, I had but few acquaintances, except amongst my own countrymen: I was not, however, in want of society; and, gradually, the circle of my French acquaintances enlarged.

To the Comte de St. Morys, the nephew of my old friend, the Marquis de Moligny, in whose house at Fulham I had been *en pension*, I was indebted for many of my introductions, as well as for great and repeated acts of kindness.

St. Morys' history was a singular one. His father was a man of ancient family, but of one that had not, like most of the nobles

of France, aspired to the favour of Kings. He possessed a large property, and resided chiefly at his Château de Houdainville, near Beauvais, where he devoted himself principally to literary pursuits, and left all the cares of the *chasse* to my old friend, the Marquis, who used to dwell with delight on the happiness and splendour of the life they led at the château. What a contrast he must have found to that, and, still more, to the gaiety of a Parisian life, in his little mansion at Parson's Green, Fulham.*

The old Comte de St. Morys was a great friend of the Minister Calonne, and, with the Marquis, accompanied him, after he was removed from office, in his journey (I might almost say, flight) into England. I have heard de Moligny talk of this journey. Calonne carried with him all the gold that he could stow about his carriage; and the people of Verdun have described to me the fun they

* Poor old Marquis! I had subsequently the satisfaction of seeing him once more an inhabitant of his beautiful Paris, living upon his appointments as a retired General, his coat adorned with the *croix de St. Louis*. Sadly altered, however, must that Paris have appeared to him who had left it as a gay Colonel in its most brilliant times, and returned to mourn over the changes that had taken place, and to be laughed at as one of the old *ci-devant* nobles.

had, when one of his boxes broke down, and, for some distance, kept pouring out pieces of gold; and the eagerness with which, for a considerable time after, the peasantry used to hunt for the fallen *louis d'or*.

The Comte de St. Morys did not, at first, give way to the alarm, that induced so many of the French nobles to emigrate, but attempted to maintain himself at his château, and did, for a considerable time, defend himself against all the turbulent attempts of the peasantry. The Revolution, however, proceeded in its course, and he found it no longer possible, either to maintain his position, or to ensure his safety. He, therefore, determined to follow the example of so many of his countrymen, and emigrate. He had succeeded in transferring a sum of money to England, sufficient to enable him to maintain a respectable establishment in London. He there met with his old friend, de Calonne, who was then in possession of a considerable property. I believe, indeed, he did not find Apsley House sufficiently large for his residence, but occupied, also, the two adjoining houses. The joke at the time was, that he kept one house for himself, another for his picture, but, to whom the third was appro-

priated, I do not remember: at all events, the anecdote serves to give some idea of what his wealth must have been.

He occupied himself with his friend, Monsieur de St. Morys, in arranging the plan of the expedition to Quiberon, in which, I believe, both of them expended the greater part of their remaining property.

A marriage was negotiated between young St. Morys, then about nineteen, and the niece of Monsieur de Calonne, a woman of the highest accomplishments, and of great personal attractions. She was considered, at that time, to be the greatest heiress in Europe; for she was heiress, not only to her uncle's riches, but to all the future wealth and influence, as was fondly supposed, of the restorer of the Bourbons. But the result of that unfortunate expedition was far different from what they expected, though it was what might have been anticipated. The poor Comte de St. Morys exerted himself to the utmost in endeavouring to save the *émigrés* soldiers; he was the last man to leave the shore, and, indeed, remained there so long, that he only saved himself by swimming to the vessel. His exertions of mind and body were too much for his strength;

and, two or three days after, he sank a victim to that unfortunate expedition.

As for his son, I am bound in justice to say, that he was the only Frenchman I ever met with, who vindicated the conduct of the English on that occasion. I have frequently heard him speak on the subject. I remember, more particularly, once, when, at a large party at Count Belderbusch's, he defended the conduct of the English with no little warmth and feeling, and finished by saying, "I am the last man in the world who would defend the conduct of the English, if it had been such as has been represented. I lost my father at Quiberon: could I defend them, if they had been the cause of his death? But the truth is to be spoken, and justice done where it is due." I own that his spirited justification of our conduct, afforded me no slight gratification; for it has not been by foreigners alone, that that conduct has been arraigned; even in the House of Commons it was said, and beautifully, though erroneously, said, by Sheridan, in answer to Pitt's declaration, "that English blood had not been shed:" "Yes: but English honour has bled at every pore."

Whilst speaking of this period, I must introduce an anecdote of Monsieur de Calonne, which was then a source of no little amusement to the *émigré* world of fashion, The Marquis de Calonne was on his way to pay his respects to the French Princes, I think, at Coblentz: Monsieur was anxious to show him marked attention; and, in order to do him peculiar honour, he determined to ride, accompanied by his suite, to meet him. After having proceeded some distance, Monsieur de Calonne's carriage was seen approaching. As soon as his Royal Highness was recognised by the Marquis' postboys, they stopped, and the Prince, followed by his attendants, the first nobles of France, rode up to the carriage door. Instead of the gracious speech, and the still more gracious manner, which distinguished the Comte d'Artois above all men of his age, shouts of laughter burst from the whole party: the old Minister was discovered, comfortably asleep in the corner of his carriage, his bald head quite bare, whilst his niece was sitting bolt upright, her bright eyes sparkling from beneath the flowing curls of her uncle's wig. The scene must have been *impayable*. The fact was, that Monsieur de Calonne, feeling

himself very sleepy and tired with his journey, determined to indulge himself with a nap; but, knowing that he would have to present himself immediately on his arrival to Monsieur, contrived to save his wig from the derangement his nap would occasion it, by transferring it to his niece's head. . . . .

To St. Morys I was indebted for my introduction to the Comte de Belderbusch, a Senator, and, at this time, one of the first Amphictyons of Paris. He had some very good apartments in the Rue Mont Blanc, kept a capital table, and gave a dinner once a week, after which he had a soirée; and etiquette prescribed that the guests of each dinner should attend the soirée of the following week. His dinners were excellent, and *très-bien montés:* his society, a mixture of the leading official men of the day, and of those distinguished by their literary eminence: for it was the Count's ambition to shine in the character of a Mæcenas. Belderbusch, as his name would indicate, was by birth a German: he was nephew to the former Elector of Trèves, and uncle to the Duc d'Alberg, who now ranks as a Sovereign Prince. He was, I think, formerly minister from Trèves to the Court of Paris. He

attached himself to the revolutionary party, and became a Frenchman. He was, for a long time, Préfet de Beauvais, and was afterwards promoted to the comfortable post of a Senator.

He had then with him his nephew, Baron Börselager,* an amiable, gentlemanlike man. I suppose the Saxon blood is not quite extinct in our English veins, for I found that we assimilated together more naturally than we did with the French, and became great friends. I was generally invited to dine with the Count once a fortnight, and attended the intervening soirées. I derived the greatest advantage, as well as interest, from the opportunity thus offered of meeting some of the most distinguished men in France, both in politics and literature.

I remember, on one occasion, finding myself seated next to Le Mercier, the celebrated author of the *Tableau de Paris*. He was an extraordinary person for the Count to have invited; and the old Conventionist was evidently looked upon with no very favourable eye by the party, consisting, as it did, of those attached to the Government, and

* Whom we afterwards knew at Bonn, see Vol. I., p. 328. —A. M. W. P.

of those ambitious of that honour. This, however, did not seem to disturb the equanimity of the old Republican, whilst it added much to my amusement. He seemed to have taken a fancy to me, and directed his conversation solely to me. He, evidently, considered that an Englishman was a real friend to liberty, and that he might open his heart to me on subjects, from which those around us, whom, probably, he regarded as renegades, would shrink with dismay. . . . . I asked him why he did not write a history of the Revolution: as he had borne his part in its earlier stages, he could best describe its secret history. "I have not been inattentive to that," replied he, "but that history must not be written by a man who has been an actor in the scene; it must be reserved for a future generation. I have, however, collected the materials from which my successors may write its history, and I have taken care to have them safely secured in your country." . . . .

Not an infrequent guest at Belderbusch's dinner was the Abbé St. Phar, a well-known character in the brilliant days of the Prince of Wales' youth. He was the natural son of the Duc d'Orleans (Égalité), and had much

in his appearance, and in his disposition, that recalled to my mind the better qualities of that race. . . . . St. Phar loved to talk to me about England, ... and used to say to me, "*Comment va votre Prince Regent?* We have drunk many a bottle of champagne together." And fully did his appearance verify the truth of his statement; for the use of his legs was almost entirely gone, though the appearance of his countenance was peculiarly youthful. Whilst speaking, however, of the Prince Regent, he never adverted to the frolic, which, at the time, made a great noise in the London world. The Abbé was standing at the edge of the Serpentine, ... and had placed himself in such an attitude, that a certain part of his person, whose ample rotundity established his claim to a descent from the House of Bourbon, presented such a temptation to the Prince, that he could not resist it, but, advancing gently behind him, he launched him, head over heels, into the river. . . . . It was with some difficulty that their mutual friends prevented the joke from becoming rather too serious. . . . . * (The last time

* Inserted subsequently.

I saw St. Phar, I could not help laughing at the ridiculous position in which he was placed. It was at a splendid ball given to the King of Prussia in Paris—in 1817, I think: St. Phar was seated under a chandelier well provided with candles, from which the melted wax was dropping in an almost incessant shower upon, probably, his best coat, so that it was totally covered from top to bottom with spots of wax; while, there he sat, in patient resignation, unable to move.) . . . .

Negotiations had been entered into from England to effect an exchange between myself and a French prisoner: but all fell through: . . . . the Ministers had positive orders not to submit to the Emperor any proposal of that nature, and there was not any one of them bold enough to disobey his orders; for the awe that even his principal Ministers felt in his presence would hardly be credited in England. His courtiers trembled before him: "In what sort of humour is the Emperor to-day?" was a frequent question in Paris. With the exception of Talleyrand, few, very few, of the nobles and more independent characters

among the French dignitaries, were superior to that singular influence by which Napoleon was able to subdue the proudest spirits. There was not then a man in Paris, certainly not a Minister, who would have ventured to plead the cause of a prisoner.

Such, however, was not the case with bodies of men ; and the Institute appeared to me the only body sufficiently powerful to make an application in my favour, and the only one authorized by the nature of their pursuits, to interfere on such an occasion.

The idea was originally suggested to me by Necker, who advised me to write a letter in Latin to Volney, containing a good sprinkling of flattery, which, probably, would gratify him so much, that he would communicate it to the Institute, and interest that learned body in my favour. This I would not do: . . . . but I endeavoured in a letter to my father, to give him a sufficient hint to set him upon that track ; but I did not dare to speak out plainly, as I knew that all our letters were subject to the inspection of the police. He, consequently, applied to the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Vincent, who was kind enough to write a letter to the Emperor himself. . . . .

* (Dr. Vincent told me afterwards, that he had ascertained that his letter was presented to Buonaparte, and added, "he sent me no answer: but how could I expect an answer from a man whom I had called Nebuchadnezzar; and Nebuchadnezzar I really thought him, sent to punish the sins of a wicked world." I could not resist smiling at so characteristic a trait of my old master. I introduce it here with the greater pleasure, as it enables me to renew the expression of the unfeigned love, respect, and gratitude, which I felt for him, and with which I revere his memory . . . .).

M. de St. Morys had given me a letter of introduction to M. Cassini, ... who received me very kindly, and proposed to take me to a *séance* of the Institute. . . . . All the members received me with equal kindness, and, upon my informing them that I had been on my way to Greece when I was made prisoner, the President suggested that they might be of some assistance in procuring my liberation. . . . .

Both classes (the first and third) of the Institute, led by M. Cassini and M. Barbiè

* Inserted subsequently.

du Bocage, came forward gallantly and unanimously on my behalf. I was requested to draw out a memoire; and this was read at a meeting of the Academie. . . . . L'Anglez spoke strongly in my favour, and stated that he was intimately acquainted with me: (he was, indeed, one of the most constant guests at Count Belderbusch's, and had, from his first acquaintance with me, distinguished me with his friendship): he, actually, went so far as to say, that Captain Constantine had been guilty of the blackest treachery, and that, for the Government to detain me as a prisoner, was to render themselves a party to that transaction. . . . . The Institute then drew up a report, which was sent to the Minister of War. . . . .

One evening upon coming home, I found on my table a letter, which I immediately opened. It was from Count Belderbusch, enclosing a note he had received from Monsieur de Baure, with another enclosure from Count Dam in the following words :—

"*Mon cher de Baure,*

J'ai le plaisir de vous annoncer que S. M. a signé la permission pour Monsieur Stanhope; et qu'ainsi votre jeune savant peut poursuivre ses voyages quand il lui plaira."

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on reading this note, or the state in which I passed that night. . . . . It was some time, however, before I received an official notification of this event, and I may occupy the interval by recalling a few of the notable occurrences in Paris during my sojourn there. . . . .

The Emperor's return from the Moscow campaign was, indeed, a singular moment; it would be almost impossible to give an idea of the effect produced by the tenth bulletin. Previous to that time, the campaign had been a continual series of victories; Moscow itself was in the hands of the French army, and the war was, probably, at an end. Amongst the opponents of the Imperial dynasty, there might, indeed, have been some surmises that a different issue was impending; some private communications detailing the sufferings and privations of the French army; but nothing more.

All at once, the tenth bulletin declared the whole truth: "*Dans quatre jours cette belle armée n'existait plus!*" These few words, the more striking from their simplicity, announced the annihilation of the

finest army seen in modern days. It fell like a thunder-clap upon Paris, and the sensation it produced was indescribable. The full disclosure of all the truth in a bulletin, an event hitherto unprecedented, was alone sufficient to shew the extent of the misfortune. The *prestige*, as it was termed, was past; the charm was broken; that singular infatuation, which led men almost to worship one who, not unfrequently, was the secret object of their detestation; that power, which seemed to subject their minds to that of the Emperor, was no more. This supernatural man, this god,—or devil—, sank below the level of ordinary men; there was not a man in Paris who would have committed such blunders. "*Le prestige est passé,*" was in every one's mouth.

Even the Ministers seemed to tremble for the duration of their power. I heard a gentleman venture to remark, that the situation of a mere citizen would soon be worth a valuable consideration, "*Se vendrait à grand prix.*"

In the midst of the agitation that universally prevailed, it was suddenly announced that the Emperor was in Paris. It was declared that he was at the Palace.

I hurried to the Tuileries, and was at once convinced of the truth of the report, by the appearance of the gardens; for a partial crowd had already collected in front of the Palace. He was, indeed, returned: *sed qualis rediit? Nempe una nave:* but in what sort of a vessel? I hardly dare mention it —a *pot de chambre!* * Yes, the great hero of modern days, *Napoléon le Grand*, sneaked into Paris in a *pot de chambre!* Let Xerxes be no more an example to "point a moral, or adorn a tale"; his fate was dignified in comparison with that of the modern Cæsar.

Before leaving the remains of his army, he had assembled the principal officers; appointed Murat as Commander-in-Chief; and, immediately after, commenced his journey. He had travelled night and day, without stopping anywhere but at Warsaw; and, for the purpose of the journey, had assumed the title of Duc de Vicence, while Caulaincourt, the real owner of that title, was his companion. . . . .

As soon as his return was known, a crowd assembled round the Palace, and Napoleon

* One of the inferior sorts of hackney carriages of those days was thus designated.—S. P.

condescended to shew himself occasionally at the window, and to solace himself with the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*," which some of the crowd, probably emissaries of the Police, cried out, whenever he presented himself. I remained some time, in the hope of seeing him, but could only distinguish his back, as he walked up and down the room. The murmurs, which before had been loud, were still to be heard, though in whispers; for neither his presence, nor the indefatigable exertions of the Police, could quell the just complaints of the Parisians; and few were the families that had not to mourn over the loss of one or more of their relations.

The army was reported to have been in a state of complete disorganisation: even the Emperor's life was said not to have been safe from the vengeance of his own troops; and a sort of bodyguard was reported to have been formed, of officers whose regiments were annihilated, and who kept a strict guard over the Emperor's person. Prince Eugène seemed to have contributed more than anyone to the preservation of the débris of the *Grande Armée*. On one occasion, I was told, a body of the troops, in the

Emperor's presence, burst forth with, "*Vive le Prince Eugène*", without taking the slightest notice of their Emperor. But he was not to be disconcerted at so strong a hint of the feelings of his soldiers; his presence of mind did not forsake him: he came forward, and cried out, "*Oui, mes amis, vive le vice-roi, vive le Prince Eugène; c'est lui qui nous a sauvé tous.*" He had touched the right cord, and "*Vive l'Empereur*" resounded on all sides. . . . .

Napoleon appeared never to have enjoyed better health than he did during the retreat and his rapid journey; though the English papers were full of accounts of his ill-health, and of his constitution having failed under the fatigue; their wishes being fathers to their thoughts. He was even reported to have been in high spirits during the journey; but, perhaps, it was deemed politic to shew that his spirit had not sunk under his reverses. . . . .

A man was taken up pasting on the walls of the Tuileries the following placard:—

"*Ce Palais est à vendre,*
La couronne à rendre,
Et le tyran à pendre."

Another placard was found in the Place Vendôme, where Napoleon is represented first upon the summit of the column, built in imitation of Adrian's pillar,

> "*Si tu étais entouré*
> *Du sang que tu a versé,*
> *Tu en boirais.*"

One day, when he was riding, a man had, actually, the boldness to lay hold of his bridle, and to say, "*Napoléon, tu vas trop loin, retourne toi.*" "*Ce n'est qu'un fou,*" observed his majesty. But I heard afterwards, that the Police were making a most active search after the man. . . . .

As I could not obtain a ticket for the *séance* of the opening of the Senate, I was obliged to content myself with seeing all the Imperial Procession pass through the garden of the Tuileries. Napoleon was evidently desirous of vying with, or rather, of outvying, the King's progress to the House of Lords; and, certainly, so far as pomp and glitter went, he succeeded: but there is a simplicity, a harmony in the *tout ensemble* of the carriages, horses and decorations, that renders the procession in London far more striking than all the tinsel of the Imperial

show. Still it was, as the French would term it, *magnifique.*

It opened by detachments of some of the regiments most distinguished for the brilliancy of their equipments: then followed the cortège of the Empress, which consisted of several carriages containing the ladies of the court, beautifully dressed, attended by gentlemen ushers and heralds, all in high caparison. This was shortly followed by the cortège of the Emperor, which was still more splendid, and accompanied by innumerable heralds in the most showy dresses. But, in spite of all this splendour, I could only regard them as caricatures; more as a scene at the opera, than as heralds of the olden time. At length, came the Emperor himself, seated, as had also been the Empress, in a glass coach, but drawn by the old cream-coloured horses, which, though almost broken down with their extreme old age, were beautiful even in decay, and awakened a bitter feeling in my heart, whilst they opened to view those feelings of an equally bitter character, which were rankling at the heart of *Napoléon le Grand.* It was a *petitesse* unworthy of such a man;

it was either a piece of contemptible vanity, or a studied insult to George III.

As the Emperor was, as I have already mentioned, seated in a glass coach, his person was fully visible to the spectators, and I had now a second opportunity of satisfying my curiosity, and of fully scanning the countenance of the Man of Destiny. I have already described the impression made upon my mind by the appearance of his countenance when he passed through Verdun—I can, even now, almost shudder at the recollection of it—but, on this occasion, I could scarcely have believed that the same man was before me. He had *now* no popularity to lose, but much to regain; he was not *now* the conqueror, come in triumph to recount his victories, but the General, come to announce the total loss of his army, the frustration of his hopes, and the dangers that threatened the Empire. He was, accordingly, most gracious in his manner to the surrounding crowd, greeting them with a smile: and that smile was strikingly beautiful; there was a fascination about it, which, even in spite of my previous impressions, I could not resist.

I was afterwards told that he read his speech extremely well, and with great composure and self-command till he came to the word 'Moscow,' when his voice faltered. As soon as he had made his speech, he returned to the Tuileries with the same ceremony.

I do not know whether I was more astonished at the excessive credulity of the Parisians, or at the cool, barefaced manner with which the Emperor imposed upon that credulity. After announcing the total destruction of his army, he told them that he wanted neither men nor money: and they believed him. They were not, however, left long in their fool's paradise: the news of General York's defection arrived; upon which, Napoleon announced, that circumstances were changed since he had told them that he wanted neither men nor money, that his allies had forsaken him, and that he, therefore, required 400,000 men — a somewhat considerable number to be called for in consequence of the defection of an army of 20,000 men, and of the efforts that Prussia might be able, in her humbled state, to effect.

The rapidity with which the new army was called into existence, has been generally considered as one of the most signal proofs of the extraordinary genius of Napoleon. To those who witnessed the process, it was only a proof of the boldness of his tyranny, and of the subservience and patience of his subjects. . . . .

The next step was a new conscription. . . . . Not content with this measure, the Emperor went himself to the Invalides, that he might personally inspect the pensioners, and ascertain whether any of them were yet young enough, or sufficiently recovered from their wounds, to be able to endure the fatigues of service. I remember waiting for a considerable time with one of my friends, to witness the Emperor's departure from the Invalides. We were informed that the veterans were drawn up in line, and that he selected those whom he thought equal to service. This proceeding seemed by no means to meet with the approbation of the people who were assembled. As his carriage drove out, a shower of petitions were thrown in at the window, and he passed on; but not a single cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*" was to be heard; though, as my friend

remarked to me, "to-morrow's *Moniteur* will state that he left the Invalides amidst a deafening cry of '*Vive l'Empereur.*'" . . . .

As I have mentioned the manner in which the Duc de Rovigo began his administration, by turning most of the English out of Paris, it will not appear surprising, when I add, that he was held in very slight estimation by my countrymen, who considered him as disposed on all occasions to treat them with severity; whilst they entertained a very different opinion of his predecessor, who has been generally held up to universal detestation. Our feeling was, that, whatever might be the crimes which could be laid to Fouché's charge, he was, at all events, a gentleman in his feelings. Undoubtedly, the English had no cause to complain of his conduct: he had invariably treated the prisoners, not only with justice, but with liberality; indeed, with a degree of liberty, that, considering their situation, was hardly justifiable. Most of the officers taken at Talavera had been allowed to go to Paris, where, instead of living quietly, and keeping themselves, as much as they could, out of public sight, they acted with the usual incautiousness of young

Englishmen. They were in the habit of walking, four together, arm-in-arm, so as to push people they met into the gutter: the Café Tortoni had become so entirely the resort of the English, that it was called the Café Anglais, and few Frenchmen would venture into it. It is not surprising that the Parisians should have become indignant at seeing their prisoners lord it over them in their own metropolis.

It was at the time of the Walcheren expedition, that Fouché gave the most signal proof of his feeling and consideration for the English. That foolish and unfortunate expedition was viewed in a very different light in France, from that in which it was regarded in England. Better acquainted with the real state of the country, the French well knew the impracticability of the attempt that was made, whilst they saw the still greater results that might have been effected by a wiser disposition of our army: "The English cannot take Antwerp," was the general remark, "but they may march to the gates of Paris." The greatest alarm, consequently, prevailed in that city; and it was not diminished by the knowledge that the Netherland Departments were very dis-

contented, and that the Dutch were decidedly hostile in their feelings towards the French. So fine an army as we sent on that ill-fated expedition, marching at once into the interior of the country, would have formed a rallying point for all the disaffected; and, destitute, as France then was, of troops, might have proceeded unopposed from one end of the country to the other. There were, therefore, sufficient grounds for alarm in the Capital.

The danger that might arise from the number of English then resident in the city, if a British army marched to the gates, was urged on the Senate. Fouché fired at the attack: he declared that the English prisoners were there under his authority, and that he was personally responsible for them, and would continue so, as he knew all their characters individually: in short, that not one of them should be sent out of the town. To the bold line of conduct that he pursued at this period, and, more particularly, to the calling out of the premier van of the National Guard, was his disgrace generally attributed.

At this period, his name was never mentioned, and where he was, no one seemed to know.

One of the first measures of Savary's administration was, as I have already mentioned, to send all the English, with a few exceptions, back to their dépôts; and in this, as well as in all his subsequent proceedings, he was considered by them as actuated by a hostile feeling towards our countrymen.

To Sir John Coghill I was indebted for many acts of friendship during my residence at Paris. . . . . At this time he was living very quietly, and not entering much into general society; and we not unfrequently went to the theatre together. I remember his mentioning to me that, upon going one evening to the hôtel of the Duc de Rovigo, the Duke addressed him with, "*Monsieur Coghill, nous ne vous voyons plus;*" to which he replied that "he really felt afraid of going into society, there were so many spies about." "Yet," said the Duke, "you see from what has just taken place (Mallet's conspiracy), that we have not a sufficient number:" though he (Coghill) admitted, "I speak with hesitation, yet, I think, I do so correctly, when I say, that three out of every five persons in Paris are spies." . . . .

Whilst speaking of the Police, I will mention a circumstance which occurred to Le

Chevalier during the short peace. He determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of seeing Sicily: "I could not die content," said the excellent old man, with all a traveller's enthusiasm, "I could not die content, without having seen Sicily." Accordingly, thither he went. He stayed, *en route*, for a short time at Gibraltar, where he was most kindly received by the Governor; but the expressions which he used at the British Governor's table, even at the *ultimos Gades*, were known in Paris. No man was more alarmed at the power of the Police, than was Le Chevalier; a Police spy was a bugbear that haunted him continually. Nothing could induce him to accept an invitation to dinner: "No," would he say, "I could not keep a constant check upon my thoughts; a word might escape me; and, when I returned home, I should find a gend'arme at my door." Under this impression he remained ensconced in his observatory at St. Geneviève, (of which he was librarian), where he could disregard alike, the insinuations of spies, and the ambition of rulers. He used to tell me that he could read the political feeling of the day in the faces and manners of the employés in the library at

St. Geneviève. In the early days of his power, he was secretary to Talleyrand, and, in such a situation, had enjoyed no little share of influence, which he had constantly exercised in acts of kindness. . . . .

I will mention another Police anecdote, which was current at that time. At some Parisian dinner, the conversation turned insensibly upon the Emperor and his Government. One of the company remarked, that he was a great man, but was too fond of war. When the party broke up, a gentleman, who was present, requested to speak in private to the person who had made that observation: "Sir," said he, "I am sorry for it, but I must request you to go with me to the Police." "Why?" said the other, in the greatest apparent alarm; "I have said nothing against the Emperor but what every one must acknowledge,—that he is too fond of war: there can be no harm in that." "With that I have nothing to do: you must go with me to the Police." The other now began to shew the strongest symptoms of fear; he entreated the Police agent not to denounce him, pressed upon him the situation of his unfortunate wife, of his innocent and unhappy children, and,

finding all his efforts fruitless, he, at length, threw himself on his knees before him, and entreated him in the most pathetic language and manner to have compassion upon him. The other, however, stood firm and unmoved by all his solicitations; when, suddenly, the man rose from his knees, and burst into a hoarse laugh, to the utter astonishment of the informer: "You think you have caught me," said he, "you are a spy of the Police; so am I: and I was put over you, to see whether you would do your duty."

What a horrible state of society! Society, do I call it? it is an abuse of the word: no such thing as society could exist under such a state of things. Be it at dinner, ball or soirée, you could not but feel that half the people around you were spies: you could trust no one, hardly your dearest friend. Even when in our own sanctum, we had to remember that walls had ears, and used to open the door, to see that no one was listening at the keyhole. I remember being myself, on one occasion, taken for a spy by a lady who was detailing various anecdotes of the retreat from Moscow. . . . .

I will conclude this long tirade by an anecdote of Napoleon himself, something in

the nature of the biter bit. He sent one day for Fouché, and, in rather an imperial manner, began with, "*Monsieur le Ministre*, I find that such and such streets are not well paved; such other streets are not well lighted;" and made a series of similar complaints. "Your Majesty thinks then," replied Fouché, "that the Police do not do their duty? I will give your Majesty a proof that they do. Your Majesty left the Tuileries at —— o'clock, walked into such a street, got into a hackney coach, drove to such and such places, got out of the hackney coach in the Rue ——, and walked back to the Tuileries." The Emperor was reported to have flown into a furious passion; for it was one thing to keep spies over his subjects, but quite another thing to set spies over his Imperial Majesty himself.

(It has since appeared that, not only his private secretary, Bourienne, but Josephine herself, were in the pay of Fouché.)

I was told of another adventure, which occurred upon one of these expeditions *à la Caliph Haroun al Raschid*. Napoleon went out early one morning with Caulaincourt, and walked through some of the streets of Paris. His appetite was awakened by the

freshness of the morning air, and he proposed to his companion that they should go into one of the neighbouring cafés, and have some breakfast. Perhaps, indeed, it might have been part of his morning plan, and that he went there to ascertain the feelings of the people who were in the habit of frequenting that café: but, be that as it might, there they had their breakfast. He desired Caulaincourt to pay for it; but, when the Duke put his hands into his pockets, he found that he had left his purse behind him. The Emperor then searched *his* pockets, but they, also, were moneyless. What was to be done? The Emperor sent for the owner of the café, and told him that they had, unfortunately, forgotten their purses, but, if he would trust them, they would return home, and send the money immediately. "That won't do," said the man, "I am not to be caught by such tricks as those: you do not leave this house till you have paid for your breakfasts." In vain they tried to move him; his determination was taken. The case was becoming awkward, when the *garçon* remarked, that "*Monsieur avait l'air d'un honnête homme,*" and that he would be caution for him.

Upon this they were allowed to depart. As soon as they returned to the Tuileries, the Emperor sent the money, with orders for the *garçon* to repair to the Palace. The astonishment of the young man, upon finding that the gentleman, "*qui avait l'air d'un honnête homme*," was the Emperor himself, may be imagined; no less than his delight at being, not only recompensed with money, but also, actually received into the Imperial service.

Another adventure occurred to Napoleon while I was in Paris: he went into a shop somewhere in the Chaussée d'Antin, and, after looking at some goods, asked the mistress how trade was, and complained of the dearness of her goods. On this she gave a-loose to her tongue, and was supposed to have expressed her opinion pretty openly upon the Emperor and his love of war. He stalked out of the shop, sent a servant in the Imperial livery for the goods, with a caution to the mistress, to beware how she indulged herself in similar language again. . . . .

I was fortunate enough to get admission to a masked ball at the Tuileries. I received

a ticket, only the very morning of the day on which it was to take place, and was occupied the greater part of that day in procuring the necessary habiliments; as no one could be admitted except in full dress. I was previously engaged to an American club dinner; for I had latterly, from my intimacy with Sir John Coghill, formed an acquaintance with some of the principal Americans in Paris, amongst whom I may mention Mr. Franklin, nephew to the great Franklin, a very sensible and agreeable man, and Mr. Church, secretary to the American Legation: he is the son of an English member of Parliament, was brought up at Eton, and is a remarkably gentlemanlike man; how he came to be an American diplomat, I cannot tell. . . . . Monsieur Benjamin Delessert was the only Frenchman in the party. It was late before dinner was put upon the table, and, when it was, it was voted *nem. con.* to be not superexcellent. "But then, what is to be done?" was the remark, "we must make the best of it, for the other restaurants will not allow of play." From this, as well as from other observations that were made, I discovered that the club was neither more nor less than a gambling club. I was, there-

fore, very glad that my ball-ticket enabled me to make my escape, which, however, I was obliged to do rather prematurely, just as the second course was put upon the table. I made an inward resolution, never again to be caught at an American club dinner.

I found Börselager at my lodgings, waiting somewhat impatiently for me. I was soon equipped; and, upon arriving at the Tuileries, we found a great crowd before the door. We remained for some time exposed to a pretty strong pressure. At length, the doors were opened, and a great rush ensued.

Fortunately, Börselager had a ticket of the same colour as mine: they were both for the first boxes, so that we were raised very little above the pit, which, united with the area of the theatre, formed the scene of action. The ball was under the direction of the Queen of Holland, who had also had the privilege of inviting the company, which began slowly, but gradually, to assemble. They were, at first, unmasked, but, on the arrival of the Empress, they all put on their masks. She entered at the head of her suite, all dressed in, what was called, an American costume, quite bespangled with gold. It

was rumoured that the Emperor was to wear a green domino; consequently, every person so disguised, and at all resembling him in shape, was immediately voted by those near him to be the Emperor.

I was the first to recognise him, which I did from his air and appearance, from the length of time he stood talking to Cambacérés, and from the respectful manner in which the *Archichancelier* seemed to listen to him.

The Queen of Holland, leading in the ladies of the quadrille, came dancing into the midst of the ball-room, playing on the tambourine which she held over her head, and showing her beautiful little figure to the greatest advantage. The quadrille was intended to represent the hours of the day and night, and was, I believe, called *Les Heures.* Each lady was dressed, more or less, in black or white, or in both, according to the hour that she represented. The dresses were not new, but had already appeared at a former ball, and the Queen of Holland was blamed for her economy in reproducing them. The cavaliers followed: they were dressed to represent American savages, and came in with their

bows and arrows; the latter of which were, occasionally, pointed at their fair or black partners.

The quadrille itself was something like a ballet at the opera: indeed, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole was not a scene on the stage. When I called to mind that I was in the presence of Imperial and Royal actors and actresses, I could not help thinking to myself that it was all a farce. "It never can last," said I, almost audibly: and, from that moment, I felt convinced that, after they had played their part, the actors and actresses of the Imperial Court would, in their turn, disappear, and make way for people better calculated to represent the royal character.

The spectators, who occupied the different tiers of boxes, were all in full dress, and the beauty of the women, the brilliancy of their diamonds, and the splendour of their dresses, produced a very striking effect.

After the quadrille was finished, ices were handed round, not only to the persons who assisted at the ball, but also to us spectators; and I was rather amused at finding myself, a poor English prisoner, eating ices in Napoleon's presence.

One of my frequent partners at balls caught sight of me, and, with a start of surprise, called out to me in English, "What! you here!" I could only make a sign, and an attempt at "hush," lest the Emperor, who was sitting immediately below, should catch the sound of that detested language.

I kept my eyes fixed the whole time upon Napoleon, who, to me, was the greatest object of curiosity. I saw him for some time, seated near a lady, with whom he appeared in deep conversation: he then rose, crossed the theatre, and sat near another, just below our box. She seemed to be young, and to have a pretty figure. I observed that, whilst he was speaking to her, she turned from him, and entered into conversation with a lady who was seated next to her, and who appeared to belong to her: I had hardly remarked to Börselager that she could not know who it was that was speaking to her, before Napoleon rose, walked up to the Empress and gave her his arm, thus, at once declaring himself. I heard, the following day, that I was right in my conjecture, and that the lady had said something far from pleasing to his Imperial ear.

At one o'clock, supper was announced: we saw the company walk out, and then we ourselves retired. . . . .

I remember, one day, when I was riding out with Colonel Scott, meeting the Emperor in his carriage, and noticing that several of the Parisian dandies, who were preceding us, turned off to the right or left, to avoid pulling off their hats to him. We went a step further, for we actually passed close to the carriage, without pulling off our hats. The astonishment depicted in the countenance of the attendants was not a little amusing.

On Sunday, March 20th, [1813], upon returning from a walk, I found upon my table a note from the État Major, in which I was desired to go there immediately. I lost no time in obeying such a mandate, and was informed by my old acquaintance, Monsieur ——, that he had orders to give me a passport for Greece. He asked me for my permission to reside in Paris, which I gave him. He then, having taken my *signalement*, placed in my hands my passport. As soon as I got into the street, I opened it, and my joy can scarcely be imagined, when I

found that it released me *entirely* from my parole as a prisoner of war.

I was, indeed, like something gone mad; and, as I walked through the streets, I gave, every now and then, a hop or a jump, to the great astonishment of the passers-by. That day will, certainly, rank amongst the happiest of my life. But with that day my happiness ended. An anxiety of mind, a depression of spirits, took possession of me. Without my being able to assign any reason for my fears, I felt a sort of presentiment, or warning, that something would occur to prevent my departure.

I was most anxious to have started immediately; but I found that it would be necessary for me to wait till the Friday, as that was the day upon which the third class of the Institute held their *sêance*, and it was thought right that I should attend both classes, to return them my thanks for their intercession in my favour. I had, also, many preparations to make before I could be ready for my journey.

I sold my horse to a gentleman belonging to the Queen of Holland's establishment. . . . . Some of my countrymen were of opinion that it would be right for me to

give a dinner to those gentlemen who had taken the most interest in my favour: they thought that the French expected some such compliment from me. I was not of this opinion myself; but I did not wish to appear wanting in anything that might be considered by my countrymen as likely to be beneficial to them; still less did I wish to appear wanting in gratitude to my French friends. I thought it best, therefore, to consult Belderbusch, who gave, as his opinion, that it would be a proper attention on my part. I, accordingly, issued my invitations for a dinner at Robert's the following Tuesday. When I told Le Chevalier what I had done, I received from him a severe lecture for my folly.

On the Friday, I attended the meeting of the third class of the Institute, in order to return them my thanks. The different members had been instructed to propose any questions to me upon subjects into which they might wish me to make enquiries, and, singularly enough, it happened that an essay was read upon the question as to whether or not there had existed a city at Olympia. "*Voilà, Monsieur Stanhope,*" said the President turning to me, "a question

for you to resolve." From that moment I determined that Olympia should be my first and principal object in Greece; for to Greece I was resolved to go, notwithstanding the kind advice that Count Belderbusch had given me. He had sent for me one day, and had said, "Go off immediately to your father; the savants of the Institute may expect you to go to Greece; but it is quite unnecessary: the government does not care a straw whether you go or not; so go home." I thought that his observations were fully borne out by the tenor of my passport; but I knew that the Institute had interested themselves for me, in the full confidence that I would go to Greece; and to Greece I was determined to go.

Upon my return from my walk on Sunday, I found the following note on my table: "*Monsieur Stanhope est invité à vouloir bien passer au premier Bureau de la Police Générale de l'Empire, etc. etc.*" Now, then, my fears, which had so affected my mind as to bring me to a state little short of positive illness, began to assume a tangible shape. What could it mean? What was to be done? Had it not been for this unfortunate dinner, before two hours had elapsed, I should have

been out of Paris. But was there sufficient reason to justify me in going off? I thought not. I could only suppose that the object of the message was to enquire, either why I still remained in Paris, or when I was going.

The morning came: Stobbart (my former servant), who had heard of the letter, called upon me. He was so alarmed, that he had not slept a wink all night; he, however, expressed his conviction, that there could not possibly be any reason to fear that I should be detained. He walked down with me to the Police. As I could not feel certain that I might not be sent to Vincennes, I told him, in case I did not appear, to go to some of my friends, whom I named.

When we came to the gates of the Police, a sort of involuntary shudder came on me. I made a full stop. "It is not yet too late," said I, "shall I go back?" A moment's reflection restored my courage. I entered the precints of the Police, and, upon going to the first bureau, was desired to sit down till the Chef arrived. I saw several other people in the same situation; their countenances betrayed the mixed emotions of fear and melancholy, and my courage began

to sink: I would have given worlds to be out of that place. At length, the *Chef du bureau* arrived. He requested me to go into the next room. "*Donnez-moi la lettre du ministre,*" said he. What was my consternation, on seeing that the "letter," which the clerk presented to him, consisted of an immense roll of papers! This, then, was the black catalogue of my offences. Hope forsook me, and Vincennes rose before me in all its horrors. I waited in breathless expectation, whilst the man, seated at his desk in front of me, was studying the contents of the letter.

At length, he addressed me, and in a tone of politeness, which I little expected in such a place: "*Monsieur, je suis bien faché, mais j'ai ordre du Ministre de vous envoyer à un dépôt de prisoniers de guerre, et son Excellence ne veut reçevoir aucune réclamation jusqu' a ce que vous y soyez.*" "Sir," said I, "this is very extraordinary: may I ask whether it is anything that I have done, that has led to the adoption of such a measure?" "I do not know," replied he, "the motives that have induced the Minister to issue this order, but I believe there is nothing in it particular to you, and that there are several

others of your countrymen in the same situation."

He enquired to what dépôt I wished to go. I named Valenciennes, as, at all events, preferable to Verdun. Had I had time for reflection, I should have named the other, as lying immediately on the road to Germany: but, as yet, I had not been able to form the slightest opinion upon the position in which I might ultimately find myself.

He wrote something on a piece of paper, and conducted me into the Préfet's office, a long room, full of people waiting for their passports. He placed me in a part that was railed off at one end. At first, I thought that the rail was fastened by a spring lock, but I soon ascertained that this was not the case. I then began to take a hurried view of my position: I feared that they would call upon me to sign a new parole, and did not well see how I could evade doing so. I was still free: I was still in possession of my passport: would not the best course be, to escape whilst it was in my power? The idea no sooner entered into my mind, than it was carried into execution. I seized a moment when no one was looking, lifted the rail, and was out of the room in an

instant. I ran down stairs as fast as I could, jumped into a hackney coach, and urged the coachman to drive as fast as possible.

I proposed to leave Paris instantly. I got to my lodgings, and, in the hurry of the moment, was guilty of an act of imprudence, which I can scarcely think of, even now, without shuddering. I took out all my letters and papers, and threw them into the fire, without observing that my French servant was before me. There was, undoubtedly, nothing in any of them that I should have been afraid of submitting to the inspection of the Police, but still, that imprudence might have cost me my life. How could I have proved that they were not treasonable? For, the mere fact of my having destroyed them, would have been suspicious: and, in France, to be suspected, amounted to the same thing as being guilty.

I proposed taking neither clothes nor anything else with me, but to get into a little carriage, the name of which I need not repeat, and, by that means, pass the gate, and get on afterwards as best I could. I went to Peingeance's to procure some money, as the thing most necessary: I saw Philips,

and told him what had passed: he urged me strongly to reconsider what I was doing. He said that the Police were, probably, already in pursuit of me, and added, that it must be a mistake, and that the order must have been given before it was known that my passport had been granted, or else, that it was a general order, in which I was in no way concerned. He recommended me to go to Goulliot, and consult him. This advice rather threw me into a state of uncertainty; but I saw at once, that it never would do to go to the Minister of War's office, as I should only be losing time, without any certainty of my being able to see Goulliot; and that there was no option, but either to start immediately, or to go back to the Police, and put a stop to the search after me, which, without doubt, was already in progress. I resolved upon the latter course; determined, at the same time, on no account to give up my passport, or to sign any parole.

I, accordingly, drove back to the Police as fast as I could, and went at once into the *premier bureau*, when I apologised to *Monsieur le Chef* for my absence, which I excused on the score of having felt unwell. I then begged him, if I might do so without

indiscretion, to tell me what was the date of the Minister's order? He said there were two; one of the 14th, the other of the 19th. The former was the very day on which the Minister of Police had signed my passport. This struck me as a very suspicious circumstance: it might be a mistake; it might be merely a general order, in which I was included. It was evident that the *Chef de bureau* knew nothing of my passport; but, if I were to enlighten him on that point, and it really were not a mistake, *I* should be making a grievous one; for, how could I refuse to give him up my passport? If, on the other hand, it were a general order, why was I sent for first? Why were none of the other English included in that order of the bureau, as well as myself? Why was I informed that the Minister would receive no reclamation till I had arrived at the dépôt? What reclamation could I have to make to the Minister, but to demand my liberty; and what chance would there have been of any remonstrances of mine being listened to, when sent from a dépôt? They would, like so many of my former petitions, have been consigned to the flames: and, if there were just grounds for reclamation on my

part, on what just pretence could the Minister refuse to hear them, whilst I was in Paris, on the spot where they could be fairly discussed? All these questions passed rapidly through my mind. I knew that no great affection existed between the Ministers of War and of Police: I called to mind the instance of Captain Blair, who had been a victim to that enmity, and I felt convinced that, once consigned to a dépôt, I should find no one bold enough to inform the Emperor that the Minister of Police had contrived to counteract his order.

I had no right, however, to complain of want of attention on the part of the *Chef de bureau*. He gave immediate orders to stop the search that was already making after me, again conducted me to the Préfet's bureau, and himself apologised for my absence.

The Chef of that office then gave me a passport for Valenciennes. I was rather amused at the difference of the *signalement* in this and the Grecian passport. . . . . He then asked me for my permission to reside in Paris; to which I replied, that I had not got it. "Then you must send it to us." "You may wait some time till you get it!" was my mental rejoinder.

I left the Police, not a little pleased at the turn things had taken. I had now two passports, instead of one; and, in one of them, the express declaration that the Emperor had released me from my parole. I felt that, if the Minister of Police had really intended to play me a shabby trick, I had now the advantage over him.

I found Stobbart waiting for me, in a state of great anxiety: he had heard of my running away from the Police, as he had ventured into that dreadful abyss to enquire after me. He made me sensible of the imprudence of my conduct in burning my papers in the presence of my French servant, who had told him, that I had come in in the greatest agitation, and thrown all my papers into the fire: "You rascal," said he, "if you mention that, I will be the death of you."

I went to Philips, who, when I produced my new passport, said, "Oh! now you are quite safe, and need have no doubt about the matter: be off as soon as you can. What money will you have? We cannot give you any letters of credit, for fear of committing ourselves, but we will give you any money you choose: will you have a

thousand pounds?" "With all my heart," said I: and he produced me a thousand Napoleons, which I contrived to hide about my person. I returned home, bought a cabriolet from my neighbour, the physician, packed up a part of my clothes, and, in an hour's time, was out of Paris on the Valenciennes road, having given out, generally, that I was ordered to Valenciennes.

The only other person in my confidence was Börselager, who stayed with me to the last moment, and did all he could to dissuade me from so dangerous an attempt. The Comte de la Rochefoucault had, also, offered to do all in his power for me, but he was not aware of my intentions.

After I had gone the first stage, I questioned the post-boy, and appeared to discover that I had taken the wrong road, and that I must gain that which led to Rheims. Luckily, it did not occur to him, that the obvious way of doing that, was to return to Paris; and I continued my road. The détour that I was obliged to make, occupied a long time; but, fortunately, I was never asked for my passport.

I did not stop a moment, till I got to Rheims, when I was detained by an accident,

which happened to some of the tackle of the carriage. I got a peep at the celebrated cathedral: but I was in far too great a state of anxiety to pay much attention, even to a cathedral. I paced up and down before the inn door, counting each minute; for every instant was precious. The round I had taken had occasioned a most serious loss of time. If I succeeded in making the Police believe that I was gone to Valenciennes, all was right, but, the non-arrival of my permission to reside in Paris, might, in some degree, open their eyes, and they might telegraph me at the frontier towns. At length, I got once more under weigh, and reached Chalons in safety, where I had the satisfaction of entering the direct road.

I continued my journey without the slightest interruption, till I got to Nancy, where the postmaster asked for my passport. I concealed my agitation as well as I could, and, assuming a careless air, produced my Grecian passport. He soon came back, and returned it to me with a very low bow, shewing, in his manner, all the respect due to so great a savant. *En revanche*, he made me pay tolerably, or rather, intolerably, dear

for some wine and cold meat, which I took into the carriage for my dinner. However, I was not disposed to quarrel with him on that score. *En passant,* I could not but admire the pretty, though somewhat too uniform, streets of Nancy.

I passed through Bar and Ligny in the middle of the night. I cannot describe the feelings with which I revisited, as a trembling fugitive, that country where I had passed so many happy hours.* I thought of the breakfast at the farm, and almost wished that I could venture to surprise the party there, by my unexpected appearance: but that was out of the question; nor would I have willingly involved any of my friends in my own danger.

I pushed onwards; but it was not till the morning after the third night, that I found myself stopped by the gate of Strasbourg. How my heart beat: the decisive moment had come: I was on the point of, either regaining my liberty, or of being con-

* My father was allowed, when at Verdun, to spend the *belle saison en pension* with a family, who had a very pretty country house near Ligny. This permission was given to him, on the understanding that he was to return to Verdun by a specified time.—A. M. W. P.

demned to all the horrors of the fortress of Bîche.

Upon entering the gate, I was asked for my passport, which I produced, and was told to apply for it at —— o'clock at the Police-office. I went to the inn, and had the comfort of shaving and dressing myself; and then, in spite of my agitation, contrived to eat a good breakfast, of which I stood in no little need. I afterwards walked round the town, and visited the celebrated cathedral of Strasbourg. I found that it was contrary to law to export gold, and became, therefore, rather nervous about the quantity I had about my person, fearing that I might be searched. I, accordingly, enquired for the principal banker of the town, and being directed to Monsieur ——, introduced myself to him. His surprise at my producing so large a sum of gold was unbounded, and I saw that he was beginning to entertain no very favourable suspicions of my character, for he knew not how to account for such a circumstance. I told him, that I would leave the money, whilst I went to the Police for my passport.

Thither I went at the appointed time, and waited till it arrived. The clerk read it

with evident surprise, "Ah! it is very singular that they should have given you such a passport at Paris." My heart sank within me. After a little consideration, he said, "I must go and speak to the Préfet." Out he went, leaving me in the most serious alarm. He returned after a short absence, and told me that I must fix upon some place, as a point to which I intended to go. The fact that the passport had not been viséd at the gates of Paris, had escaped him. I named Vienna, and to my inexpressible joy, he returned it to me, viséd for Vienna. I slipped a douceur into his hand, and was out of the office as quick as thought. I went to the banker's, and shewed him my passport, which produced an instant change in his manner, and an evident one in his opinions. He pressed me to stay and dine with him; but I was then in no humour to accept invitations to dinner: every moment seemed an hour to me. I returned to the inn, got into my cabriolet, and soon found myself on the banks of the Rhine. When I had got half way across the bridge, I was asked for my passport. I gave it to the guard, who immediately returned it to me; and, after having an-

swered some questions respecting my clothes, I was allowed to pass.

I arrived on the other side of the Rhine, and was FREE.

* (I learned afterwards, that my departure had created no little sensation at Paris. Amongst the English, bets were laid, as to whether I had gone to Valenciennes, or had made my escape. Both Baron Börselager and Stobbart kept their own counsel. They sometimes passed each other in the streets, and, by a wink, shewed that all was right; but not a word passed between them. Stobbart even maintained a perfectly innocent face when Seymour, upon meeting him one day in the streets, rated him severely: "Stobbart," said he, "I always thought you were a clever man, but I shall not think so in future, since you could allow that poor fellow to be sent to Valenciennes." Such of my friends who had not heard of my departure, went, according to my invitation, to Robert's, and much mirth at the strangeness of the occurrence prevailed. It was, indeed, quite the story of the day in Paris. The

* Inserted subsequently.

Minister of War was much amused, and said that I had done quite right. The Minister of Police declared that it was a mistake, and sent orders to release me, in case I made my appearance at Valenciennes.)

PART V.

With the Army of the Allies, and return to England.

[My father went from the Rhine to Baden. He thus describes his feelings after climbing the mountain, on which were the ruins of the old Castle.—A. M. W. P.]

The view was magnificent: there was the town, situated in a valley, the woodland mountains by which it was surrounded, the distant Rhine, and beyond—the land of bondage. If I live a hundred years, I shall never forget that moment. I was once again free; the world was all before me; the weight, which had so long hung on my mind, was entirely removed, whilst the distant view of France, not only recalled to me the misery from which I had escaped, but enhanced the happiness of that moment.

[From Baden he went to Carlsruhe, to Stuttgart, and on to Ulm, where he saw the spot upon which Bonaparte stood, when

Mack surrendered to him the city and the whole Austrian army. From Ulm, he went down the Danube to Ratisbon, and thence to Vienna. After he had stayed in that town for some little time, he began to realise that it would be very difficult, while there, to make the proper preparations for his tour in Greece, and that these preparations could be made much more satisfactorily in England. To England, therefore, he decided to return; and, after some difficulty in obtaining a passport, he set out on his homeward journey. After passing through Prague, he arrived at Dresden, and found that city in a state of the highest excitement: there was a great amount of noise and bustle in the streets, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he procured a room in one of the inns. —A. M. W. P.]

'Eventually, I agreed with Mr. Perceval, Lord Arden's eldest son, who was attached to Lord Cathcart's embassy, and Sir Francis d'Ivernois, to join their party.' In the meantime, the battle of Lützen took place. The anxiety that prevailed in the city during this period, may be more easily imagined than described. At every moment contradictory reports were circulated. At length

it was announced, that the victory had been gained by the allied army. In spite, however, of the boasted success, everything began to assume the appearance of a retreat. The Sovereigns arrived in Dresden, and, with them, the Ambassadors. I immediately went to call on Lord Cathcart, and told him my story. He enquired into my future plans; and I told him that, before undertaking a journey to Greece, I proposed returning home by Berlin and Hamburg. He said that he could not conceive that my passport could authorise me to do so. I replied that, when he had seen my passport, he would be satisfied that there could be no objection to my returning to England. "I do not know how to conceive that," answered Lord Cathcart. "Very well, my lord," said I, "if that is your opinion, I will return to Vienna." "I do not wish," added he, "to influence your conduct: you must judge for yourself: I speak only out of friendship for your father and your family." "I can only repeat, then," said I, "that, if such be your opinion, I will certainly return to Vienna. I shall, therefore, be obliged to your lordship to procure me a passport authorising me to re-enter Austria." This, however, was not

quite so easy to obtain. In the midst of the important political business in which he was involved, Lord Cathcart had no time to think of me.

He spoke of the battle which had just taken place, and assured me that they had gained the victory. He said nothing that could in any way infer the necessity of a retreat of the allies, excepting a passing observation, made to Perceval after dinner, (for we all dined with him that day), "If the Cossacks enter Dresden," said he, "you had better take care that they do not get possession of your stables." As I was not accustomed to diplomatic caution, I felt perfectly secure, concluding that, as the French had been defeated, they must, necessarily, be in full retreat. Upon observing, however, the number of troops that were constantly pouring into the town, I began to entertain some suspicions; but I was not completely roused from my security, till Perceval asked me what arrangements I had made for my departure. I now found myself in a very embarrassing position. I was to return to Vienna, and was only two stages from the frontier; but I knew that I should not be permitted to enter Bohemia without a pass-

port *en règle*, which I had in vain endeavoured to procure. I asked Lord Cathcart for one; he referred me to the Austrian Minister: when I applied to the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires, he told me that I must get a note from Lord Cathcart to him. In the meantime, all the Ministers were retreating, or preparing to retreat, each his own way; it was impossible for me to be running after them; so the only course left to pursue, was to follow the army.

I had not neglected to visit the celebrated gallery of pictures: I was there with Perceval, when a gentleman, who was acting as our cicerone, was called away, and immediately returned, introducing the young Princes of Prussia. I was amused at the difference in the manner of an heir-apparent, and of a younger brother: the hereditary Prince took very little notice of us, whilst his brother almost overwhelmed us with his bows. They seemed to be very pleasing, gentlemanlike, young men. I also visited everything worth seeing in Dresden and its immediate vicinity. . . . .

At length the plot thickened. A line of troops, baggage-waggons and wounded men, was incessantly passing through the town.

"Very like a retreat," were the words of salutation which we, who were not in the secrets of diplomacy, addressed to one another, when we met. Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who had great cause to dread the anger of Napoleon, retreated across the bridge, near which he took some lodgings, thus putting the Elbe between himself and the French.

The streets of Dresden had been, for the last three days, a scene of constant movement; all day and all night, there was an uninterrupted passage of troops, baggage and artillery. I was, as yet, unprovided with horses; so I went to a horse-dealer, who lived at a short distance from the town, to see if I could obtain any horses from him: he had but two left, and, after some hard bargaining, he undertook to send them for me into Dresden by four o'clock the next morning. . . . .

It was now very well known that the French would enter the town the next day; and it would not be easy to paint the dismay of the inhabitants. They were but too well convinced, that the manner in which they had received the Allies, had drawn upon them the indignation of the French: and the melancholy expression of their countenances

showed how keenly they felt their situation. A few short moments had converted the most cheering hopes into utter despair, and they had now a fearful reckoning to pay.

I was not myself without great alarm; I feared lest the French should press upon the rear-guard, and enter the town at night. Hardly escaped from captivity, to be again taken prisoner, would, indeed, have been a hard fate, and I could scarcely forgive my folly, for having exposed myself to such a danger.

I had been very particular in not putting on a uniform, or even wearing a sword, that I might not be said to have borne arms against the French; but I felt that appearances would have been strong against me, and that the least I could expect, would be to be taken for a spy or an informer, and hung up on the first tree. But what most alarmed me was, the fear of committing my friends in Paris, who might be considered in some degree responsible for my conduct. Those considerations, and a sort of unaccountable dread of the Allied Army finishing its passage through the town before sunrise, had kept me from closing my eyes during

the two preceding nights; and I had passed the weary hours in listening to the uninterrupted march of the troops, and to the song of a nightingale, which poured forth his notes from some tree opposite to my window. Frequently I could not refrain from jumping out of bed, and running to the window, to endeavour to ascertain by the uncertain light of the moon, whether it was, indeed, Russian, and not French troops, who were marching by.

Now, truly, I began to have some serious cause for alarm. The higher powers took good care, that none but themselves should have any certain intelligence of the movements of the Army. I tried my best to extract a little information out of Frederick Cathcart; but all I could draw from him was, that they had then no thoughts of moving during the night, but that they had everything packed up, and were prepared to start at a moment's warning; and that it was very possible they might receive that warning in the middle of the night.

Perceval and I had passed the evening together, in company with Fanshawe, a brother of my old friend, Capt. Fanshawe; he is an officer in the Russian Service, in

which his father is a general officer. It may be easily supposed, that I did not sleep more this night than I had done on the two preceding ones. There was a circumstance, also, which tended to give me additional anxiety. I had sent my servant to Sir Francis d'Ivernois' quarters with my trunk, and, as he had never returned, I could not but feel some misgivings, lest he might have taken advantage of the existing circumstances, to make a prize of my wardrobe. I became, at last, so fidgetty, that I got up, dressed myself, and explored my way across the bridge; but, from the darkness of the night, and the number of baggage and ammunition-waggons that stopped the passage, I was not able to get to the inn where Sir Francis lodged, nor, indeed, to find it out. I accordingly returned to my room, and got into my bed again.

I was, also, under no little apprehension, for fear the dealer should not have remained true to his bargain, and should have been tempted by a higher price to sell the horses to some other person; or lest the Cossacks should have laid violent hands upon them. At four o'clock, however, my mind was tranquillized by their arrival. My first object

was to get them safely across the river. As we passed the guard, he told us to make haste, as he was going to set fire to the bridge. The French had, upon their retreat, blown up one of the arches; this had been repaired with wood, and was now to be burned.

Having received this warning, I made as much haste back as I could, and, on my way, called upon Perceval. I found him still in bed, and by no means disposed to get up. However, as my entreaties were seconded by a message from Fanshawe, urging him to be off immediately, he was, at last, persuaded to leave his bed.

When I returned, I found Sir Francis d'Ivernois in great alarm, and most anxious to be on the march. I had, however, still to provide myself with saddles, which took up some time. At length, everything was ready, and we commenced our march. Sir Francis and myself, on horseback, and our own, as well as Perceval's luggage, in a sort of carriage like a waggon. . . . .

We began to be much alarmed for Perceval, as he did not make his appearance, and it was reported that he had been made prisoner.

We passed near a *tête de pont*, which defended a bridge of boats, by which all those who remained at Dresden, after the destruction of the larger bridge, were to effect their passage.

I enjoyed my ride extremely. Though I had not slept for three nights, yet, I did not feel the least fatigued. A weight of anxiety was removed from my mind: I now felt no longer the dread of being sent back again to my prison-house, as the most lenient fate that could await me; and the march of an army was, also, a new and animating scene to me. . . . .

At length we came to a small town, where the army was to halt. The place was so full of troops, that we found no slight difficulty in procuring any accommodation.

I saw here an instance of the summary manner in which a person is frequently dubbed a spy. Two men had been arrested on suspicion: they stated that they were *negociants*, travelling on their own affairs. I endeavoured to procure them a fair hearing from some of the Russian officers who surrounded them; but they would not admit of the shadow of a doubt, and declared them unquestionably to be spies. They were

marched off. Poor fellows, I could not but pity them, if only from the recollection of the danger I had myself incurred of being treated in the same manner.

We at length succeeded in obtaining some dinner, and, what was no less a luxury, in being allowed to throw ourselves for a short time on some beds.

We were not a little rejoiced at the reappearance of Perceval. He did not leave that part of Dresden which stands on the northern bank of the Elbe, till he had seen the French take possession of the opposite part of the city. He told us that they might have also secured the bridge, and taken, not only him, but Sir Charles Stuart and all his staff; for they were standing on one end of the bridge, when the French cavalry appeared on the other: the fire was only just beginning to take hold of the wood, as it was too wet to burn readily, and, had they charged across, they might have gained the bridge, and extinguished the flames. The consequences of such a movement might have been very important; for the Allies were retreating in the greatest disorder, and, I was informed, nothing could be worse than the conduct of the rear-guard. As soon as

the Allies had passed, the bridge of boats was to have been destroyed: that duty, however, was so negligently performed, that only two of the boats were sunk, and the others were left, as if for the convenience of the French operations.

The ex-king of Sweden, who had come to offer his services to the Allies, got into the scrape into which I had been so afraid of falling: he was not able to procure horses, and was compelled to remain in Dresden, till after the entry of the French. They did not, however, think him worth capture, and permitted him to follow the Allies. . . . .

The conduct of the King of Saxony, upon the change that had taken place in the scene, was very much blamed. The Allies had behaved towards him in the most liberal manner; and, though in possession of his Kingdom, had strictly respected the neutrality which the King professed. I have already mentioned, that I had found him at Ratisbon, to which place he had retired, when the Allied Army had entered his dominions; that I had again seen him at Prague, where he had afterwards retired, in order, I suppose, to place himself under the protection of the Emperor of Austria. His

line of conduct then should have been, either to attach himself to the Emperor, or to have continued at Prague in a state of neutrality. . . . . The conduct of the Saxons —who, to a man, were opposed to their master's politics,—and the conduct of the Allies,—who might easily have secured the surrender of the Saxon army from its general, —demanded a better recognition of their behaviour than they now got from the King; for, no sooner had the French entered Dresden, than he returned to his capital, and joined the French army; whilst the Saxon general, who was well aware that his own feelings had not been disguised, went over alone to the Allies. I must, however, in fairness say, that his subjects, whilst finding fault with this good and amiable King, all spoke of him with the most enthusiastic affection; and, though they blamed his conduct, were unanimously of opinion that he acted from the highest sense of honour; considering himself bound to stand by Napoleon in adversity, as he had stood by him in the most brilliant days of his prosperity.

The army continued to march; and we had a pleasant ride to Bautzen. As I could not

get a passport from Lord Cathcart for Vienna, there was no other alternative for me, but to take the chances of the war. . . . .

As it was understood that the army was to continue its retreat, we considered that the only way in which unprivileged persons, like ourselves, could have any chance of being at all comfortable, or even of procuring the necessary accommodation for ourselves and our horses, was to be a little in advance of the troops. Accordingly, the following morning, we mounted our horses, and proceeded on our route. After some time, we came to a very pretty village. . . . Here we established ourselves in some pleasant quarters, and were so much delighted with our new residence, that our only wish was, that the Allied Army would leave us in quiet possession of it for some time. But we had been there but one day, when our tranquility was interrupted by the appearance of troops, baggage-waggons, etc., etc.; and we were told that the headquarters were to be removed to this village. If that were the case, we felt it could no longer be a place for us, as we should have to make room for more exalted personages. We, therefore, considered it expedient to continue our

march. But, once more afloat, we found our embarrassments increase: the further we proceeded, the more contradictory were the reports that we heard, so that we came, at last, to the conclusion, that it was to our own discretion alone that we must trust.

We determined that, as the Allies had not defended the line of the Elbe, they would gradually retreat, till they got behind the Oder, and that there they would make a stand. As the constant change, and this uncertainty as to our future movements, was extremely disagreeable, we resolved to pursue, at once, our retreat to Breslau, take up our position behind the Oder, and wait the event of the battle that we expected to be fought there.

We passed through several places on our march. Of these, Hanau presents itself to my recollection. It is a colony of Moravians. We dined, and passed some hours there. Our landlady was a very handsome woman, and her manners were much superior to her situation. When we told her of the great impression her beauty had made on our hearts, she answered that she could not believe us; for, if we were really so struck with her, we should not be in so great a

hurry to leave her. She gave us a most excellent dinner, with some very good champagne and other French wines.

We visited the whole of the establishment at Hanau. There was one building, which was called a convent, but which seemed to be merely a girls' school. This was shown us by one of the girls, who spoke French extremely well. The girls were all at dinner, and everything seemed to be conducted in the cleanest and nicest manner. We bought some little trifles, that had been manufactured by the ladies of the convent. There seemed to us to be much affinity between the manners of the Moravians and the Quakers. . . . .

We, at length, arrived at Breslau. It was a tantalising thing to pass the fine range of mountains that separate Silesia from Bohemia, without daring to penetrate into their recesses, and explore the beautiful valleys which they must enclose. However, this was not a time for touring. Our first object on arriving at Breslau, was to establish ourselves in good quarters; and, at length, we succeeded fully to our wishes. We hired lodgings in Hohenlohe Palace, which, though once a magnificent château, worthy of the

distinguished family to which it belonged, was now degraded into a mere tea-garden, and was a favourite resort of the inhabitants of Breslau: several families had, indeed, already taken apartments there for the summer season.

I look back with the greatest pleasure to the time we passed in this retreat. After having been exposed to all the annoyances inseparable from the movements of the army, with whose plans we were totally unacquainted; after having been so long without any opportunity of enjoying either comfort or repose; we found ourselves quietly established in an old Palace, with pleasure grounds so extensive, as rather to deserve the title of park, and with a magnificent suite of stables.

We passed our time in a very regular manner. Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who occupied a room at a short distance from ours, in which he breakfasted alone, was entirely devoted to his accustomary pursuit, of proving that the finances of France were utterly ruined; he was writing a pamphlet in proof of that fact, which he published shortly. I can laugh now at the rapturous delight with which he burst into our room

one morning, "Gentlemen, one million! one million!" We looked up in no little astonishment; we then found from him, what this million was: that in the report that the French Minister had made of the state of the Empire, he had actually put the population at one million less than he had estimated it in his former report. Sir Francis was, indeed, a thorn in the side of the French Minister: he was, perhaps, the only man in Europe, who took the trouble of examining and *approfonding* their reports. The French nation took the facts for granted, and thought no more about them: the Ministers themselves thought much of effects, and little of accuracy; and, therefore, both they and their Imperial master had a sort of personal antipathy to Sir Francis. . . . .

Lord Cathcart could not endure him, and, out of a little fun, generally called him "Sir David"; "My Lord, I beg your pardon, Sir *Francis;*" but, the next moment, he would again address him as Sir David. . . . .

Sir Francis was a native of Geneva, and had been brought up to the French bar. At that time, few Englishmen were well versed

in the French language, and a man who was a thorough master of it, and possessed considerable talents, a degree of judgment, a knowledge of finance, and the power of analyzing, could make himself of considerable use to the English Government, by exposing the arts and deceptions which the Emperor's Ministers were in the habit of employing, to blind the eyes, not of their own people, but of the other nations in Europe: the consequence of which was, that Sir Francis was rewarded with an English pension and with knighthood, and was honoured with the peculiar hatred of the Emperor. . . . .

To return to Hohenlohe. Perceval occupied himself in studying French, as I did in learning German. We rose early, and, generally, during the course of the morning, walked to Breslau, where we took our respective lessons. We dined at about one or two o'clock, and took our ride in the afternoon: after which we drank tea, and usually spent the rest of the evening in wandering about the garden, a time which Sir Francis devoted entirely to his literary labours. This, our usual routine, was not disagreeably broken

upon by an invitation to dinner from Marshal Kalkreut, who was Governor of Breslau. He was the only Marshal at that time in the Prussian service, and had taken his first lessons in arms under the great Frederick. We found him an uncommonly fine old man, and very agreeable in his conversation. Though he was, evidently, in some degree of restraint in our presence, he could not help occasionally letting slip a few expressions, that seemed to indicate an inclination to ridicule the military operations that were then in progress. . . . .

He amused us with many anecdotes of former times, and seemed to derive no little pleasure from recurring to the days of Frederick, and relating stories of the warrior-king. He said that he himself knew every inch of ground upon which the armies were now moving. . . . .

We had passed some time pleasantly enough in our retirement at Hohenlohe, when we were roused from our tranquility by the intelligence that a battle had been fought at Bautzen. We were the more astonished at the news, as we had understood that the army had left that town very soon after we did. . . . .

To take a brief review of the operations leading up to the battle of Bautzen.—It always appeared to me extraordinary, that the Russian army did not follow up that of Napoleon after the fatal retreat from Moscow. They might, surely, have taken advantage of the consternation and total demoralisation of the French troops, and have entirely annihilated them ; or, by following them up, without allowing them time to repose, and by fanning the flame that was now kindled in Germany, might, at all events, have driven them across the Rhine. Two explanations I have heard given, and the one, I think, was by Lord Cathcart himself, when I put the question to him : it was to this effect; that the Russian army was scarcely less disorganised than that of the French, and was, therefore, not in a state to follow up the enemy. The other is, perhaps, more properly an inference to be drawn from a circumstance related to me by Colonel Campbell, which he had from Sir Robert Wilson. Sir Robert was riding by the side of Kutusow, at the time the French army was engaged in endeavouring to discover some ford, or point at which they might be able to cross the Beresina. In this occupa-

tion they were detained for the space of three days, during which time the Russian army was marching parallel with them on the heights above, and might have annihilated them with the greatest facility. "The French army is in your power, General:" said Sir Robert, addressing the Russian Commander, "why then do you not destroy them?" "I can quite understand," replied Kutusow, "that it is for the interest of England that I should destroy the French army, but I am not quite so sure that it is for the interest of Russia." This may, perhaps, be considered as a clue to the Russian policy: they allowed the poor remains of the finest army seen in modern days ample time to recover and re-form themselves; they gave Napoleon time to raise a new army, and move it to the field of action.

At length, they advanced into Germany. It was the general opinion that, had Kutusow lived, they would never have crossed the Elbe: but Witgenstein, who, at his death, succeeded to the command, did not entertain the same views as his predecessor did, and let them pass that river. Why, however, he did not endeavour to bring the French army to an engagement before the arrival of

Napoleon, I cannot understand. Whatever may be the merits of Eugéne Beauharnais, he is, certainly, not to be compared to his father-in-law in military talent; indeed, I am inclined to think, that he is more indebted to his personal bravery for his reputation, than to any superior abilities for command. Opposed to Beauharnais, Witgenstein would have felt himself upon more equal terms, and would not have been oppressed by the prestige attached to the name of Buonaparte; and there would, also, have been some gratification in the feeling of "*nous y avons combattus, et tu n'y étais pas.*"

Witgenstein, however, waited till Napoleon had taken the command, before he commenced his operations. He seems to have engaged in the Battle of Lützen without any premeditated plan. Having perceived some French soldiers in a village near their position, he told the Emperor Alexander that he would make him a present of those men before night, and immediately sent a detachment out to attack them. Napoleon sent troops to support them, and Witgenstein was, in his turn, obliged to reinforce *his* men. In this manner, a general engagement was brought on. The French army was in

an admirable position, and the Russians never brought their cavalry into action, though it was in that force alone that they had a marked superiority over the French. The Russians claimed the victory, and were so far justified, that they unquestionably remained in possession of the villages, which were the apparent object of the battle.

But the Russians, finding the French too strong for them, determined to abandon the line of the Elbe, and, accordingly, commenced their retreat. In carrying that into effect, Witgenstein made as little use of his cavalry as he had done during the action: instead of employing the Cossacks in harassing the enemy, and checking their advance, he let them become of disservice to himself; for, when unemployed, these troops are invariably an annoyance to their friends.

As soon as he had resolved to offer the enemy battle at Bautzen, Witgenstein took up his position. He placed the whole of his cavalry in the centre, and allowed Napoleon to pass a small river, which runs through the middle of the town, without the slightest opposition, or without even harassing him with his light troops; though, whilst engaged in crossing this river, he might have attacked

him with considerable advantage. Probably he felt great confidence in the strength of his position, and, perhaps, the more so, from its having been, I believe, one formerly taken by Frederick the Great. He, also, left Napoleon at full liberty to make his arrangements for the battle unimpeded.

The Emperor's principal object evidently was, to protect himself against the attacks of the Russian cavalry. This he effected, by opposing to them squares of infantry in échelon, and behind these, artillery; in the rear of which he placed his cavalry. For the Russian horse to be able to effect anything against this mass, was next to impossible: it remained there, as if it were checkmated, and did not make a single move during the whole of the battle. It appears extraordinary that, considering the great advantage Witgenstein possessed in the superiority of his cavalry, he did not change the disposition of his force, so as to bring it into play.

The armies had been two days in sight of each other, before the battle commenced. Napoleon came into the field in a carriage drawn by post-horses. He was seen walking about, accompanied by one of his Marshals,

almost within cannon shot of the Russians. Colonel Campbell was very anxious to persuade one of the men to give him a shot, but the gunner declared that it was out of the question, not esteeming it honourable to fire at an individual.

Buonaparte commenced the action by outflanking the right wing of the Russians: he next attacked, and took, a hill, which formed part of their line. The principal officers of the Allies were of opinion, that they could easily have retaken the hill, but they found their position so completely outflanked, that they thought it useless to defend it, and, therefore, retreated, but were not pursued.

The battle convinced the Allies, of what they appeared to have been previously ignorant—the great numerical superiority of the French; who were now conjectured to have the advantage of at least 50,000 more men in the field. I doubt much whether the Russian officers were, really, at all acquainted with the effective force of their own army: their numbers were so much swelled upon paper, that I suspect they considered it to be much more numerous than it actually was; and the number of soldiers that were employed in the service

of the officers, tended, also, to diminish considerably their effective force.

During the time that I was with the army, I had frequent opportunities of forming an opinion as to the character of the Russian soldiers. I found them a fine and hardy race, almost insensible to pain: they were indeed, men of iron. I remember seeing one coolly smoking his pipe, whilst the surgeon was cutting and slashing at him, in order to extricate a ball; and, though I witnessed the sufferings of many of their wounded men, I do not think that I heard a single one utter a groan. They really seemed to be made of different stuff from other men: their frames and sinews were, apparently, as hard as their minds.

I was more particularly struck with the Emperor's Guard: on entering that body, a soldier succeeds, not only to the rank, but to the cap of his predecessor, and the marks made by the musket balls in these caps are considered as so many decorations, and, therefore, are never repaired.

Such men, well officered, would conquer the world: they only want a little more activity to make them superior to all other troops. I ought to add, a little more educa-

tion, too; for now they are merely machines. I remember, previous to the Moscow campaign, talking them over with a French officer: "*Ils sont des bêtes,*" said he, "*mais on peut tuer une bête.*" They are *bêtes,* however, that would take some killing.

I was not equally satisfied with the Russian officers: they were negligent and inattentive to their duty, seldom marching with their troops.

Of the Prussians, I must speak in the highest terms: the men, indeed, were not made of such impenetrable stuff as the Russians; they could not remain unmoved whilst the surgeon was hacking them, and they were loud enough in their groans: yet, this susceptibility to pain only added to the merit of their conduct, for they displayed an energy of character, of which I could not have supposed the German disposition capable. They evinced, at the same time, the most ardent patriotism, and an enthusiastic devotion to their King; their whole army, both officers and men, being animated by one spirit.

The popularity of Blücher was, at this moment, in some degree affected by an order that he had given at the Battle of

Lützen: he had commanded the regiment of volunteers, composed of young men of the first families of Silesia, to charge a battery: few had escaped unhurt, and there was scarcely a respectable family in this part of the country, that had not to mourn the loss of a relation. It was a foolish order: for, though it might not be right to spare a regiment of gentlemen, they were better calculated for light and brilliant services, than for those which required mere animal weight.

Immediately after the battle of Bautzen, Barklay de Tolly took the command, and made a most extraordinary change in the movements of the army: instead of retreating upon Breslau, and following the line of his communications, he turned to the right, and marched to Schweidnitz, where he took up a position backed by the mountains of Bohemia. He appears to have run into a *cul de sac*, and left the country he ought to have defended,—left all his resources open to the enemy. The Russian general, to whom was entrusted the care of Breslau, told me, that their object was, by leaving open the passage across the Oder, to entice the French to send a detachment to take possession of

Breslau, and thus, by dividing their army, to weaken it, so that they would be able to fight them upon more equal terms. Such a reason could only be justified by an almost assured certainty of success; whereas, even after this diminution, the French would have been, probably, equal in number to the Allies. The reason given to me by the Silesian minister, Count Dohna, was still more extraordinary: he said that, finding they had been obliged to retreat too rapidly, they had fallen back upon the fortresses, hoping that, by their *appuis*, they might be able to check the advance of the French.

It appeared to me, that the most probable motive was the wish to force the Austrians to declare themselves, though it might be possible that the movement was preconcerted with the Emperor of Austria. If this was the case, it was a very dangerous attempt. The Austrian army, even if so disposed, was not ready to join them; the French would, either have forced them to come to an engagement at Schweidnitz, where they had taken up a position, (apparently with the intention of fighting), or would have compelled them to retreat into Poland. . . . .

The Emperor Francis knew that he had the balance in his hands: both parties were appealing to him, both looking up to him as the arbiter of their destiny. But, at any moment, a change might take place in the game, and he would, naturally, be cautious how he ventured on a move, upon which his whole fate must depend. That the movement was made in order to bring the Emperor to some determination, I think probable, and in the full expectation that that determination would be in their favour; but that it was a preconcerted plan with the Austrian Government, I do not believe: an opinion which appears to be confirmed, by the preparations that had been made for a retreat across the Oder. It seems to me, however, to have been a movement replete with danger. . . . .

To return to Breslau. The king of Prussia and his family arrived there, soon after the Battle of Bautzen. He sent immediately to ask Sir Francis to dinner; but we, as we had not been presented to him, were, of course, not included in the invitation. However, as the Royal family came several times to drink tea at Hohenlohe Gardens, we had repeated

opportunities of seeing them. One of the Princesses appeared to be very pretty.

Several of the English now made their appearance in the town: amongst the rest, Jackson, Secretary of Legation, Colonel Campbell, and Colonel Vyse.

We began, now, to look forward to another retreat like that from Dresden. We went into the town to pay our respects to the Russian General, who assured us that he was determined to defend Breslau, and that he would march out in the morning to meet the enemy; upon which we told him, that some of us would go out with him to see the battle. As the French were not above twelve miles from the town, we expected that they would attack it the next morning. We all dined at Jackson's, where it was arranged that our party should move into the town the following morning, and that then, those who were disposed to see the fight, should join the general, whilst the others should retreat upon Schweidnitz by the direct road.

Perceval and I had determined to travel independently of Sir Francis, and had, accordingly, bought a light cart for our luggage.

. . . .

At six in the morning, Sir Francis burst into the room in which Perceval and I slept: "Look here, gentlemen," said he, presenting us with a note from Rumbold to Perceval, "for God's sake be off immediately: Jackson is gone without breakfast, and almost without dressing, in consequence of a message he received from the King of Prussia in the middle of the night." "Well," said Perceval, "I won't get up;" "And I won't go without breakfast," added I. "But *considere*, gentlemen, *considere*," exclaimed Sir Francis, in the greatest agitation; and he did, at last, succeed in persuading us to get out of bed. He himself was soon off: but it was a long time before we could get everything arranged; so that we did not leave Hohenlohe Palace before twelve.

We did not quit a place where we had spent so many happy hours, without great regret, and we could not help feeling for the dangerous situation in which we left its inhabitants, who were preparing to move into Breslau by the advice of the King. He had drunk tea in the gardens with his family the night before, and had pleased me much by the paternal manner in which he had taken leave of our hostess, and advised all

the inhabitants of our Palace to remove into Breslau, lest they might be exposed to the risk of being plundered by the Cossacks. I could not, at that moment, but feel the deepest interest for the unfortunate monarch himself, surrounded once more by his family, to whom he was about to bid adieu, in order to face all the dangers of the war: about to abandon his finest provinces, and leave his faithful subjects a prey to the mercy of the invader.

But, to return to ourselves. Our first object on arriving at Breslau, was to ascertain the cause of the unexpected alarm, and to discover, if we could, whether the French had intercepted the road to Schweidnitz.

We thought that the best plan was to go to Jackson's lodgings; and there we learnt that all the English were gone, and, as the landlord understood, had taken the road to Ohlan. We determined to proceed there also, as we were led, from this circumstance, to conjecture that the road to Schweidnitz was already in the occupation of the French.

We found the city of Breslau in the greatest confusion: all the authorities had fled, and the General had announced that the

enemy was so superior to him in numbers, that he could not attempt to defend the place. After we had finished our enquiries, we returned to the place where we had left the *Schneider* (for so we called our driver, because he was a tailor by profession) and the cart, and lo! the bird was flown! We were now in no slight alarm; we had given him no instructions as to the route we intended to take, and were afraid, that, having heard us talk of going to Schweidnitz, he might have followed that direction. The loss of our luggage would have, indeed, been a serious one, as it contained, not only our clothes, but our money.

We sent Rantzow, Perceval's servant, with orders to gallop for two or three miles on the Schweidnitz road; if he saw anything of the French troops, he was to make his retreat as fast as he could; and, if he found the tailor, he was to return with him, and follow us to Ohlan.

As we had now got more accustomed to run away from the French, we took it very quietly, and determined to secure some luncheon before we left the town, as it was probable that we might find some difficulty in procuring anything to eat afterwards.

We were about the last people to leave the town: the greater part of the inhabitants had already abandoned their homes, and the remainder were awaiting the arrival of the French, in a kind of sullen despair.

After we had proceeded a mile or two, we were agreeably surprised by the sight of our tailor, who was advancing slowly forwards with his *Wagen*. In due time, we arrived at Ohlan, where we found the town in the greatest confusion, the streets and squares being crowded with fugitives: nor was it without considerable difficulty that we could secure any place where we could put up our horses. We found Moscow* of no little use to us, as we were able to leave our *fourgon* under his protection in perfect security, while we were searching for quarters.

To procure any dinner, however, appeared a thing that was perfectly impossible; nor had we any reason to expect it, when we saw

* It was from an officer in the —— regiment, who was only just recovering from the wounds he had received, that I bought a Russian pointer, which I named Moscow, because he had made the retreat from Moscow with his master, a French officer, who had afterwards been quartered in the house of this young man's father, and had made him a present of the dog, which soon became the pet of the whole regiment.

Count Dohna in the middle of the street, houseless and dinnerless. I was, however, determined not to give up the point without an effort. I went into the kitchen of one of the inns, and made my application to the cook; but all the comfort that I could get, was, that I must wait till supper-time: I did not, however, give way at the first rebuff, but made myself so agreeable to him, that I, at length, persuaded him to seat us at the dresser, and provide us with whatever he could lay his hands upon.

The number of fugitives was so great, and all of them hastening to Brieg, that we thought our wisest plan would be, to pass the night where we were; and, as soon as the place was a little cleared, we succeeded in procuring rooms. In the middle of the night, I heard the rear-guard pass through the town, and I could not help feeling a little alarmed, lest we might find it in the occupation of the French in the morning. But we were fortunate enough to leave it without seeing anything of them.

We did not take the road to Brieg, but proceeded to Glogau, where we overtook the rest of the English who had passed the night at Brieg. We now joined company

with Colonel Campbell, who dubbed us his Aides-de-Camp, and proceeded, sometimes with the rest of the English, and sometimes separated from them, till we arrived all together at Neisse.

We went immediately to the Governor, and found him in a state of the greatest agitation: he had just received orders to declare the town in a state of siege, and had so completely lost his head, that we all agreed, that, if the French had pushed forward, they might have carried the fortress by a *coup de main*. Indeed, I have little doubt but that, if the French had followed us close upon the heel, they might, in the first moment of alarm, have taken most of the fortresses, and have completely checkmated the Allied Armies. Both Colonel Campbell and Colonel Vyse were of opinion, that it would not be prudent for us to remain long in the town, lest the Governor, in his alarm, might shut us up with him, in order to secure the co-operation of English officers: we determined, therefore, to devote only one day to the inspection of the fortress.

During our progress, we met some French prisoners, and Campbell was so struck with

the appearance of one of them, that he asked him if he was disposed to enter his service, to which the man instantly agreed. Permission having been obtained from the Governor, the man was immediately installed in his new office. Campbell's establishment was somewhat motley: first, there was his old Scotch servant, with all the nationality, not excluding that attachment to his own opinion, which characterises the Highlander: next, was an Irish prisoner, who had entered the French service, and afterwards deserted: lastly, came the newly acquired French prisoner, a fine soldierlike dragoon, six feet high, who was to act in the capacity of groom.

We left Neisse the next day, and proceeded to Reichenbach. We had just got into the middle of the great Square, and were going to look out for quarters, when the Colonel perceived that the post-boy who had driven his carriage, probably tempted by a higher offer from some other person for his horses, was quietly proceeding to unharness them, with the intention of leaving the carriage in the middle of the square. The Colonel went up to him, and, holding his undrawn sword over his head, threatened to strike him; upon which, issued a host of men from an

inn immediately opposite to us, and one of them, with a large placard in his hand, and with no little violence of manner and ejaculation, began reading something about "*Der Kaiser Alexander*," apparently, a proclamation of the Emperor's against maltreating the Germans. "Damn the Kaiser Alexander," retorted Campbell; and, thrusting his fist into the speaker's face, d—d him in no measured or gentle terms, venting upon him all the epithets and titles of abuse that he could think of. The scene was beyond description. The Colonel, with his fist in the man's face, pouring out all his abuse in English, the other, in the greatest fury, spluttering out German as fast as he could; indeed, so fast, that it hardly assumed the sound and form of words. I, as the only interpreter, in vain attempted to mediate with my broken German, and, equally vainly, attempted to control my laughter, which was not diminished, when I discovered that our antagonist was no less a person than the Burgomaster himself. This official began now to exercise his authority, and ordered up the guard to arrest us. Accordingly, the guard marched up, and formed in front of us: but, far from surrendering at discretion, the

Colonel, not giving the Burgomaster time to give his order, laid hold of one of the soldiers by the collar, and, saying, "Come along with me, you, Sir," carried him off in triumph, to assist him in giving some orders that he had to execute, leaving the remainder of the guard and the Burgomaster, surrounded by a crowd of his townsmen, exhaling his fury in all the oaths the German language could supply.

We were occupied not less than an hour in fulfilling some commissions with which we had been entrusted by Monsieur Niebuhr, and transacting other business. Upon our return, we perceived our friend the Burgomaster, precisely in the situation in which we had left him, surrounded by his burghers, to whom he was still venting his indignation. The sight of him roused the Colonel's ire; he went up to him, and thrust his fist into his face, and, commencing with, "You d—d rascal," again saluted him with another volley of oaths. At length, however, we succeeded in drawing him off, and retired to the quarters which had been provided for us, which were very good.

The following morning, I called upon the Secretary of the Austrian Legation, and made

a vain effort to get a passport for Vienna: "I think," observed he, rather slily, "I heard something of Colonel Campbell's getting into a row last night": I laughed, and did not deny the fact. We heard no more of it, however; and I do not suppose that it ever got to Lord Cathcart's ears, or we should have had a regular blow up.

We heard that the head-quarters were about to move to a place called Strelin. We, accordingly, proceeded in that direction, and, halting at a village a few miles distant from it, took up our quarters in the Minister's house. Upon riding over to Strelin, we found quarters taken there for the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Lord Cathcart, etc., etc., etc.: we found, also, one of the King's Ministers waiting for his arrival.

Day after day passed, however, and no appearance of the army: every morning we rode over to Strelin, or else, prepared to start for Schweidnitz, only to be prevented from making a move, by the intelligence that we received. The Minister was as much surprised and embarrassed as we were.

At last, one evening, we observed the advance of troops, and the whole Russian

cavalry marched by, under the command of the Grand Duke Constantine. We had some conversation with one of his Aides de Camp, who told us that the army was in full retreat; that a night march was a very unusual thing, and that it, therefore, looked as if the retreat was to be a rapid one; and that the army would not take up a position till after they crossed the Vistula. He added, that the rearguard was expected to pass the night at a village distant only four miles. However, when we rose the next morning, we looked in vain for the rest of the army; upon which, Colonel Campbell determined to proceed at once to Schweidnitz, even at the risk of finding it occupied by the French.

We had scarcely mounted our horses, when we met a French officer whom we knew, who was attached to the Grand Duke Constantine, and much in his confidence: he assured us positively, that the head-quarters were on the point of moving when he left them; however, we persevered in our intentions, and proceeded to Reichenbach, where we met one of Sir Charles Stuart's secretaries, who informed us that an armistice had been signed that morning.

Napoleon had proposed an armistice immediately after the battle of Bautzen, and had renewed his proposal at Schweidnitz. Whilst the Allies were deliberating on the subject, an armistice was granted from day to day, and, only on this morning, had they consented to his proposal, and signed one for several weeks. This, then, was the cause of our having been kept so long in a state of uncertainty; for, had it not been renewed, the Allies must either have fought at Schweidnitz, or retreated.

It appeared to me a very false move on Napoleon's part. He had obtained a great advantage over the Allies, in getting possession of Breslau, as he had turned them from their proper line of retreat: he had fifty thousand more men in the field than they had: he was on the point of driving them into Poland, a country predisposed towards himself, whose inhabitants he might easily have raised against them, by proclaiming his intention of erecting Poland into a kingdom, and restoring liberty to that injured people; and he would thus have cut off all the Landwehr and Landsturm of Prussia: whilst, on the contrary, he could expect but few reinforcements from a country which he had so

lately exhausted of men and money, and the Allies were looking forward to considerable additions to their force from Russia, and only wanted time to raise and organise the population of Prussia. There might, however, have been some reasons that rendered an attack inexpedient for the French Emperor: Moscow had, perhaps, taught him prudence; he might not have liked to leave the Austrians behind him, whilst they maintained so doubtful a neutrality; he might, also, have been afraid that the population of Prussia would be brought to act upon his rear. Still, I am satisfied that the cards were in his hand, and that, had he ventured to play them, he would have succeeded. Probably, the real cause of his determination is to be traced to the arts of Austria, and that, much as he affected to despise Metternich, he was a victim to his political sagacity: he felt that Austria, by throwing her weight into the scale, could turn the balance on either side, and he could not bring himself to believe, that the Emperor Francis could declare himself against his son-in-law. It, therefore, became his object, to force him to abandon his neutrality.

The Allies were no less anxious to obtain the same object, as they flattered themselves

that the result would be far different from that which Napoleon expected: it became, therefore, the interest of both parties to conclude the armistice. However the Austrian cabinet may have been taunted with weakness, imbecility and indecision, she, in fact, assumed here a proud and dignified position, which she maintained to the end of the contest. Had she joined the Allies on their advance, her conduct would have been attributed to fear; and she must have been contented to assume a secondary position, and bend to the pride of Russia, triumphant in her late success: she waited, on the contrary, till that pride had been humbled by defeat, till the Allies were on the point of losing all the advantages they had gained: she then summoned them to her tribunal; and, after presiding at a Congress composed of the assembled majesty of Europe, pronounced her decision: she dictated the terms upon which she would join the Allies, and assigned the command of the united armies to one of her own Generals.

After all our fatigues and anxieties, the armistice appeared to us as delightful as the holidays to a schoolboy. For my part, I was

not at all sorry not to have to make my retreat through the South of Poland, which, if the inhabitants had risen against us, might have proved exceedingly disastrous.

We took up our abode at a village near Reichenbach, which had been fixed upon for Lord Cathcart's quarters; and, as soon as he himself arrived, we proceeded to report ourselves to him. He made some remarks upon our long absence; and, upon my stating that we had been hunting after the head-quarters, he somewhat dryly observed, "I should have supposed that the Emperor of Russia was a mark large enough to be hit." He gave me a letter from my father, which he had received, enclosed in one from Lord Castlereagh, recommending me strongly to his care. I now showed him my passport, which at once changed his opinion, and he withdrew his objection to my returning home: so I resolved to set out shortly.

Our life here was monotonous enough. We rode about, lounged about, and dined every day with Lord Cathcart, who now kept a *maison montée;* unfortunately, he was not on the best terms with Sir Charles Stuart, nor with Sir Robert Wilson; therefore, instead of our diplomatic authorities endeavouring

to relieve the tedium of an inactive life by mutual festivities, they kept aloof from one another. We, however, had the advantage of not being excluded from the society of the other missions, though they did not join in ours. They were each established in different villages.

Colonel Campbell and Perceval set off with a large party to visit the fortresses, and make a tour in the Silesian mountains; I was, therefore, left alone. I spent most of my time with George Cathcart, who was an old Edinburgh ally of mine.* . . . .

I had another companion to *égayer* my solitude, who was the most agreeable, and, perhaps, the cleverest man I ever met—Werry, Lord Cathcart's Secretary of Legation. He was no great favourite with his chief, and had, therefore, little to do with

* In a cottage nearly opposite to that in which my father lived, was Sir Hudson Lowe: it was arranged that they should travel back to England together, but Sir Hudson, then Colonel Lowe, was delayed by business, and my father was anxious to get back as soon as he could. He writes, in this part of his journal, in strong justification of Sir Hudson's conduct to Napoleon, but as I have already quoted this passage, together with an account of the very curious scene in Switzerland, in the Grotte de Balme, between Sir Hudson and Louis Napoleon, I will not reinsert it here. (See, Vol. I., p. 346).—A. M. W. P.

the diplomatic business. Son of the English Consul at Smyrna, he possessed advantages which had fallen to the lot of few men, and was, undoubtedly, the best linguist with whom I was ever acquainted. He had a fluency, both in writing and in speech, which exceeded anything that I could have conceived possible; had he but possessed discretion equal to his abilities, he would have been the first man of his day: as it was, he was the greatest, and, certainly, the most agreeable talker.

He had been long in the foreign office, and was a great favourite with Lord Castlereagh. He told me so pleasing an anecdote of that Minister's kindness, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it here. Werry had either himself made the observation in a letter, or some one else had hinted to Lord Castlereagh, that he found himself looked down upon by the Russians, because he had no military rank, and that he wished much to have the privilege of wearing a uniform. Lord Castlereagh immediately sent him a commission in his own regiment of militia, accompanied by the complete uniform.

Another of my frequent associates was Niebuhr, a man of distinguished abilities,

and of great erudition, but very liberal in his political opinions. He was a son of the celebrated traveller, and subsequently became so distinguished as the historian of Rome. . . . .

Sir Robert Wilson had amused himself in tacking four horses, by means of harness and rope, to his old campaigning britska, and there he was, with all his orders, driving his four-in-hand, to the great astonishment of the natives, who were amazed at such an exhibition of an English General. To add to the absurdity of the proceeding, George Cathcart proposed to me, that we should turn out an old carriage of Lord Cathcart's, and, with the help of ropes, drive our three horses. Thus established in our unicorn, we made a point of following Sir Robert in all his drives, to the great amusement of the spectators.

I now began to prepare for my departure. Sir Charles Stuart wished me to carry despatches home, and, as I was informed, was displeased at my refusing to do so. I refused, because I considered that, in the situation in which I stood to the French Government, I should not be acting properly, if I did

anything that could in the slightest degree appear like taking a part in the war.

Shortly afterwards, the Duke of Cumberland wrote to give notice of his intention of visiting the head-quarters, which the ambassadors were extremely anxious to prevent, and determined to send a courier to him, to endeavour to stop him from putting his intentions into execution. As this was matter purely pacific, I thought to endeavour to remove Sir Charles's displeasure, by offering to carry these despatches: he accepted my offer, but, fortunately for me, the officers of his staff thought that it was a task that would be more properly executed by Perceval's servant, Rantzow, and asked me to send him; which I took the liberty of doing.

As they ultimately determined to send Captain Charles, one of Sir Robert Wilson's Aides de Camp, with the other despatches for England, I agreed to return with him.

I had sold one of my horses to Jackson, and the other to Trench, who succeeded me as Perceval's fellow-traveller; and one evening, in the middle of a most violent rain, I started in an open cart, in company with Captain Charles, and with Moscow at my

feet. We had orders not to stop an hour anywhere, until we arrived in London.

It rained the whole of that night, the next day, and the following night; during which time, we were exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. We did not venture to pass through Breslau. Though it had been declared to be a neutral town, and had been evacuated by the French, we did not feel certain that the English would be included in the armistice: we, therefore, crossed the Oder at Brigue, and passed close to Glogau, a fortress in the hands of the French.

We just entered Poland, and the little I saw of that country, did not excite in me a wish to see more of it. We passed through Frankfort, and I was most anxious to have visited Berlin; but I did not press Captain Charles to take it in our route, as it was much out of the way, and, as we should have been there in the night, we could not have seen anything of the town.

At length, we arrived at Stralsund. We reported ourselves immediately to Mr. Thornton, the British Minister, and asked him for a passage to Sweden. We had flattered ourselves with the hope of getting a night's sleep here, but he directed us to proceed to

a place where there was a convoy of transports at anchor, and gave us a letter to the Commodore, desiring him to give us a pass to Ystad: he also quartered upon us a Russian officer, who had been sent from head-quarters with despatches some days before, and whom we had been most anxious to overtake, that he might not carry to England the first account of the signing of the armistice. We had, thus far, succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations, and hoped now to have got ahead of him; but Mr. Thornton said, he could not avoid giving him the same advantages as he did to us.

Whilst we were waiting for the Russian courier, I had an opportunity of seeing my old friend, Baron Steinheld, who was then secretary to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and indulged myself in a walk with him (an unwonted luxury to me at that time), round the town.

Bernadotte was then at Stralsund with thirty thousand men. The Allies were complaining of his inaction; but Steinheld told me, that the Prince was complaining, no less loudly, of their conduct: he said that England was the only power that had

fulfilled her engagements; that the Russians had not sent any of the troops that they had promised him; and that he was not going to advance into the heart of Germany with only thirty thousand men, when he knew the pleasure that Napoleon would have had in encountering him, when with such a small force.

As soon as our new companion was ready, we started; but did not arrive at the place of our destination till five o'clock in the morning. We found the fleet at anchor, but at some distance from the shore. Our first object was a boat; but that was no easy thing to find: after enquiring in every direction, we did, at length, succeed in meeting with a very rickety old concern, in which we persuaded some fishermen to put to sea. Whilst they were occupied in making their preparations, I endeavoured to procure a little coffee, and was looking forward with great delight to the hope of warming my blood with that most refreshing of all beverages, when we observed that the fleet seemed to be getting under weigh: and, sure enough, they were. Not a moment was to be lost: we got into our crazy boat, and pushed off from shore, not without feeling a doubt of

our ever setting foot on land again. We pulled away with all our might. Our boat did not belie its appearance ; it filled so fast with water, that some of our boatmen were obliged to bale it out with their hats. We got almost out of sight of land, and made for the principal vessel. But, instead of putting to, the Captain kept on his course, making sail, and evidently endeavouring to escape us : most abominable conduct ; as he could not avoid seeing that we were Englishmen, and that Captain Charles was in uniform. However, we succeeded in boarding her : but, upon learning that there was a brig of war bringing up the convoy, we again got into our boat, and made for the brig, which we reached in safety : *il en était temps.* We paid our poor sailors handsomely, and I trust that they got safe home again.

We were kindly received by the Captain, who proved to be an old friend of my brother William. He told us, that our returning in such a boat, was entirely out of the question, and that we must, therefore, come on board the *Fervent*, and that, if the Commodore would permit him, he would himself take us to Ystad ; if not, we must go with

him to Rosloch, where we should find the Admiral. The Captain then ordered the gun to be fired, as a signal to the Commodore; but no notice was taken of it: another was fired, with as little success, and I know not how many more, before the Commodore condescended to notice it. He probably thought that we were making signals to some of the convoy.

As soon, however, as he did answer, the Captain got into the boat with Captain Charles, and went on board his ship. They returned with orders for the *Fervent* to carry us to Ystad. We, accordingly, made sail immediately. We were out all that and the following night. We had a very rough passage, so much so, that even the lieutenant was sick: I, for my part, had a very severe bout indeed, so that I got no repose to refresh me after my previous fatigues.

Upon landing, we proceeded to a little inn at Ystad, and, having ordered the best breakfast the place would afford, we invited the officers of the *Fervent* to join us. We were just *in mediis rebus*, when a voice from another corner of the room cried out, "Bless my soul, Stanhope, are you just come out of a French prison?" and, certainly,

my appearance at that moment, with a beard of I know not how many days' growth, with the complexion of a man who had been severely sick, and had not been in bed for eight nights, must have resembled pretty closely that of a prisoner who had just escaped from a dungeon. The voice, I found, was that of my old friend, Barrett. He joined our breakfast party, and we talked over old times with no little pleasure. Nor was our meeting unfortunate for him, as the Captain was kind enough to offer him a passage on the *Fervent.*

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we took leave of our friends, and re-commenced our journey. Our vehicle was a light, open cart, with a seat in the middle, fastened with ropes: our post-horses, nice, wild-looking ponies: our postillions, peasants. They carried us at a full gallop down the steepest hills: in no country did I ever travel faster: indeed, at first, it required no little nerve not to be somewhat alarmed at the reckless pace we went.

We had, however, a considerable difficulty to struggle with. In Sweden, it is almost absolutely necessary to have a *forbath,* or *avant-courier.* The peasants are obliged to

perform the services of the posts, and they are generally working in the fields; therefore, time is required to summon them and their horses from their work. We experienced the greatest difficulty in getting horses, as, both a Swedish courier and some ladies, were travelling at the same time: with the latter, we were carrying on a constant race, as well as a sort of flying flirtation, passing shots of glances and smiles. I am afraid, however, that we did not shew much gallantry, as our main object was to procure horses for ourselves, and not to study the convenience of the ladies.

The post-houses, in general, were mere hovels, where we could procure nothing to eat but some bread that was perfectly black, which, however, I contrived to eat with no little relish, as the keen air gave me so good an appetite.

Many parts of the country through which we passed reminded me of the scenery of the moors in Yorkshire, and some of the villages brought my own country strongly to my recollection. This resemblance may be attributed, partly to the circumstance of this being the line of communication between England and Germany, and partly to the

exertions of Lord Findlater, who had passed in Sweden some of the time of his voluntary exile from his native land, and had derived, perhaps, some slight consolation from, or, at least, deserved some credit for, the efforts he had made to improve that country; and in order to carry on those improvements more effectually, he had even sent to England for workmen.

I was much struck with the beauty of a spot, the name of which I have forgotten, and no less with the beauty of the post-mistress, an elegant and accomplished girl, who spoke English with perfect fluency. Her brother was a man of property, and quite a gentleman: he had been appointed to the situation of post-master. He provided us with some excellent coffee, which, after a very cold night, was not a little acceptable.

It appeared a singular change to us, to find the night nearly as light as the day: there was, I think, no part of the night, in which I could not have seen to read a book.

At one place, we were on the point of getting into a row; and it seemed to me that we were decidedly in the wrong. We could

only get one pair of horses for two carriages, if I may so call them: Captain Charles wanted, *en droit de courier*, to compel one of the former post-boys to proceed another stage: but the independent Swedish peasant was not to be bullied, and the new post-boy, making common cause with his countryman, began to take off his horses. Angry words and threats followed; the peasants began to collect round us, and to use rough words and gestures; so that I could not help suspecting that we were on the eve of a general engagement, when, fortunately, the other post-boy arrived, and peace was restored.

After having passed two days and nights in traversing Sweden, we arrived at Gothenburg, a town of considerable importance, where we found an English packet; and we informed the Captain, that we had orders for him to sail immediately. We walked about the town, it being day-time, dined at the inn, and, in the evening, went on board the packet, which, however, could not be got out of the harbour till early in the morning.

I had just fallen asleep, when I was awakened by the appearance of the repre-

sentative of our post-office at Gothenburg: having heard my name, he had come off to pay his respects to me, and ascertain if I was related to Arthur Stanhope, who was the great object of his veneration. Such a condescension from so great a man, astonished the people on board, and impressed them with a high opinion of my consequence. I cannot say that I received him very courteously, as I could willingly have dispensed with the honour of his visit.

At length, we got under weigh. For the first two or three days we made but little progress, as we were nearly becalmed. During the whole of this time, we were in constant expectation of an attack from the Danish gun boats, which seldom allowed so favourable an opportunity to escape them. It would have been a little too provoking, now that I was fairly embarked for England, to have been again made a prisoner, and, perhaps, deposited in a Danish dungeon. Various were our devices to distract our *ennui:* amongst others, the Captain offered to bet the Russian courier a guinea, that he would not hit with a ball, within twenty shots, a quart-bottle hung at the yard-arm:

he accepted the bet, and knocked it to pieces at the first shot, to the utter amazement of the Captain. He, however, offered to bet him another guinea, that he would not hit it again in another twenty shots. He was fool enough to accept the wager, though he had previously told me in a whisper, that he had fired at it with both his eyes shut: he, of course, lost his bet, and all the credit that he had acquired.

We were fortunate in finding this courier a most agreeable and very superior man: he was one *qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.* He was a native of the Ionian Islands, and had been for many years Russian Consul in Spain. To the talent and quickness of the Ionian, he united much of the originality of the Spaniard. I never heard any one sing a Spanish peasant's song with more humour, or more exact imitation. He was, also, a man of great and general information.

Our calm was, as usual, succeeded by a storm, which continued with unintermitting violence: we suffered severely from its fury, for we sprung our bowsprit: but, as the wind was favourable, the Captain determined, in spite of our shattered condition, to pursue

his course. To me the voyage offered no repose from the fatigues of our journey, for I continued a prey to the most unceasing sea-sickness till we entered the port of Harwich.

What my feelings were on finding myself once more on English ground, I will not attempt to describe.

Poor Moscow was so completely worn out by the journey, being literally reduced to a skeleton, and scarcely able to stand, that I left him under the care of the Captain to refit.

We saw our Russian courier deposited in the mail, and Charles and I got into a post-chaise, fully determined to get to London before him, though, to save the money of the country, Charles would not indulge himself in the usual expense of four horses, and, as I paid my share of the costs of the journey, the Government was an additional gainer by that amount. We excited no little observation, by the appearance of Captain Charles' servant-boy, a young Cossack, in the full costume of his country, who sat in the dickey of the post-chaise. We travelled all night, and arrived in London before the mail, so that Captain Charles succeeded in bringing

to the Government the first news of the armistice.*

At about six o'clock in the morning, I found myself in the old house in Grosvenor Square. Miss Baker (the governess) and the younger part of the family were there, but my father and mother and elder sisters had already left town for Yorkshire. I was too eager to see them, to remain in town, even for a night's rest, but put myself into the mail the same night, producing no little effect by my Russian cap and coat, a somewhat unusual costume in England. One man, to my great amusement, whilst I was standing in the "Bull and Mouth" yard, took me aside, and, putting his finger up to my cap, cried out with a knowing wink, "*Parlez-vous?*"

When the mail drove up to the inn at Doncaster, Frank and Askew Hawkesworth, who were standing at the door, immediately recognised me; they told me that, in con-

* I heard afterwards, with great pleasure, from Captain Charles, that he had got his promotion for bringing over the despatches. But, it is with deep concern that I add, that my poor friend, subsequently, in company with his brother, a Captain in the Navy, volunteered his services on the expedition that went to South America, and fell, gallantly fighting in one of the engagements that took place.

sequence of something that was going on in the town, there were no horses to be had, and insisted upon my going to Hicklaton, Sir Charles Wood's place, the landlord agreeing to let me have a pair of horses to go that short distance. As I had no means of getting home that night, I willingly accepted their kind proposal, and I never shall forget the luxury that a pair of fine, clean sheets appeared to me, after having been nearly three weeks without getting into a bed. However, I felt no disinclination to leave mine before six o'clock, and, getting into a chaise, which the landlord had sent me from Doncaster, arrived at Cannon Hall before the family breakfast.

I scarcely need say, that this was one of the happiest days of my life.

* * * *

[My father remained for some time at Cannon Hall, making his preparations for his journey to Greece.

He engaged Allason, an artist, to accompany him, and took my Uncle Collingwood, then quite a youth, with him. Greece was, at that time, quite an unexplored country, and, in some parts, it was very unsafe. Everywhere, the accommodation and food

were very bad; but my father was in raptures with the extreme beauty of the scenery, and dwells upon it continually in his journal. The description of his travels in Greece does not afford much variety, and I have, therefore, not given any extracts from his journals of that period. Unfortunately, both he and Allason became victims to a most serious attack of malarial fever, followed by ever-recurring ague: their lives were in great danger, and it was not thought, at one time, that my father would recover: but his good constitution pulled him through, though I doubt whether he ever really recovered from the effects of this illness. It was on account of it, that, after his marriage, my parents regularly spent every winter at Holkham, the sea air there agreeing with him, whereas the air at Cannon Hall was too damp for him. The doctors considered him to be in a consumption, and, at one time, he was thought to be in imminent danger, and was ordered to the South of France: this opinion, however, was entirely erroneous, as was proved by his health being restored by living for a year in Boulogne.—A. M. W. P.]

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